

The TEN BEST STARS For A Desert Island

Silver Screen

10¢

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POSTAL DIVISION

May



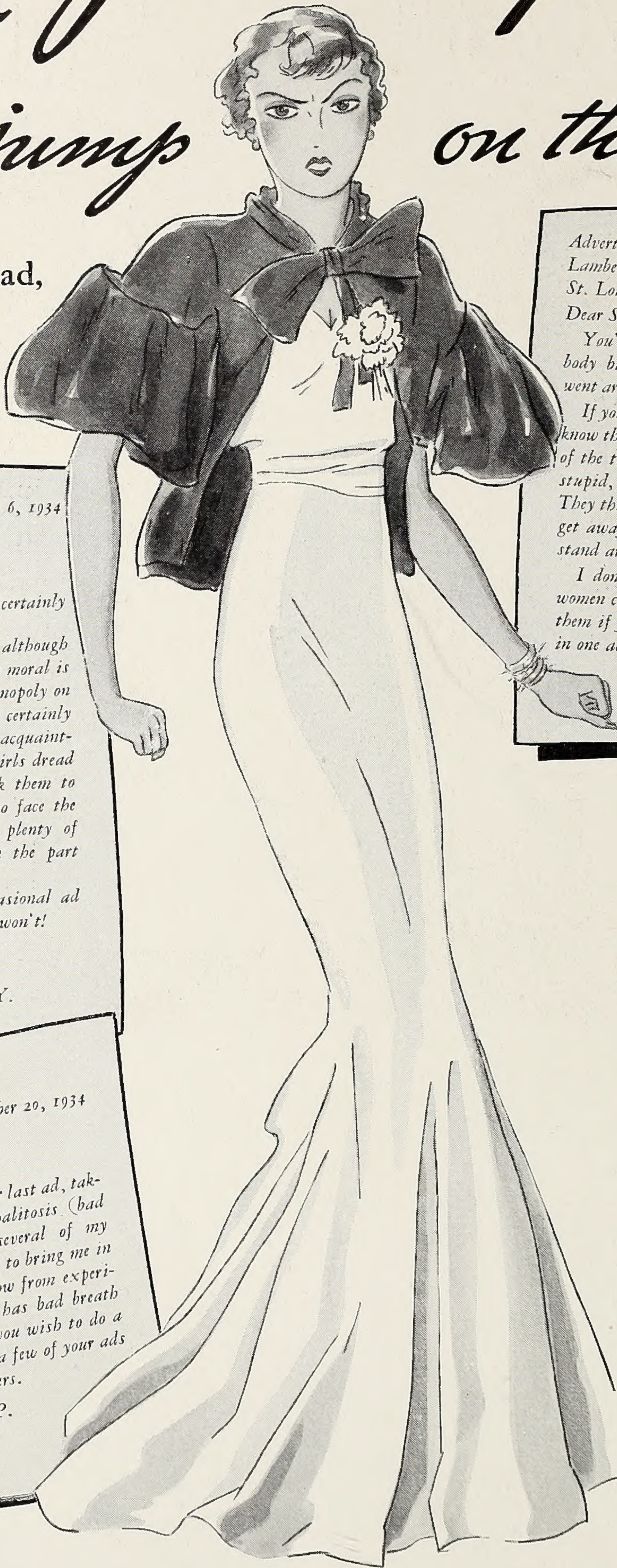
Ruby Keeler

ADVANCE
MARLAND
STONE
CO.



"Quit picking on us and jump on the men"

Three ladies, hopping mad,
take us to task
for sparing careless men



Advertising Dept.,
Lambert Pharmacal Co.,
St. Louis, Mo.

July 6, 1934

Gentlemen:

Your ad, which I am enclosing, certainly burns me up!

Will you kindly explain just why, although there are mostly boys in the picture, the moral is for girls? Do you think girls have a monopoly on halitosis? Let me assure you that they certainly have not. Just ask a few girls of your acquaintance, and find out. Learn how many girls dread to see certain chaps come over to ask them to dance, because it is such an ordeal to face the boy's breath. Believe me, there are plenty of ruined romances due to halitosis on the part of the man.

Now let me see you direct an occasional ad against the men—but I just bet you won't!

Very sincerely yours,

Miss F. E. Y.

Staten Island, N. Y.

Lambert Pharmacal Co.,
St. Louis, Mo.

October 20, 1934

Gentlemen:

I am writing to tell you that your last ad, taking women to task for having halitosis (bad breath) has annoyed me and several of my women friends. My work happens to bring me in contact with the public and I know from experience that for every woman who has bad breath there are at least nine men. If you wish to do a real service to everybody, direct a few of your ads to men. They're the real offenders.

Mrs. A. F. P.
Chicago, Ill.

Advertising Manager,
Lambert Pharmacal Co.,
St. Louis, Mo.

Jan. 11, 1935

Dear Sir:

You'd think from reading your ads that nobody but women had halitosis, and that men went around smelling as sweet as May blossoms.

If you knew what you were talking about you'd know that most men have got halitosis about half of the time. But they're too self-satisfied, vain, stupid, and conceited to do anything about it. They think that just because they're men they can get away with anything and we women have to stand around and pretend we like it.

I don't know what value you place on your women customers but you're going to lose a lot of them if you don't give the men their just deserts in one ad at least.

Mrs. M. F. S.
Tuckahoe, N. Y.

Men are the worst

MEN ARE INDEED the worst offenders in spite of the fact that we have directed at least 2 million dollars worth of advertising to them on the subject of halitosis. It is true, however, that most of our advertisements are directed to women. We feel that women are the biggest factors in influencing men.

We are glad to print the above letters. Perhaps men will read them and resolve to go forth, fastidiously speaking, and sin no more!

Halitosis (bad breath) is unforgivable in either social or business life—unforgivable because inexcusable. It can be so quickly and pleasantly corrected by the use of Listerine, the safe antiseptic and quick deodorant. Listerine halts fermentation, a major cause of mouth odors; then gets rid of the odors themselves. Use it morning and night and between times before social and business engagements. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

Listerine takes your breath away

ORCHIDS TO SALLY (UNTIL SHE SMILES)



"Pink Tooth Brush"

Makes her avoid all close-ups... dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm.

EVERY woman knows what wonders a smile can work . . . what a flaunting little banner of loveliness it can be.

But do you realize what a shock of disappointment follows a smile that gives a glimpse of dingy teeth and tender gums—of the damage that neglect of "pink tooth brush" can lead to?

DON'T IGNORE "PINK TOOTH BRUSH" You can't afford to take chances—to ignore a warning that threatens your smile and your dental health. Dental science has

explained and stressed that warning—"pink tooth brush." Foods that rob our gums of exercise—soft and creamy dishes that tempt our palates but lull our gums to sleep—those are the reasons for the modern plague of tender, ailing gums.

If your tooth brush even occasionally shows "pink"—do the sensible thing. Don't let yourself in for serious gum troubles—for gingivitis, Vincent's disease or pyorrhea. Get a tube of Ipana

Tooth Paste today and follow regularly this healthful routine. Start today!

Brush your teeth regularly. But—care for your gums with Ipana, too. Each time, massage a little extra Ipana into your lazy, tender gums. Ipana with massage helps speed circulation, aids in toning the gum tissue and in bringing back necessary firmness.

Your teeth will be whiter—your gums healthier—and your smile will be lovelier with Ipana and massage.



IPANA

TOOTH PASTE

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. N-55
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a 3¢ stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

The Opening Chorus



Jean Parker—Billy's lost love.

A LETTER FROM LIZA
(Between Excitements)

WELL now that the Santa Anita meeting, as we horsey people say, is over (quick now give me a sentence using "Azucar!" Ah, I got you that time . . . "Stay as sweet Azucar.") and Bing Crosby with oats in his hair has returned to the wife and kiddies, and the Messieurs Montgomery, Morris, and Powell have put away their derbies for the next meet, oh, those smart people, and Connie Bennett has about decided to change the name of her nag, Rattlebrains, because the cracks were getting too personal—which reminds me of my favorite cartoon in the *New Yorker*, remember, the one where two horses were gossiping in their stalls about another. "Look at Ella," says one. "Ever since they told her she looked like Katharine Hepburn she's been too stuck up to speak to us."

Well now, as I said up there in the first sentence, Hollywood is in that unhappy state of being "between plays." We are all ready for the next excitement but we don't know what it will be. In fact we're having a lull, and in the midst of a lull I always go quaint. And here I go: When little Freddie Bartholomew returned to Hollywood after his personal appearance in New York with "David Copperfield" those nosey reporters asked the little fellow what his biggest thrill in New York was, and Freddie gallantly informed them that it was when he met President Roosevelt's mother and she patted him on the cheek and said, "Sometime you must meet my little boy. He's fifty-three years old."

And when Jean Parker, doing a personal with "Sequoia," stepped off the train in Salt Lake City, where she had lived when she was a tiny tot, the inquiring reporters asked her what she remembered about the city. "All I remember," said Jean, "is a little boy named Billy whom I fell in love with at kindergarten. He was my first love."

That night at the theatre there were fifty "Billies" waiting at the stage door.

Liza

REFLECTING the MAGIC of HOLLYWOOD

MAY 1935

VOLUME FIVE
NUMBER SEVEN

Silver Screen

ELIOT KEEN

Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON

Western Editor

FRANK J. CARROLL

Art Director

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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

The VICTOR HERBERT'S GREATEST- BIG MUSICAL OF ALL TIME!

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer rings up the curtain on its greatest achievement ... a glamorous pageant of drama, mirth and beauty... mightier than any musical yet seen on the screen! You'll thrill to its glittering extravagance... you'll laugh at its bright comedy... and you'll cheer those new sweethearts, Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, who found their love under the creole moon. It's the screen's musical masterpiece!

Jeanette MACDONALD • *Nelson* EDDY NAUGHTY MARINETTA



a W. S.
VAN DYKE
PRODUCTION
Book and Lyrics by
Rida Johnson Young

with
FRANK
MORGAN
Douglas Dumbrille
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
Picture
Produced by
HUNT STROMBERG

SHE LIED TO LIVE HER NIGHTS OF LOVE

REVIEWS

TIPS ON PICTURES

AFTER OFFICE HOURS—Fine. And now may we present the sophisticated Connie Bennett—of Southampton—teamed up with Mr. Clark Gable, a rough diamond of the newspaper profession! With such playmates as Stu Erwin, Billie Burke & Henry Armetta thrown in for good measure.

ALL THE KING'S HORSES—Fine. A king and a movie star exchange identities in this lavish operetta, so gayly conceived that the plot seems as fresh as the morning. Carl Brisson is fascinating in the dual rôle and Mary Ellis makes a charming queen, with a glorious voice.

CARNIVAL—Good. A group of travelling carnival players provide the sentiment and the drama of this film, and even though the plot has a familiar air about it, you'll fall for it nevertheless. (Sally Eilers, Lee Tracy, Jimmie Durante.)

CAPTAIN HURRICANE—Fair. The New England sea coast is the setting for this bit of whimsy concerning three retired sea captains—James Barton, Gene Lockhart & Henry Travers. Feminine allure is provided by Helen Mack & Helen Westley.

CAR 99—Good. This provides a "look-see" into the manner in which the radio police wage war against desperate gangsters. It is exciting and well-acted. (Sir Guy Standing, Fred MacMurray.)

CLIVE OF INDIA—Excellent. Ronald Colman cast as the brilliant diplomat who helped England carve out India's destiny back in the romantic Seventeen Hundreds. Loretta Young is lovely as his wife.

DAVID COPPERFIELD—Excellent. What we call a perfect screen adaptation of Dickens' famous novel. If you miss this, you deny yourself a marvellous treat. (Freddie Bartholomew, W. C. Fields, Madge Evans, Frank Lawton, Maureen O'Sullivan, etc., etc.)

DEVIL DOGS OF THE AIR—Fine. Air-minded people, and even those who did not think they were before, will go for this in a big way. It boasts some thrilling stunt flying, as well as some neat performances by Pat O'Brien, Jimmy Cagney & Margaret Lindsay.

DOG OF FLANDERS—Good. This familiar story of our childhood days comes to pictorial life with Frankie Thomas (of Broadway) as the boy with such a deep love for his dog, Lightning. (O. P. Heggie.)

GREAT GOD GOLD—Good. A story involving the stock market crash and its attendant big business smashes. Sidney Blackmer in the lead, with Martha Sleeper cast for romance.

GREAT HOTEL MURDER, THE—Good. An exciting mystery melodrama provides a new type of vehicle for the combined rugged individualism of Edmund Lowe & Victor McLaglen. (Mary Carlisle-William Janney.)

HOME ON THE RANGE—So-so. The type of western familiarly known as a "hoss opera," with little to boost it above average unless you reckon with such names as Evelyn Brent, Randolph Scott & Jackie Coogan.

HONG KONG NIGHTS—Just fair. One of those heavily melodramatic affairs, with Chinese gun-runners being pursued by noble American secret service men, etc., etc. D'you get it? (Wera Engels-Tom Keene.)

JACK AHOY—Amusing. This musical farce relies upon the Royal British Navy for a background, and has England's foremost comedian, Jack Hulbert, in the leading rôle. It has its joyous moments!

LADDIE—Fine. John Beal plays this wholesome Gene Stratton Porter hero, and Gloria Stuart impersonates the aristocrat whom he comes to love. And Virginia Weidler, as "little sister," makes a distinct personal hit on her own account.

LAWLESS FRONTIER—Good. A thrilling action film that all children will adore. (John Wayne, Sheila Terry, Yakima Canutt.)



Irene Hervey does not rely implicitly upon Mrs. Rabbit for her supply of Easter eggs.

LIFE BEGINS AT 40—Fine. Will Rogers at his very best as a small town newspaper editor, a rôle which gives him plenty of scope to air his delightful philosophy. (Rochelle Hudson, Dick Cromwell.)

LITTLE COLONEL, THE—Fine. This charming story of the old South (well remembered from our childhood) has been turned into an exceptionally entertaining film, with Shirley Temple in the title rôle, and Lionel Barrymore playing her crusty old granddaddy.

LOVE IN BLOOM—Fair. Although the plot of this is a bit out-moded, still it offers Dixie Lee (Mrs. Bing Crosby) and Joe Morrison. Also, those goofy laugh-provokers, Burns and Allen, can be found here. There are some catchy songs, too.

MAYBE IT'S LOVE—Fair. This was adapted from the play "Saturday's Children" (who have to work for a living) but something of the sparkle and zest of the original was lost in the transition. (Ross Alexander, Gloria Stuart, Phillip Reed.)

MY HEART IS CALLING—Entertaining. Another musical from England . . . with the charming tenor, Jan Kiepura, warbling divinely. The film has exciting action, comedy supplied by Sonnie Hale, and feminine allure by Marta Eggerth.

MYSTERY MAN—Good. "What!"—you say—"Another newspaperman rounding up a dangerous killer?" Yes. But this one is fast-moving, thrilling and romantic. So, why kick? (Robert Armstrong-Maxine Doyle.)

MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD—Interesting. This film was adapted from Charles Dickens' unfinished novel and, like most of his tales, goes in heavily for characterization. In this instance the principle rôles are played—and well—by Douglass Montgomery, David Manners, Claude Rains & Heather Angel.

MURDER ON A HONEYMOON—Good. A murder-mystery that is played up for comedy, with such amusing sleuths as Edna May Oliver and James Gleason arriving at amazing solutions.

NUT FARM, THE—Good. Hollywood is the setting for this brittle yarn about an eastern couple who come west to buy a nut farm and, instead, get inveigled into the movie racket. (Oscar Apfel, Wallace Ford, Betty Alden.)

ONE MORE SPRING—Charming. Although some of the spirit of Robert Nathan's novel of the depression was lost in the transition, the characters, the settings and the plot remain as intact, no doubt, as the censors would permit. (Janet Gaynor, Warner Baxter, Walter King.)

RENDEZVOUS AT MIDNIGHT—Just fair. A murder melodrama that won't raise you off your seats but which may satisfy on a double-header program. In cast Ralph Bellamy, Valerie Hobson, Catharine Doucet.)

RIGHT TO LIVE, THE—Good. Somerset Maugham's tragedy of mother love and murder narrowed down to a point where it becomes simply a love triangle, with Colin Clive, George Brent & Josephine Hutchinson the three involved.

RUGGLES OF RED GAP—Grand Fun.

You'll be sorry if you pass this farce up. Chas. Laughton is superb as the correct English manservant won in a poker game by that breezy western couple, Mary Boland & Charlie Ruggles.

RUMBA—Fair. Carole Lombard as the snooty society gal who gets mixed up with George Raft, a night club dancer, and eventually dances the rumba with him when Margo, his partner, gets conveniently ill.

SCARLET PIMPERNEL, THE—Excellent. A swashbuckling story of the French Revolution, with Leslie Howard cast as the gallant Englishman masquerading under this pseudonym while he wages a battle against the guillotine. Merle Oberon plays his wife.

SHADOW OF DOUBT—Good. In which Ricardo Cortez tumbles headlong into a swell murder plot when his eccentric aunt (Constance Collier) threatens to cut him off if he remains friendly with Virginia Bruce, a movie star. Miss Collier will amaze you with her brilliant performance.

STRAIGHT FROM THE HEART—Fair. This film has a political background, with Roger Pryor and Mary Astor in the top spots. Also in the cast are Henry Armetta, Andy Devine & Robert McWade.

SWEET MUSIC—Fine. A bright and sparkling musical, with Rudy Vallee, of radio fame, dominating the colorful scenes. The grand cast includes Ann Dvorak, Ned Sparks, Allen Jenkins, Alice White & Bob Armstrong.

THUNDER IN THE EAST—Excellent. A compelling and romantic drama, concerning an English and a Japanese naval officer, which will stir your profound interest as well as your emotions. (Merle Oberon, John Loder, Charles Boyer.)

WHILE THE PATIENT SLEPT—Good. A mystery story that successfully mixes thrills with the well-known jitters, and with the reliable team of Guy Kibbee and Aline MacMahon in the leading rôles. (Allen Jenkins, Patricia Ellis, Lyle Talbot.)

WHOLE TOWN'S TALKING, THE—Excellent. This may be a gangster film again but it's got what it takes—that is, swell story, fine direction, superb acting. And it's different too! (Ed. G. Robinson, Jean Arthur.)

WHEN A MAN'S A MAN—Good. A western that has ingenuity and a certain definite charm. Even grown-ups may like this a lot. George O'Brien gives his usual stalwart performance aided and abetted by a fine cast, including Dorothy Wilson.

WINGS IN THE DARK—Fine. A dramatic story of two aviators—Cary Grant and Myrna Loy—with Cary, after he is blinded, guiding Myrna on her long non-stop flight by means of a cunning radio device.

WOMAN IN RED, THE—Entertaining. Barbara Stanwyck plays a professional fancy horseback rider who marries Gene Raymond, a society man whose family frowns on the match. There are many dramatic interludes before the final happy ending. (Genevieve Tobin-John Eldridge.)

The New Stream-Lined MAE WEST

by SUSAN HARTWELL

Just a brief two years ago Mae West changed the feminine contours of the world when she swept across the cinematic heavens in "She Done Him Wrong."

Now the versatile Mae is about to do the same thing again, to the delight of the fashion designers and her legions of feminine and masculine fans. But this time she's offering a stream-lined silhouette instead of the full-rounded curves of two seasons ago.

It's all part of the radical change in the character Miss West portrays in her newest Paramount Picture, "GOIN' TO TOWN." No longer is she a swaggering gal of the Gay Nineties; this time she is the personification of the spirit of 1935. The Westian curves are still there, of course, but they are streamlined in the modern manner.

And the story and background of "GOIN' TO TOWN" offers just as much contrast to her previous vehicles as the Mae West of 1935 does to the Mae West of 1933. The fashionable spots of smart, present-day society—Long Island, N.Y. and Buenos Aires, Argentina, for instance—replace the Bowery of the Nineties and gay spots of New Orleans a generation ago as the setting for the action of her new picture.

Even her leading men have undergone a radical change. Gone are the prize-fighters and gamblers of an older era; instead honors are shared



by Paul Cavanaugh, suavest of suave Anglo-American actors and Ivan Lebedeff, ace of the heel-clicking, hand-kissing, heart-smashers.

So watch out for the New Mae West. She is going to set a new standard

in entertainment, in wise-cracks, in fashions and in the feminine form, divine when Paramount's "GOIN' TO TOWN" reaches the screens of the world.

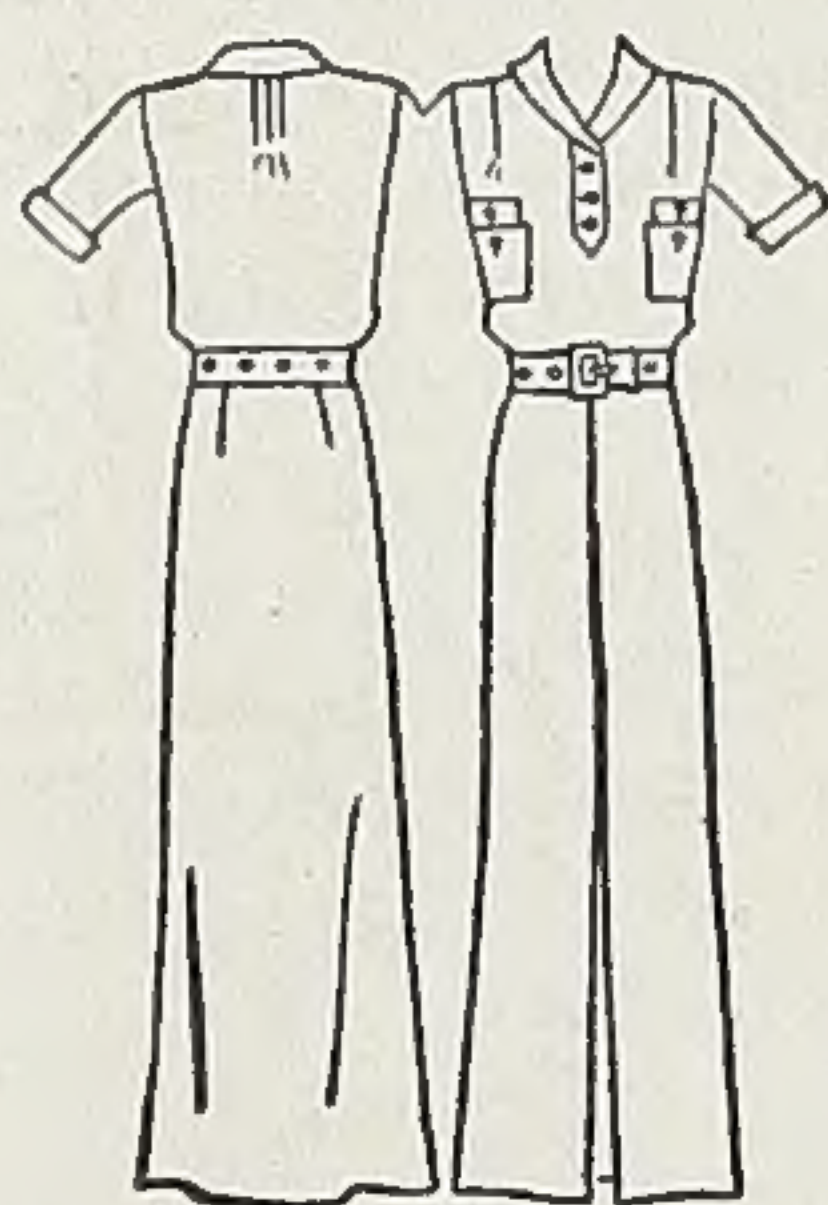
Advertisement

PATTERN OFFER OF MADGE EVANS' SPORT DRESS



This frock, Pattern SS127, may be ordered in sizes 14 to 20 and 32 to 42. Size 16 requires $3\frac{5}{8}$ yards 39 inch fabric.

Price of Dress Pattern, 15¢.
Price of Glove Pattern, 10¢.
Dress Pattern and Catalog together, 25¢.



Crocheted gloves, Pattern 5300.



WITH this sporty little dress it is very chic to wear crocheted gloves, as Madge Evans is doing. Be sure to specify which patterns you desire.

Silver Screen Pattern Dept.,
45 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.

For the enclosed.....send to

(Name)

(Address)

(City and State)

Pattern of Madge Evans' Dress (No. SS127)

Size

Pattern of crocheted gloves (No. 5300).....

Fashion Book? Yes or No.....

(Residents of New York City must enclose 1¢ additional on each order in payment of City Sales Tax for Unemployment Relief.)

A Girl Is Just
As Subtle As
The Powder
On Her Nose.

By
Mary
Lee



Alice Faye is a true theatre-trained professional.

A PUFF FOR POWDER

"NOTICE Alice Faye's face!" my companion whispered to me. "Did you ever see such a complexion?"

I looked as requested and saw the loveliest face, so well-groomed and charming it caught everyone's eye. Yet I do not believe you could have detected powder on that skin with a microscope.

The best powder is the powder you cannot see on the skin, that which blends in with the natural tones and becomes literally invisible. And it is all in knowing how to select it and put it on.

All of us wield the magic of the powder puff. Some of us for better, some of us for worse. So that you may improve your own personal and private powder technique, here are some powder facts to guide you.

First there is the choice of shade. Color is difficult to discuss in black type on white paper, but the first thing to know is that you want to match your skin as closely as possible in the tone of your powder. Most skins have either a rosy or a beige cast, very few of them are pure white. Powders with a pink cast are called "natural." Blush, Flesh, Peach, Roseglow, are some of the specific names for these "natural" tones.

Powders with a beige cast are called "rachel." They vary from a pale tone to deep yellow. If your skin is creamy or very light, these will be most likely to look well.

The "naturals" and "rachels" are the two big color groups in the middle of the powder scale. Above the rachels are the whites, ivories. Deeper than the naturals are so-called summer powders and the sun-tans. Beware of powders with too deep yellow tones. They make the average skin look jaundiced.

Rules are rules and they are all helpful, but with powder shades you must experiment with the actual powder on your skin in order to judge its effect. Occasionally a clever girl will break all the rules and

score a big success. She will tone down a pink, flushed skin by the use of a cool, rachel powder instead of using the logical "natural." Or, if her skin is too palid, she will blend a warm "natural" powder into it over her rouge and give her face more life. But these are the exceptions.

Choose a powder whose texture is adapted to your own skin. As a general thing, light, fluffy powders are best for oily skins, those which are a little heavier in weight (many of them actually contain cream) are for the dry skin. If powder seems to clog the pores or to flake off the skin, it is more than likely that you are not using the right one.

A special trick with powder, a trick which is not nearly as complicated as it sounds, is the use of two shades of it on your face. The one, a lighter powder should be put on the features you wish to emphasize; the other, a blending but darker shade, should be put on the features you wish to tone down, the too generous nose for instance or prominent cheekbones. Be sure to select for this purpose a powder which is soft, and powder shades which blend beautifully, so that you cannot see where the one begins and the other ends.

What this two powder technique will do was illustrated amusingly the other day in the case of a young extra whom we shall call Sally. Sally has a large nose and she is self-conscious about it although it is really a very nice nose. She thinks it spoils her face. So she powders it continually. She uses a very light powder because she thinks darker powders unbecoming to her. Of course the result has been that this light powder really makes her nose more noticeable, larger in appearance than is necessary. I explained to her that a darker powder on her nose, a lighter one on the rest of her face would correct her difficulty. She took the tip. Now everybody is saying what a pretty girl Sally has become.

THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH



GO INTO YOUR DANCE
with Ruby Keeler in the swell-
est stepping she's ever done!



GO INTO YOUR DANCE
as Al Jolson sings his heart
out to Ruby in 5 new ballads!



GO INTO YOUR DANCE
to the lilting tunes of 8 grand
songs by Warren & Dubin!



GO INTO YOUR DANCE
with 100's of girls in ravishing
Bobby Connolly spectacles!



GO INTO YOUR DANCE
with Glenda Farrell, Patsy
Kelly, Helen Morgan, Benny
Rubin, and other big stars!



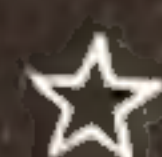
Clap Hands for Another Honey
from Warner Bros.—a Lyrical
Miracle that Runs Away with
April's Blue Ribbon! Even if
Its Drama and Music Weren't
Blended So Magically into
Entertainment That Is Sheer
Enchantment, You'd Still Insist
on Seeing It Because It Teams
for the First Time on the Screen

Al
JOLSON
and
Ruby
KEELER

in

**"GO INTO
YOUR
DANCE"**

Famous "42nd Street's" author,
Bradford Ropes, wrote this
story of a girl who played with
death for her man's life—
staged against the thrilling
backdrop of New York's hot
spots. And you'll like Archie
L. Mayo's smart direction
for First National Pictures.



VIGNY

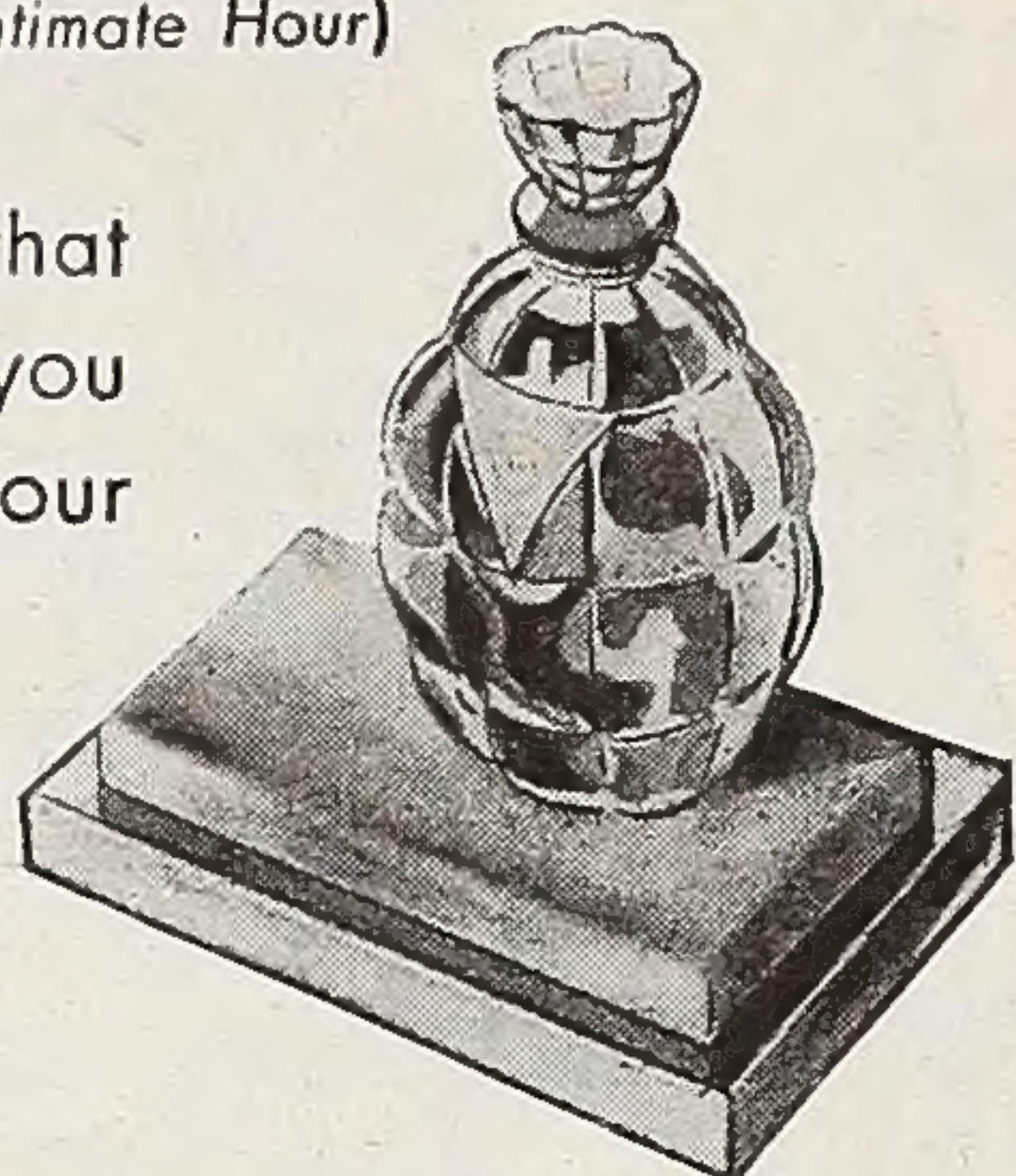
P A R I S

HEURE INTIME

(Intimate Hour)

A perfume that
will enthrall you
and those in your
presence

\$3.75
to \$22.50



By the creators of

GOLLIWOGG—the perfume of Romance

Both odeurs available in face powder, dust-
ing powder and talc. At the better stores.

VIGNY—NEW YORK—724 FIFTH AVENUE

FASCINATING GLINTS



★

FOR DULL DRAB HAIR

in one shampoo

IS YOUR hair dull, drab, uninteresting? Learn from millions of blondes the secret of their lustrous, gold-touched hair! Try their shampoo . . . Blondex! For thousands with dark and medium hair have found it works magic. Not a dye or bleach, Blondex is a unique *shampoo-rinse* that removes hair dirt, clears away all darkening, sticky film. You will be amazed at the new sheen, the new enchanting softness! *One shampoo shows results.* Learn now the full glory of your hair. Get Blondex today at any good drug or department store.

MAKES IRONING EASY

**TRY
THIS
FREE**

This modern way to hot starch ends mixing, boiling and bother as with lump starch. Makes starching easy. Makes ironing easy. It restores elasticity and that soft charm of newness. No sticking. No scorching. Your iron fairly glides. Send for sample.



THANK YOU—

THE HUBINGER CO., No. 179, Keokuk, Ia.
Your free sample of QUICK ELASTIC, please,
and "That Wonderful Way to Hot Starch."

GOOD COOKING

HAS DONE ITS PART IN

Ken Maynard's HAPPY MARRIAGE

By Ruth Corbin

I HAVE just found a wife in Hollywood, who believes in that old adage, "The way to a man's heart is through his stomach." Mr. and Mrs. Ken Maynard have been married nearly ten years now and they have managed to live a serene and normal life together, and Mary Maynard stresses the point that her cooking has helped to keep Ken happy.

In the first place, Ken fully appreciates a happy, home life, since he was deprived of a home until he married. As a Ringling

vegetable or meat only for his dinner. He is unusually fond of potatoes and when they are served, he will make almost his entire meal of them . . . with hot biscuits. His fondness for hot biscuits and corn bread amounts almost to a passion.

Mary says that Ken has explained why he likes one food served. During his long circus career, which began when he was twelve years old and continued until he was 21, he had to eat at a long table at which a hundred or more people were



The real home atmosphere begins in the kitchen at Ken Maynard's home.

circus star, he knew the privations and hardships of the nomadic life circus people are forced to lead. Mary says he still shows the "earmarks" of it. He likes to be "on the go," when he isn't working. Is forever taking trips between pictures to Alaska, Mexico, Yucatan or some other faraway place. He likes company and lots of it, but the kind of company he can entertain informally. When he brings home friends, he drives into the garage with them and takes them up the back way to his den. He practically lives in this room, and even has Mary serve their dinners either in his den or on the balcony adjoining.

Ken's food habits were formed during his circus-trouping days. He usually eats one

served. When food was passed, everyone took all that they would need at one helping, because they knew it would never get as far as their plate again. Usually, they had a chance at only one food. If potatoes were started around in his direction, Ken learned to fill his plate with them. If meat were the food that reached his place at table, he took enough of it to make his meal complete. And so his food habits were formed, and now, although he eats soup and dessert, he usually eats only one meat or vegetable.

When he met and fell in love with Mary, he told her that he had always dreamed of the time when he would have a home and be able to have food served in courses.

Mary promised she would do this and from the first she kept her word with him.

They "kept company" for two and a half years, but they were hard years for Ken. He had been put under contract by Fox; had gotten in wrong with some of the executives and, although he drew a weekly salary, he was not given any rôles. Finally, he went to court and had his contract broken because he knew he was finished if he did not appear on the screen. But after he got out of his contract, no other studio would sign him on account of a "gentleman's agreement" that existed at the time between the major studios. So Ken wooed Mary without benefit of money.

In the two and a half years, he was practically on starvation rations and bought her, in all, four carnations and a number of eskimo pies. They never even went to picture shows. Then Mary went east and they corresponded and when she returned some months later, Ken had a job as a stunt man in "The North Star" with Strongheart, the wonder dog. Ken was supposed to make a run from the roof of a building and leap on a steer. But while he was in the act of running, a careless assistant moved the steer and he lit on the ground. He knew the picture must continue and though hurt, he insisted on going on with his work.

Mary went up to see him at Lake Arrowhead where he was working, and he was so overjoyed at her thoughtfulness that he never even said anything about it to her, but got a marriage license and a preacher and married her almost before she knew what was happening. She told me that the day after they were married, she and Ken had a horrible quarrel. She decided the marriage was a mistake and wanted to go home to her mother but Ken wouldn't give her any carfare home. By evening, they had compromised and now, neither remembers what the quarrel was about except that it was terrible and they have never had a serious one since.

They started housekeeping in a one-room apartment, with boots, saddles and "chaps" all over the place and no furniture except a gas plate and some wardrobe trunks and a five-dollar bill.

Mary could not even boil water at first. But she did her best with every meal and always had flowers and candles on the table, even when they had no furniture. Ken is a southerner and likes hot breads of all kinds, especially biscuits. So Mary simply had to give him biscuits once a day. She couldn't make them, but she found a shop down on the corner where she could get hot biscuits every evening at five o'clock. For a year she bought the biscuits and didn't bother to tell Ken that she wasn't making them herself. However, came a pay day. Ken decided to move into a better neighborhood and she couldn't get the biscuits any more. It was a shock to him when she had to confess that she hadn't been making them.

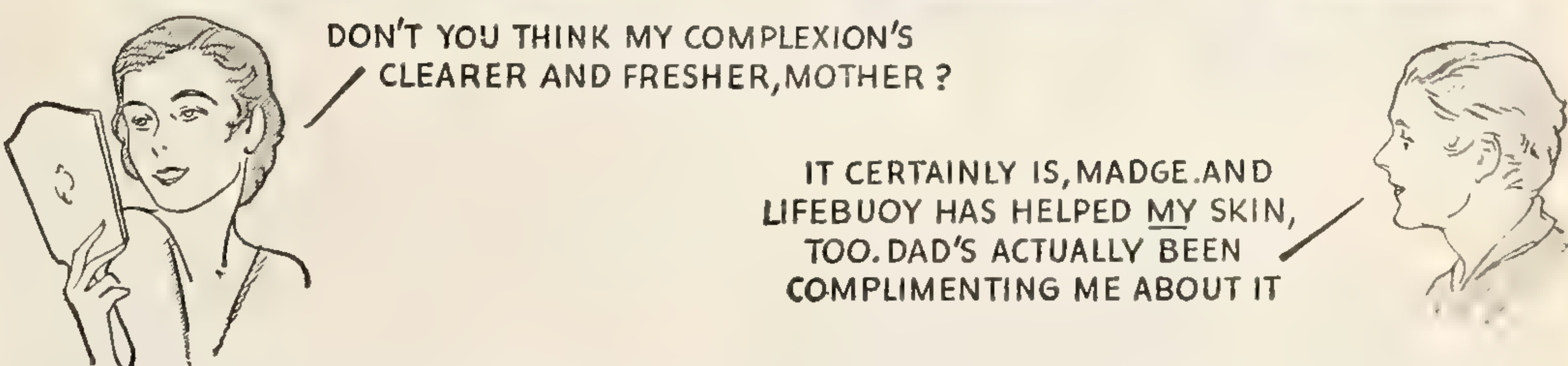
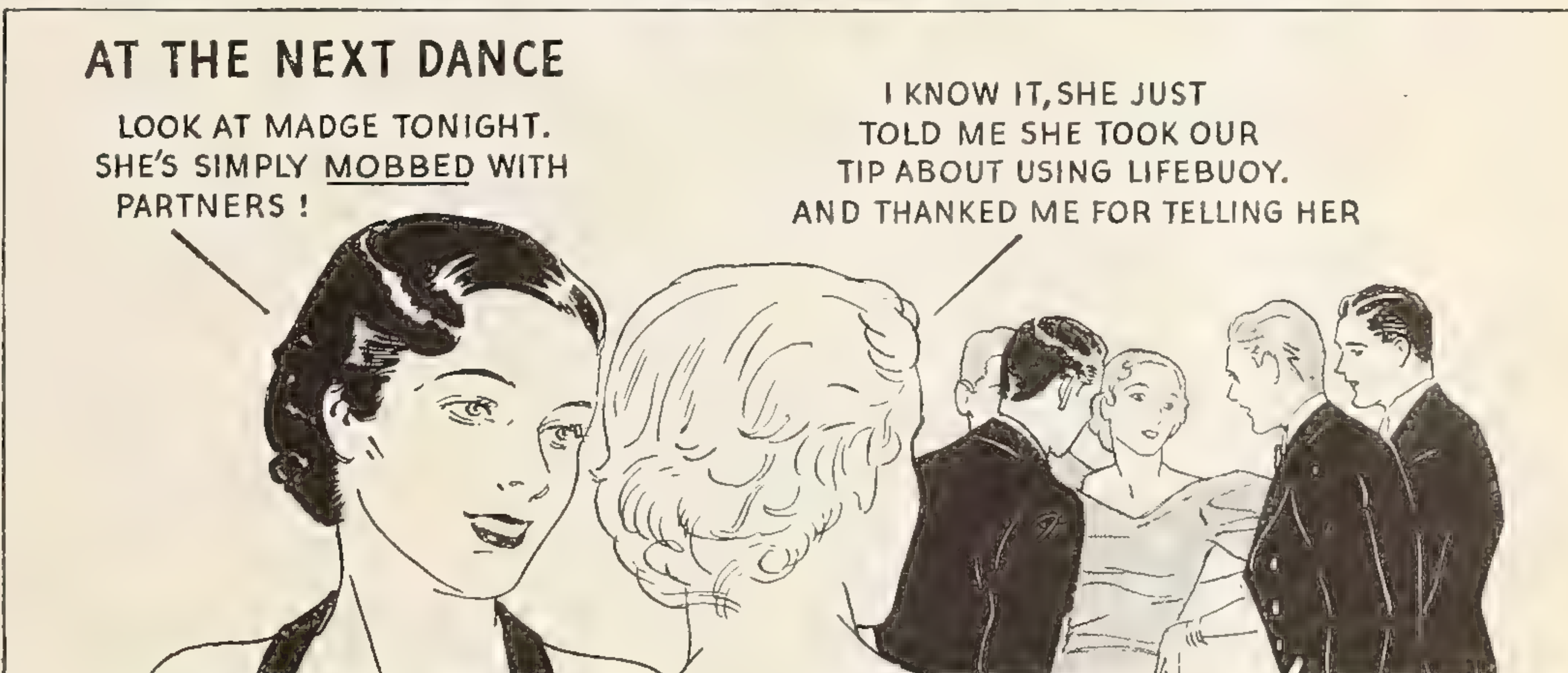
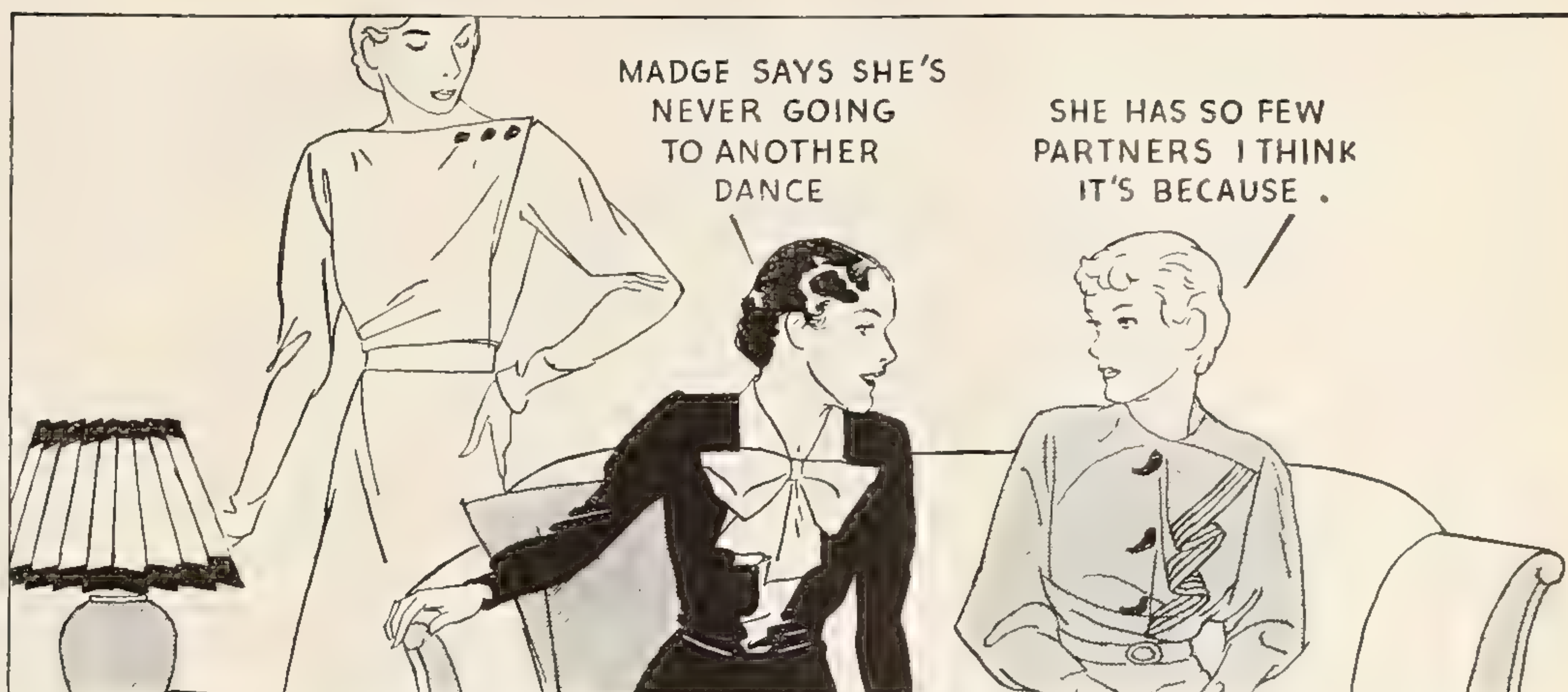
She started to learn, however, and eventually she got so she could make them as good as anybody. Now she is an excellent cook. She does all the housework and cooking herself. Makes delicious breads, roasts, pies and everything.

She finds vegetable shortenings best for biscuit and pastries of all kinds and she always uses ice water. She says Ken's favorite pie is strawberry. She makes this by lining a tin with pastry, then placing whole strawberries in a solid layer; she pours cream over them until it shows through the berries, and then dots the entire layer heavily with butter, sprinkles generously with powdered sugar and, for the top, she makes a lattice of the pastry. She says the strawberries and pastry take the same length of time to cook and the result is delicious.

For breakfast, they usually have grape-

[Continued on page 15]

FROM HEARTACHES TO HAPPINESS



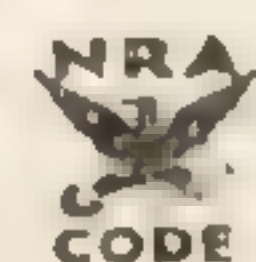
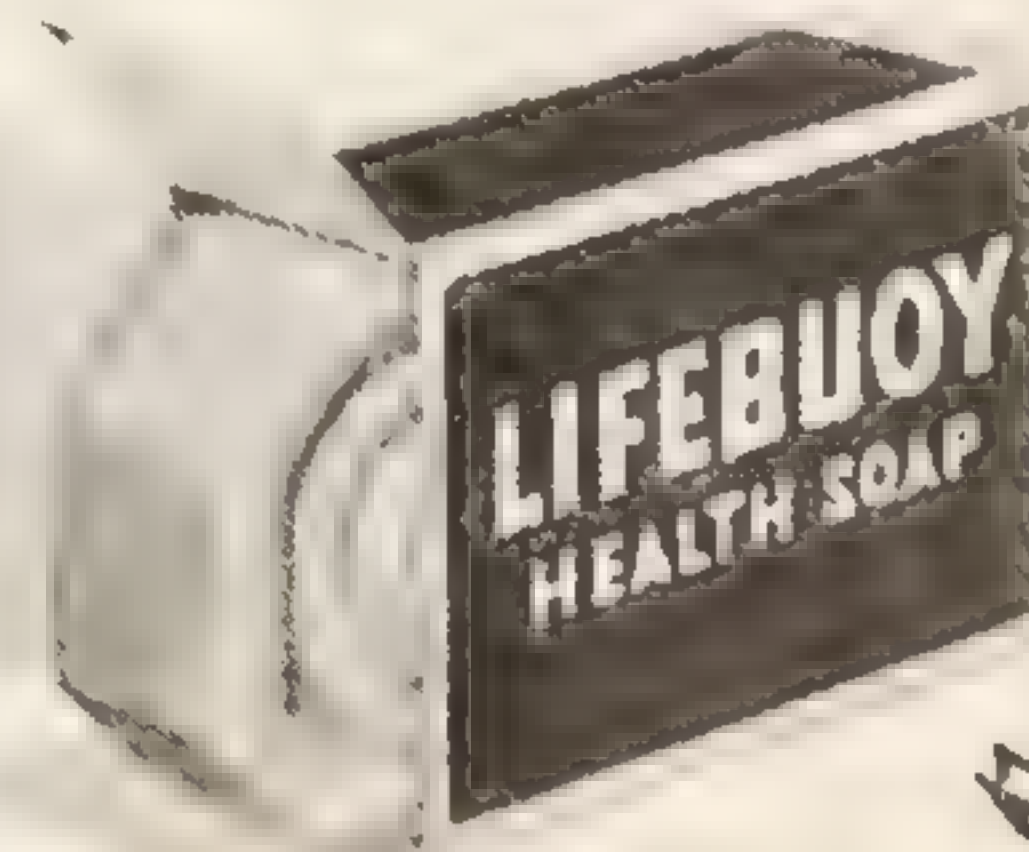
MILLIONS have the best of reasons for saying, "Lifebuoy agrees with my skin." For Lifebuoy lather *deep-cleanses*. Coaxes out pore-deep dirt. Banishes dullness, makes the skin look fresh, radiant, "alive" and how *gentle* Lifebuoy is! Tests made on the skins of hundreds of women—blondes, brunettes, *every* complexion type—show it is actually more than 20 per cent milder than many so-called "beauty soaps."

Protects against "B. O."

This same gentle, purifying lather deodorizes body pores, stops "B. O." (*body odor*), that distressing fault we *all* must

guard against, especially these coming hot weather months when we perspire more freely. No matter how hard the water, Lifebuoy always gives an abundance of lather. Notice, too, its fresh, clean, quickly-vanishing scent which tells you this delightful toilet soap *protects!* Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

*stops
'B.O.'*



"This Perfume seems to add a kind of charm to a woman"



Paramount
Featured Player

The fragrance is *April Showers*, the perfume of youth. You can enjoy its luxury at low cost... in *April Showers Talc*, the world's most famous and best loved talcum powder. There is no finer.

April
Showers
TALC

Exquisite, but
not expensive



CHERAMY
PARIS

"You're
Telling
Me?"

"I HAD always thought of the Victorian clothes as being so ugly, but after seeing 'The Barretts of Wimpole Street' I've changed my mind. Those costumes were lovely! I read Elizabeth Barretts' poetry with a new interest now too, because I feel that I know her—a sort of old friend whom I've lately seen," writes Mrs. Lloyd D. Rivers of Chesterfield, S. C.

So culture, too, is blind in its own charming fashion.

"'IMITATION OF LIFE,'" writes Mrs. K. Yeargin of 36th St., Sacramento, Calif., "I consider the Very Best Picture. Louise Beavers was always good in her small parts, but she surely surprised everyone in her rôle of Delilah—in fact she was a star. And the poor little girl who wanted so much to be white! The only thing people did not like about it was the ending. I did not think Miss Bee should have given up her faithful lover. That daughter was such a fine sensible girl she would have been all right about it. Oh, but I suppose it came out all happy ever after, anyway."

That's great! For you, Mrs. Yeargin, the characters go on living. That's a fine compliment to Claudette and Warren William.

CARL ALGOT JOHNSON of N. Avers Ave., Chicago, Ill., writes, "In 'Evelyn Prentice,' Jack Mulhall gave us a glimpse of a long lost pal; in the 'Dragon Murder Case,' good old Robert Warwick appeared in a scene or two as a doctor; and in 'Limehouse Blues,' Wyndham Standing, venerable player, conducted one short investigation as a Scotland Yard official. An odd feeling came over me, when I saw these former stars playing small rôles, that here were bits of drama that were real within dramas that were entirely fictional."

Moral, Save your money.

"MY FAVORITE," writes M. Clement of Davis St., San Francisco, Calif., "is Katharine Hepburn, the harum-scarum lady, whose photographic poses are the craziest I've ever seen. I love her for her unusualness, her cute hats, and her nose-thumbing at prosaic dullness. Don't pay any attention to the criticizers, Katy, you're grand as you are!"

I've heard them myself—"Katy did"—"Katy didn't."

"GEE! It was grand to see Myrna Loy in 'The Thin Man' and 'Broadway Bill.'

"Scotty" Beckett puts over his fast one for the benefit of the "Our Gang" team.



Have You A Kind
Word Or A Con-
structive Criticism
For The Stars?

Now, I have decided on my favorite actress—Myrna Loy! She's a sensation. She fits my ideas of a perfect wife. If I could only find a swell girl like her, I'll marry her. I am just a young kid yet, so I have to keep on worrying until finally I can find a girl like her in the future. I am more interested in seeing some of her coming pictures than anything in the world," writes H. T. Lin of Johnson St., Victoria, B. C., Canada.

That's love!

MRS. ANGELA — of Jose Julian A. St., San German, Puerto Rico, writes, "After seeing Margaret Sullavan in 'Little Man, What Now?', I was encouraged to go ahead and marry a poor man. Her portrayal of the young wife, I feel sure, will help me through all the misfortunes that may come to me, and I will suffer cheerfully poverty and distress in my married life... if my husband turns out to be another Hans Pen-niberg."

Not so much calm resigned acceptance and a little more wifely nagging, please.

"LET'S give the youthful future stars a break. They throw such determination into their acting while trying to reach their destiny of stardom. Those who have reached stardom are sophisticated and are more careless with their acting," writes Jack G. Bartlett of Anson, Tex. "One of the great personalities is Jean Muir. Her best type of rôle is like the one she played in 'As The Earth Turns.' So on to success, confident youth!"

Youth will be served. I'll take vanilla.

"THE TEAM of Powell and Loy is one of the best on the screen. When I look at lovely Myrna Loy and think back to the old days, I can hardly believe that this wholesome, healthy looking woman is one and the same. I give full credit to the acting ability of Miss Loy," writes Lillian Thompson of N. 28th St., Philadelphia, Pa. "If she gets what she deserves, she will become a famous star. I truly hope so."

Her name Loy made us think she was not miscast as a half-caste.

Soothe
THOSE TIRED
EYES!

Murine relieves and re-laxes tired eyes. Removes irritating particles. Refreshing. Easy to use. Safe. Recommended for nearly 40 years. For all ages. Ask your druggist.

MURINE
FOR YOUR EYES

"HATS OFF," writes Ralph H. Burnstine of Rosebury Drive, St. Louis, Mo., "we bow the head and bend the knee and give praise and credit where they are due: Louise Beavers performance as Aunt Delilah in 'Imitation of Life' was by far the finest presentation any colored person has ever offered on the silver screen."

Or do you mean Fredi Washington, the daughter?

"WHY, in all the world, don't some of those big shots in Hollywood wake up and put some different clothes on actresses like Marlene Dietrich and Greta Garbo and some of the others? Ever since 'Morocco,' Marlene hasn't had one dress on that looked like something," writes William Juenge of 22nd Ave., Kenosha, Wisc.

..Sh-h-h! The legs are back in "The Devil Is A Woman."

ANITA DAWSON of Jacksonville, Fla., writes, "I think Francis Lederer has the prettiest curly hair, the cutest giggle and nicest voice of any man on the screen."

..And taken all together they spell CHARM.

"FROM those who like a little spice as well as sugar, the acting of that superb imp, Jane Withers, in 'Bright Eyes' will win praise. We applaud her as an actress and for that reason hope we may see her in a slightly more sympathetic rôle very soon."

Pick the perfect prodigy—Jane Withers, Shirley Temple or Freddie Bartholomew.

"I LIKE pictures with lots of action in them, especially detective pictures," writes Ralph Sherwood of Church St., Moncton, N. B., Canada. "I liked the picture 'Girl in Danger,' with Ralph Bellamy and Shirley Grey. These pictures do not have many love scenes in them and for this I like them all the more. Personallly, I think Ralph Bellamy should be a detective in all of his films, and if he were, the theatres would be sure of a large patronage in Moncton."

How to wow Moncton.

KATHERYNE CORWIN of Barnett St., N. E., Grand Rapids, Mich., writes, "Just because John Boles was once in a 'Back Street' atmosphere, does he have to stay there? Think of 'The Desert Song,' and 'Rio Rita' and John's golden voice! And now he has become nothing more than a spineless jellyfish who always wakes up, too late to do anything about it, and finds he's married the wrong girl. Up to now, I've defended him, but if the producers don't do right by our John and give him some rôles worthy of his talent, I'm not going to be able to hold out much longer."

Last call!

"TO YOU, Shirley Temple, goes the toast of every red-blooded American! You not only give us sweetness in your pictures, but you teach us a lesson to bring up our children to model after you. Thanks, Shirley, for the many hours of good clean fun which you give us," writes Raymond P. Hartwell of S. Quaker Lane, West Hartford, Conn.

We still like her "Little Miss Marker" best.

"BESIDES being an answer to a maiden's prayer, that man Warner Baxter surely can act—no matter what he does, he makes you love it," writes Reba London of Union St., Manchester, N. H. "If they had been selling horses in the lobby of the theatre after seeing 'Broadway Bill,' I am sure I would have bought one. That's the way you feel after seeing Warner Baxter's splendid portrayal of a lover of horses."

Box stalls for Box Offices.

for MAY 1935

Look at
your tongue

it's a new test for
**BAD
BREATH!**

**Pepsodent Antiseptic offers you a pure, fresh
breath at 1/3 the usual cost**

NOW your mirror may tell you what others won't. For recent investigations have shown that in 75% of cases of bad breath, a "coated tongue" condition is present.

The sensible thing to do is to use Pepsodent Antiseptic . . . as thousands already do. Pepsodent acts to remove tiny food particles from between the teeth. It helps to cleanse the lining of the mouth . . . to sweep away dead cells and particles from the tongue. It kills the germs it reaches . . . the germs often responsible for unpleasant breath odors. Your whole mouth feels more refreshed—you are confident that your breath is purer, sweeter.

We do not claim that "coated tongue" always

means bad breath. But take no chances. Use Pepsodent Antiseptic.

Pepsodent can be diluted

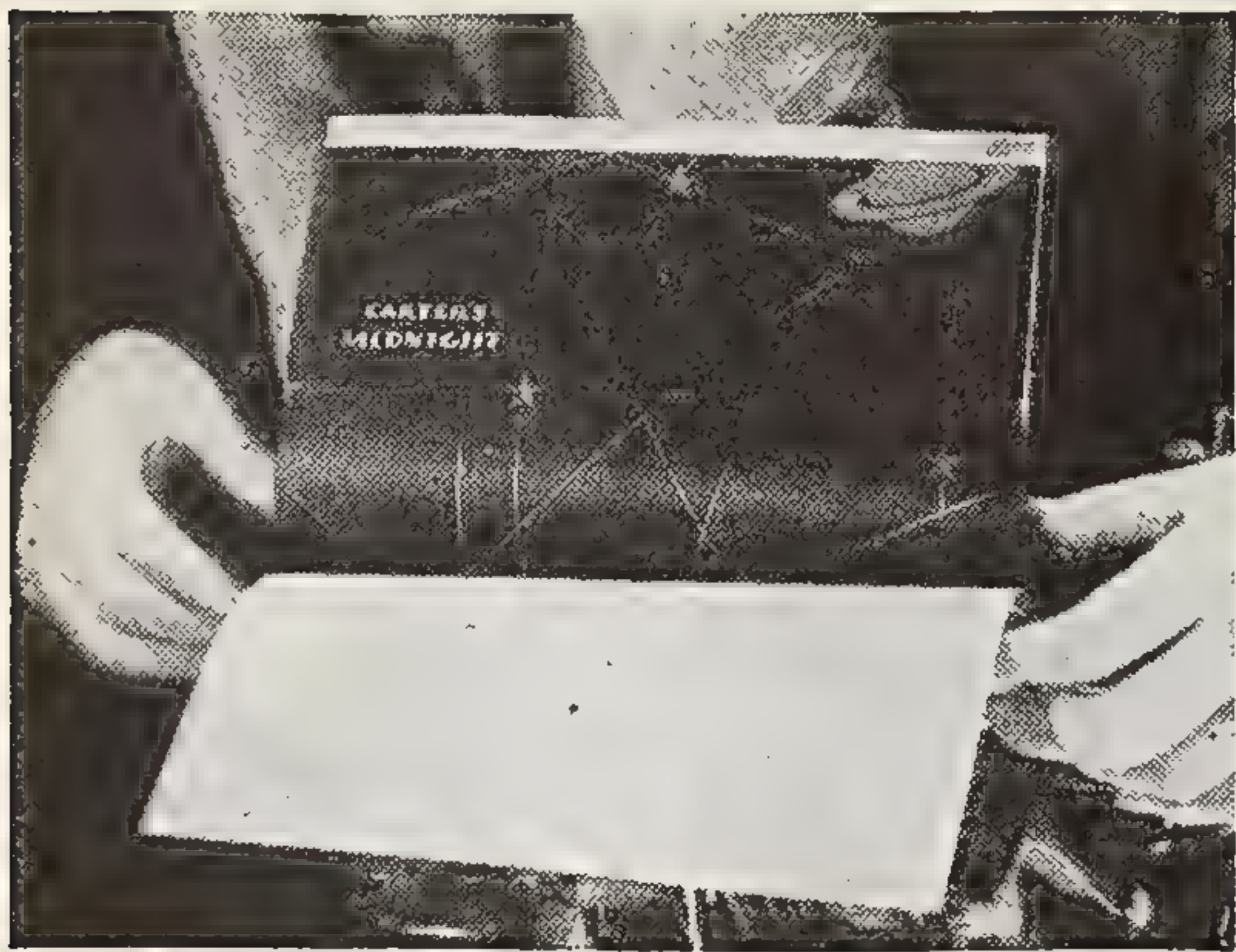
But in fighting halitosis never forget the vital difference between leading kinds of mouth antiseptics. You can mix Pepsodent Antiseptic with 2 parts of water and it still kills germs in less than 10 seconds. Thus, because Pepsodent is 3 times as powerful as ordinary kinds, it gives you 3 times as much for your money.

So look at your tongue **TONIGHT**. Then use Pepsodent Antiseptic to be sure your breath is above reproach. And always remember—a clean mouth and throat are among your best defenses against colds.



PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC

Add a little Sparkle



...to the Day's Long Grind

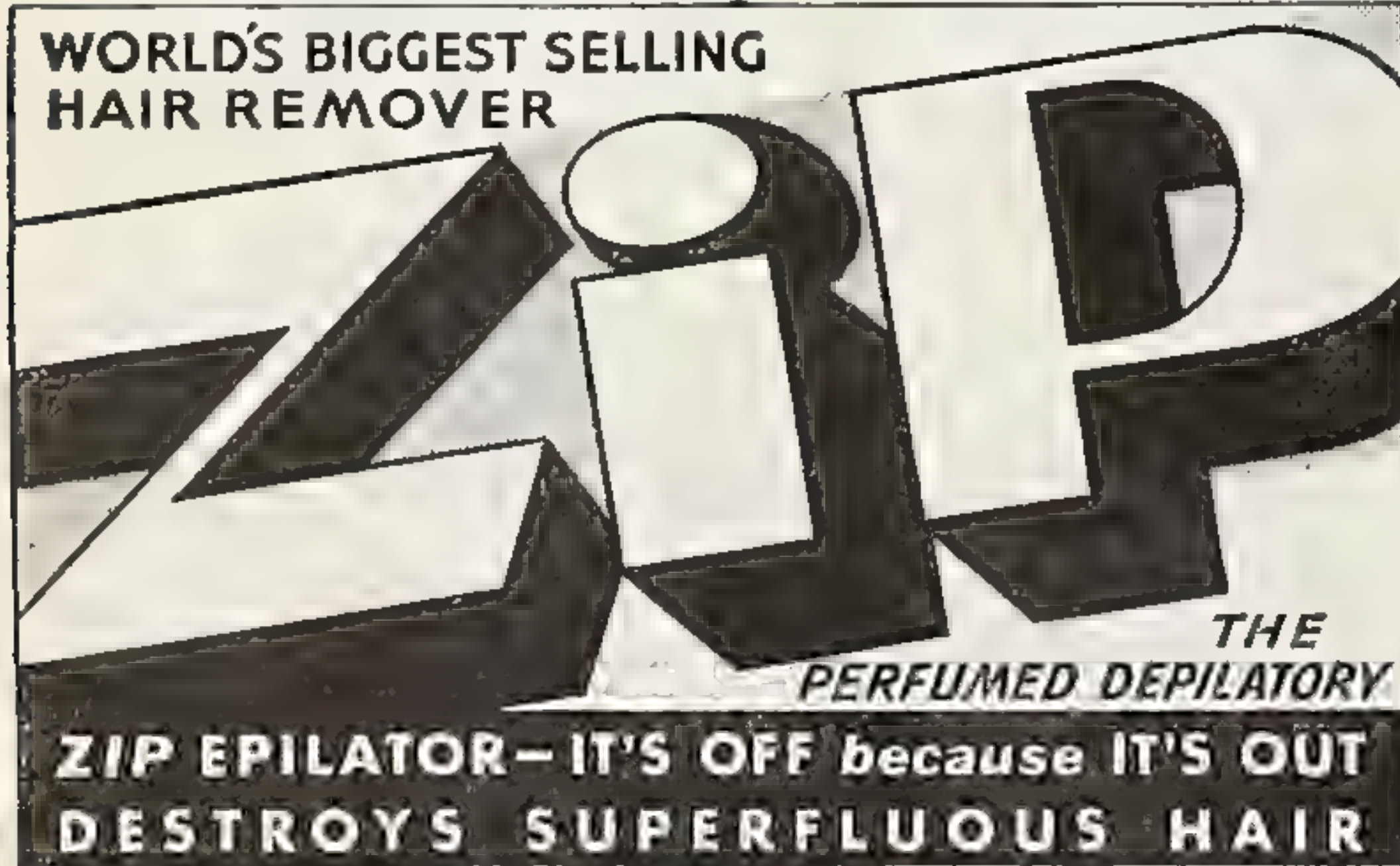
THE typing won't seem quite so endless when you use a sprightly sheet of Carter's Midnight Carbon. It was designed for folks like you who like things with a dash! It's a good worker, too, for all its gay silver dress. Makes sharp, clear copies, and is clean to handle. Send 10¢ for a couple of sample sheets of Midnight. Address Dept. S1—The Carter's Ink Company, Cambridge Branch, Boston, Massachusetts.

Carter's
MIDNIGHT CARBON



Can Such Youth — Be Yours?

Practice this simple preventive measure if you want to look and feel younger—much younger than your years. Take Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets, a substitute for calomel. By cleansing the system they help relieve constipation, renew energy, give cheeks color. Made of vegetable ingredients. Know them by their olive color. Safe, non-habit-forming, effective. Used for 20 years. Take one or two at night and watch results. At all druggists—15c, 30c, 60c.



Alviene SCHOOL OF THE **Theatre**
(40th Yr.) Stage, Talkie, Radio. GRADUATES: Lee Tracy, Fred Astaire, Una Merkel, Zita Johann, etc. Drama, Dance, Musical Comedy, Teaching, Directing, Personal Development, Stock Theatre Training (Appearances). For Catalog, write Sec'y LANE, 66 W. 85 St., N. Y.



The MARQUEE CONTEST

Think Of A Clever Slogan And Win
One Of The Many Prizes Offered.

HERE is a contest which is simple enough so that anyone may enter, but which will enable a clever person to outstrip all his rivals. The idea is as follows:

You are to think of a slogan which, when arranged on a marquee of a theater, as in the illustration above, would occupy the the name of the star concerning whom the same number of spaces as the letters of slogan is written. You will notice that there is a space between the words. On the next page, you will find a list of the stars whose names are eligible for you to use in this marquee contest.

Read the conditions carefully. This is the second installment of this contest. The

coupon below, when properly filled out, must be submitted with a similar coupon from the April issue and with the third coupon which will appear in the June issue. DO NOT send in your coupons one at a time, but hold the April and May coupons until you have filled in the June coupon and then send all three to this office at the same time.

Every player is well known and it is easy to think of a slogan to fit the space. The cleverest slogans will win the prizes.

In the event that you missed the April Silver Screen, we would be very happy to send you a copy on receipt of ten cents, so that you may enter this fascinating contest.

Win a valuable prize.

(Coupon)

May, 1935

STAR'S NAME
(please print)

SLOGAN
(please print)

Submitted by

Street City State

You May Use Any Name On This List.

Greta Garbo
Ginger Rogers
James Cagney
Joan Blondell
Gary Cooper
Jean Harlow
Grace Moore

Clark Gable
Leo Carrillo
Ruby Keeler
Carole Lombard
Madge Evans
Ronald Colman

W. C. Fields
Wallace Beery
Janet Gaynor
Joe E. Brown
Marlene Dietrich
George Arliss
Jackie Cooper

CONDITIONS

1. Each slogan must occupy the same number of spaces as the name of the star that it accompanies. The words must be separated by blank spaces and each one of these counts as one space.
2. No slogan will be judged separately. Each contestant must submit three coupons—one from the April issue, one from the May issue (herewith) and one from the June issue.
3. The prizes will be awarded for the cleverest slogans in the opinion of the editor, whose decision will be final.
4. Any reader may send in as many slogans as he desires, but they must be submitted in groups of three, using the coupons from Silver Screen of April, May and June.
5. This contest will close at midnight, June 7, 1935.
6. In the event of ties the prize tied for will be sent to each tying contestant.
7. No correspondence concerning this contest will be entered into.
8. Address your slogans to Slogan Editor, c/o Silver Screen, 45 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.

CAN YOU WIN ONE OF THESE ATTRACTIVE PRIZES?

FIRST PRIZE . . . Remington Typewriter No. 9

This is not a portable machine. Although it is very light, it does not fold. It is a standard, dependable, latest model machine—an inspiration

to a budding author and a practical aid to a business man. Write the best marquee slogan and own this typewriter.

(2) SECOND PRIZES . . . Two Men's Evkob Watches

(2) THIRD PRIZES . . . Two Women's Evkob Watches

These watches are manufactured by the celebrated Evkob Company. The men's watches have 15 jewels and the women's watches have 17

jewels. The cases of these wrist watches are wrought with the finest workmanship. They include link bracelets.

(10) FOURTH PRIZES . . . Ten Men's Waterman Fountain Pens

(10) FIFTH PRIZES . . . Ten Women's Waterman Fountain Pens

These beautiful fountain pens will serve the winners for many years as they are manufactured for practical service. They are selected for their

pleasing appearance as well as for the scientific principles which they embody. There is satisfaction in owning one of these pens.

(20) SIXTH PRIZES . . . Twenty Ronson Cigarette Lighters

These are the small size lighters which operate from a touch on the lever. They are made from a design which has been thoroughly tested by

practical use and which will prove to be a source of continuous satisfaction. Dull chromium finish makes this a very attractive prize.

(30) SEVENTH PRIZES . . . Thirty Helena Rubinstein Compacts

These are triple vanities in gold with red and black enamel—a perfect make-up kit. Inside

there is powder, rouge and a tricky lipstick. A real glass mirror in the lid.

(50) EIGHTH PRIZES . . . Fifty Autograph Albums

Silver Screen's recent handwriting contest was very successful, and the many letters we receive establish that the fans are eager to have autograph albums with the signatures of the stars. The previous contest, however, depended upon interesting handwriting. If you are a scrawler when it comes to handwriting, it may be that

you have a clever brain, which will enable you to win one of these autograph albums in this contest. The winners of these prizes will be informed of their good fortune, and at that time they can specify which star's autograph they would prefer to have. The albums will then be sent to Hollywood for signatures.

Slogans Must Be Submitted In Groups Of Three—And Each On A Coupon. But Each Slogan Will Be Judged Separately, And It Is Possible For One Set Of Three Coupons To Win Three Prizes.

Ken Maynard's Happy Marriage

[Continued from page 11]

fruit, toast, coffee and a dish of corn-flakes with cream.

For luncheon, Mary usually takes salad with tea. Ken never eats luncheon, and dinner is always served promptly at six.

Here is one of their sample dinner menus:

Cream of tomato soup	
Hashed brown potatoes	Green peas
Broiled steak	
Hot biscuits	Gravy
Cup custard	Coffee

Ken's favorite food is fried sweet potatoes. He often cooks them himself. He slices the potatoes wafer thin, fries them until brown in butter and serves piping-hot. With corn bread and coffee, he says they can't be beat.

Then, he makes what he calls "mumble-jumble." He takes day old corn bread and crumbles it up and fries in butter. It is his own invention and he "dotes" on it. Says he would rather eat it than anything else he can think of.

Mary gave me two of her favorite recipes. They are:

CORN MEAL MUFFINS

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup corn meal
4 teaspoons baking powder
 $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups flour
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons sugar
1 cup milk
2 tablespoons of shortening
1 egg

Sift together the dry ingredients—corn meal, baking powder, flour, salt and sugar; add milk, melted shortening and well-beaten egg; mix well. Half fill greased muffin tins and bake about thirty minutes in hot oven.

STUFFED POTATOES

Bake 4 large potatoes. Cut in half and, without breaking skins, scoop out insides and mash; add $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon pepper, 1 tablespoon melted butter and mix with fork. Return to shells, put a few drops of milk on top, sprinkle with paprika and place back in oven until brown.

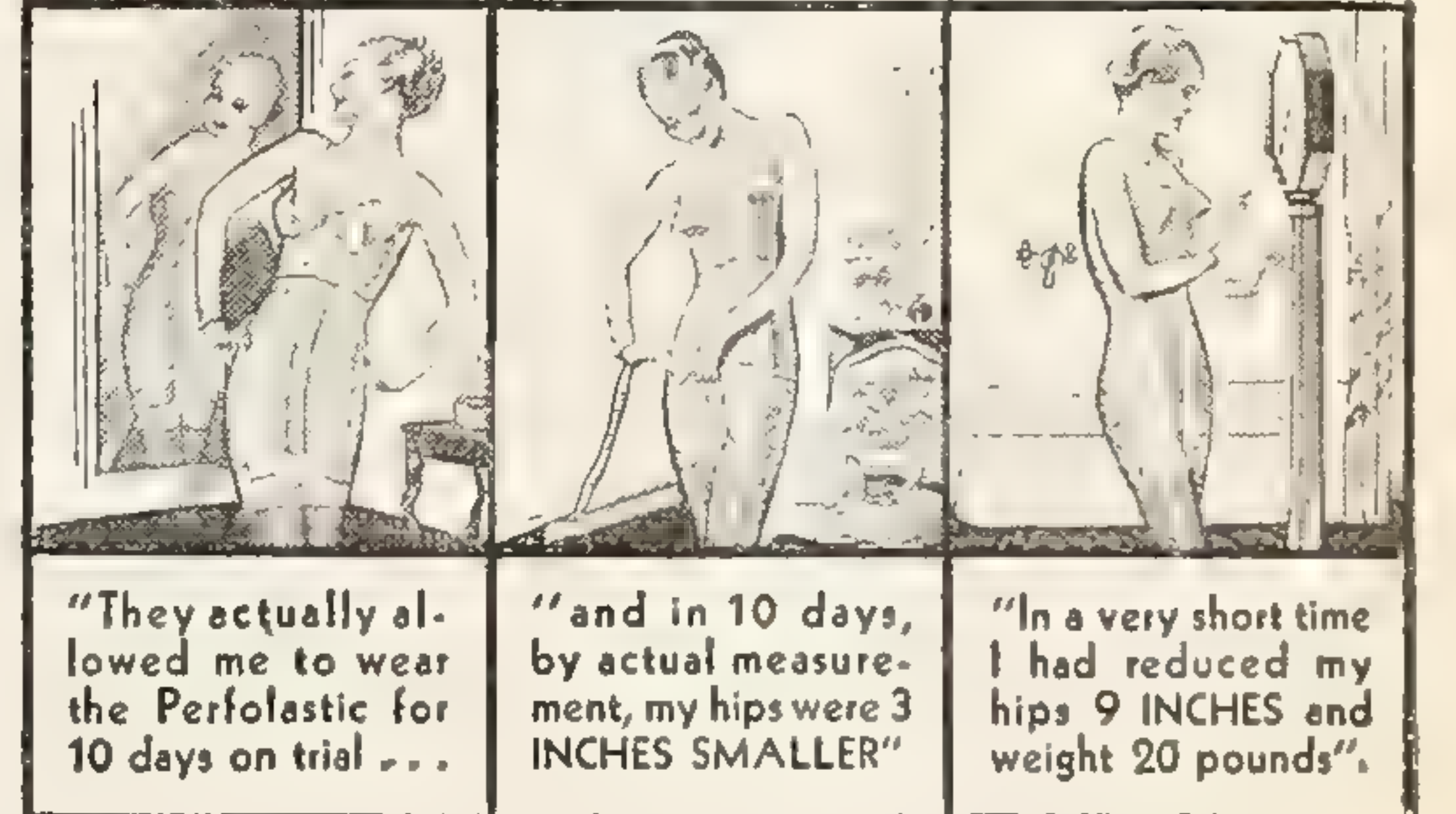
TEST...the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE

...at our expense!



... Read how
Miss Jean Healy
reduced her hips
9 INCHES!

"I read an advertisement of the Perfolastic Co. and sent for their FREE 10-day trial offer."



"They actually allowed me to wear the Perfolastic for 10 days on trial ..."

"and in 10 days, by actual measurement, my hips were 3 INCHES SMALLER"

"In a very short time I had reduced my hips 9 INCHES and weight 20 pounds!"

WE want YOU to test the Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere *at our expense!* Test them for yourself for ten days absolutely FREE! We are so sure that you can be your slimmer self without diets, drugs or exercises, that we make this unconditional offer . . .

REDUCE Your Waist and Hips
3 INCHES in **10 DAYS**
... or no cost

Massage-Like Action Reduces Quickly

Worn next to the body with perfect safety, the tiny perforations permit the skin to breathe as the gentle massage-like action removes flabby, disfiguring fat with every movement . . . stimulating the body once more into energetic health!

Don't Wait Any Longer — Act Today

You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely in 10 days whether or not this very efficient girdle and brassiere will reduce your waist and hips **THREE INCHES!** You do not need to risk one penny . . . try them for 10 days . . . at no cost!

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.

Dept. 445, 41 EAST 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

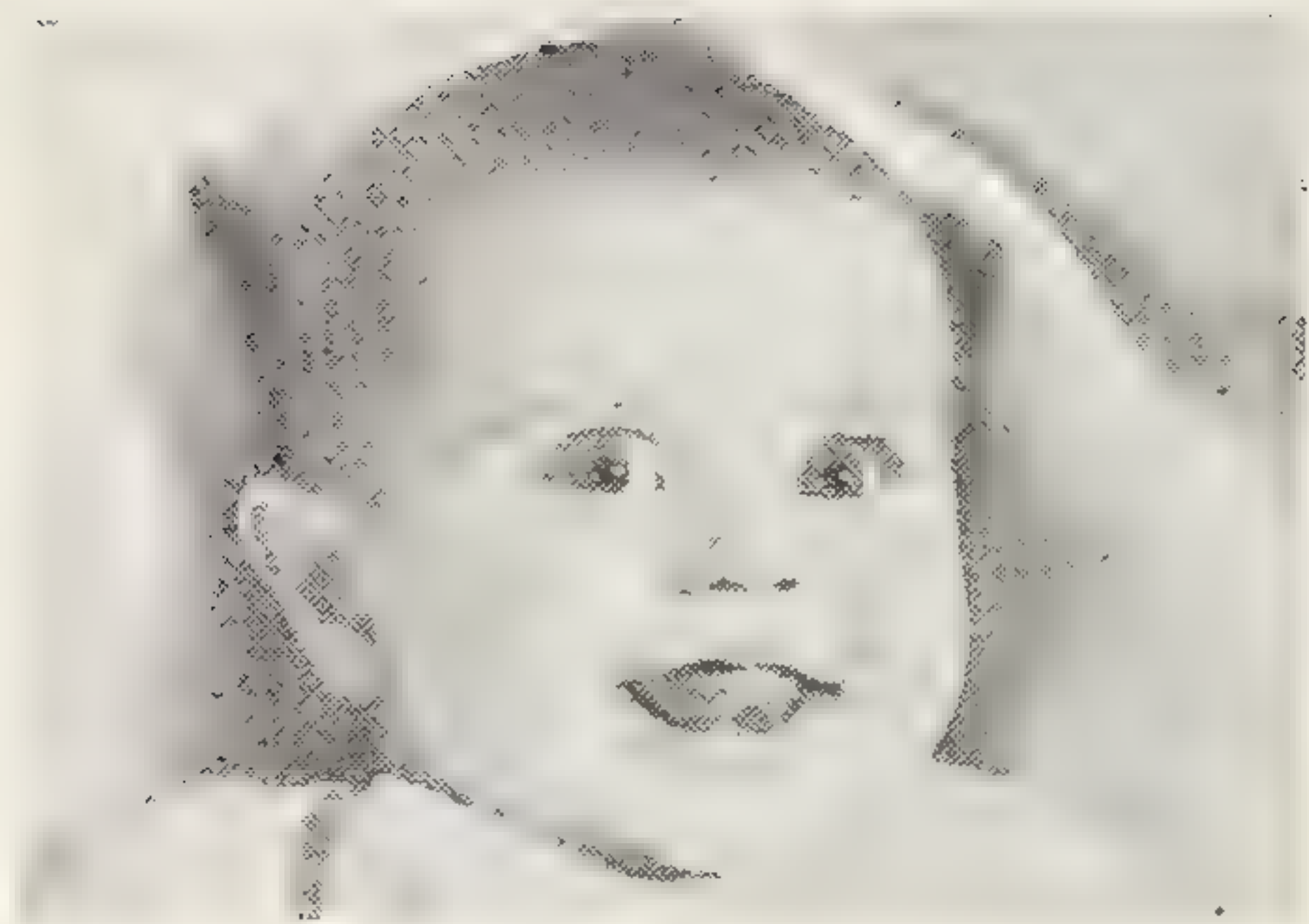
Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Post Card

The GIBSON FAMILY



DOT MARSH, Bobby Gibson's girl—16 years ago, reclining in Ivory-washed clothes on an Ivory-washed blanket.

TODAY Dottie uses pure Ivory Flakes because salespeople in fine stores still advise Ivory, just as they did when she was a baby.

Ivory Flakes suit Dot's impatient generation to a "T." No dilly-dallying—those curly Ivory Flakes burst into instant suds the minute they touch lukewarm water. And delicate textures and colors are protected by the soap that's "pure enough for a baby's skin."

Economy note: The big blue box of Ivory Flakes is your biggest bargain in a fine-fabrics soap. You get 1/5 more flakes for your money!

IVORY FLAKES • 99⁴⁴/100% PURE



"PURL TWO — SLIP ONE," recites Dot Marsh grimly. "Gosh!—Where'd I lose those crazy stitches? Honest, Miss Jensen, will this ever be a sweater? Look at it—it's dirty *already*!"

"When and if it gets done, Miss

Marsh," encourages helpful Miss Jensen of the Knitting Shop, "just douse it up and down in cool Ivory suds and it'll look dandy. Every department in this store is advising customers to use Ivory Flakes now!"

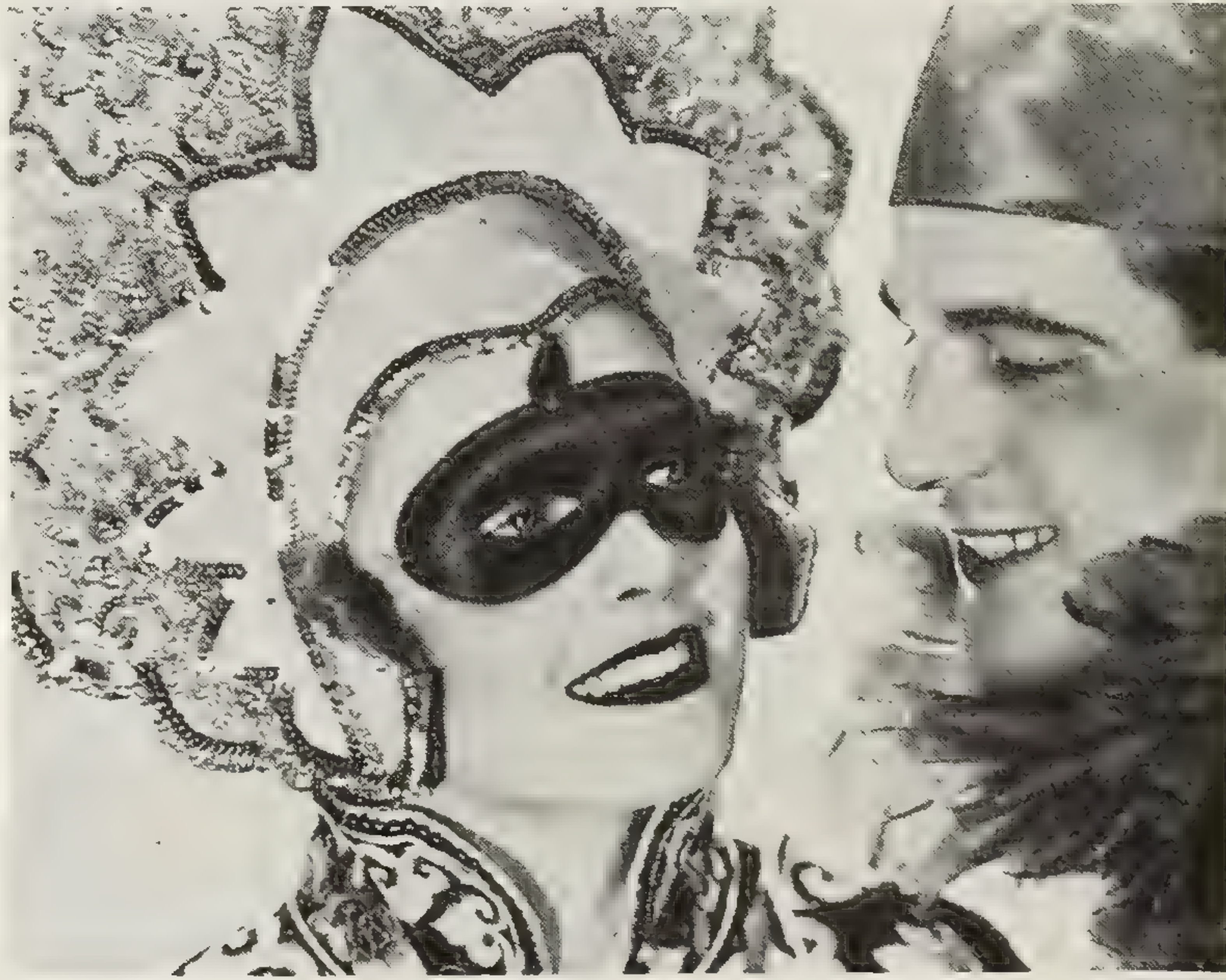
"WASH WOOLS WITH IVORY!" SAY FINE STORES



"DAT OL' TEA SET of yo' great granny's ain't wuth damagin' yo' hands fo', Miz Gibson," grins Theophilus. "Don' yo' want yo' hands to look nice fo' this here impo'tant tea party?"

"Give me that Ivory and start making the sandwiches, 'Awful,'" says Mrs. Gibson briskly. "Long before you came here to work, I washed dishes all the time with Ivory Soap. I *know* how nice it always keeps my hands!"

PURE IVORY PREVENTS "HOUSEWORK" HANDS



"YOU'RE QUITE MISTAKEN, Mr. Hamilton," teases the Masked Mystery. "I'm *not* Sally Gibson!"

"Oh, Sally, darling," whispers Jack, "what a punk disguise. I'd recognize your complexion in Timbuctoo!"

"Oh, Jack!" melts Sally, "I ought to put that in an Ivory testimonial, since Ivory is my beauty soap!" Yes, pure Ivory has kept Sally's complexion lovely since she was a baby.

DOCTORS SAY "PURE IVORY FOR SENSITIVE SKIN!"

SILVER SCREEN

SILVER SCREEN

Topics FOR Gossips



"When Spring comes 'round with dappled shade," then Una Merkel is right there helping the buds and bees and shaking her pretty finger at the cut worms and the rosebugs.

THE most glamorous lady of the screen is in love with a married man—and what's more, boldly admits it. The lady is Shirley Temple, and the object of her affections is Joel McCrea. Between scenes on their current production, "Heaven's Gate," they are wont to dash away to quiet corners to hold hands. But, alas. Complications have arisen with the ever persistence of a cameraman who follows wherever they go. Shirley and Joel one day were certain they had eluded him completely, but, just as suddenly, he bobbed up. Annoyed and thoroughly disconcerted, Shirley cried, "Oh, Anthony—can't you give us just one moment alone?"

JOAN BLONDELL says that every time she works up a good conceit, someone always goes and ruins it. The other day she was calling up some of Mrs. Eddie Nugent's friends to invite them to a baby shower she was giving for her, and evidently got the mother of one of these friends on the phone. "Who's calling?" asked the woman, very bored-like.

"Joan Blondell," said Joan.

"Who?" asked the woman, quite excited, "Who is it?"

"Joan Blondell," said Joan again, and feeling quite grand that the mere mention of her name was causing such excitement. And then she heard the woman turn from the phone and call to someone in the next room, "Hurry, Hurry—it's Joan Crawford!" Now Joan is utterly convinced that to a lot of people there is only one Joan, and that's Crawford.

EDDIE LOWE, who has kept very much to himself since the sad death of his wife, Lilian Tashman, has started going about these spring evenings with Marian Marsh. Lil's house on Linden Drive, with its formal Empire furnishings which haven't been touched since her death, is now up for sale.

THE Spencer Tracys are celebrating their reunion with a trip to Europe, and they are taking the two children with them.

HOLLYWOOD ain't what it used to be, they'll tell you, but it's still exotic enough for us. After the nautical ball Kay Francis threw at the Vendome the other night she had an ambulance waiting for her at the door, and when the last guest had departed in the cold grey dawn she drove away to the hospital to recover from a case of flu that was rapidly turning into

pneumonia.

Jobyna Howland walked away with the prize at Kay's party by coming as a smoke-stack, and sure enough she had nice black smoke coming out the top of her hat.

GRETA GARBO is spending her Sunday mornings these days playing tennis with Cedric Gibbons and Dolores Del Rio on their very secluded tennis court in the Santa Monica canyon.

THE other day three old-timers, Viola Dana, Shirley Mason and Anita Stewart, all had lunch together at the Vendome and the stars of today were as busy staring at them as the tourists were busy staring at the stars of today.

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN is at once the delight and the despair of the enterprising local real estate men. They find

it an easy matter to sell her a lease to a beautiful hillside or canyon home, but no sooner will Maureen be established there when she will fall in love with some other locale. And quite naively, with little thought of complication or litigation, she will move—just like that. Which sometimes makes it difficult, especially for her lawyer who has been tying himself in knots endeavoring to unscramble the situation.

BECAUSE of its creamy paint-job Glenda Farrell has named her new car "Cupcake."

NEWEST Palm Springs rage is jui-jitsu coats. Catharine and Ralph Bellamy started it, but they do not practice the art.

THERE'S an amusing and typically Sally Eilers story in connection with her accepting the role opposite Lee Tracy in Columbia's "Carnival." Shortly after the birth of her son, Sally nick-named him "Poochy." When she was handed the script of "Carnival," she read it through, and discovered that there was a little fellow in it named [Continued on page 58]

Picture Titles That Have Changed

"Four Hours to Kill" (Richard Barthelmess) formerly	"Small Miracle"
"Paris in Spring" (Mary Ellis) formerly	"Two on a Tower"
"Chasing Yesterday" (Anne Shirley) formerly	"Sylvestre Bonnard"
"A Night at the Ritz" (William Gargan) formerly	"King of the Ritz"
"The Mark of the Vampire" (Bela Lugosi) "	"Vampires of Prague"
"Goin' To Town" (Mae West) formerly	"How Am I Doin' "

The TEN BEST STARS FOR

Which Of The Stars Would You

By Elizabeth Wilson



WHEN I was a child, a wee brat on my nurse's knee, my favorite game used to be "supposen" and I was always "supposen" I inherited a million dollars. But when I became an adult (in body anyway, Freud is still a bit uncertain about my mind) I realized that a million dollars is only acquired via the Follies chorus or the Paradise floor show, so now I spend my idle moments (on practically anybody's knee) playing "supposen" I were shipwrecked on a desert island, what ten people would I choose to have with me. A silly game, but really lots of fun. Try it sometime.

Of course you've got to be awfully careful about the ten you select or else before the rescuing party arrives at the end of twelve months you'll either be stark, staring mad, or just a weary looking femur and vertebrae on a lonely beach. That gay Jack Oakie, who was the life of the party the other evening and had you in ripples from your ankles up, might be very funny for one night but three hundred and sixty-five nights of his puns and wise-cracks and you'd consider strangling much too good for him.

And that handsome Gilbert Roland, who dances a mean rumba and gives you the business with his eyes, may be hot stuff at a night club, but when Monsieur and Madame Tiger comes snarling through the woods in search of a little breakfast food for their quintuplets, will be able to grapple with them in the Tarzan manner and present you later with a dandy new coat? Oh, you gotta be careful. And remember that women, no matter how charming and soft, are essentially feline at heart, and there're going to be enough cats on that island without you taking more along.

After much pondering of pros and cons I have picked, hand-picked no less, my perfect ten and I am willing to match my ten against your ten, odd man loses, any day of the week. Now that I have worked you up

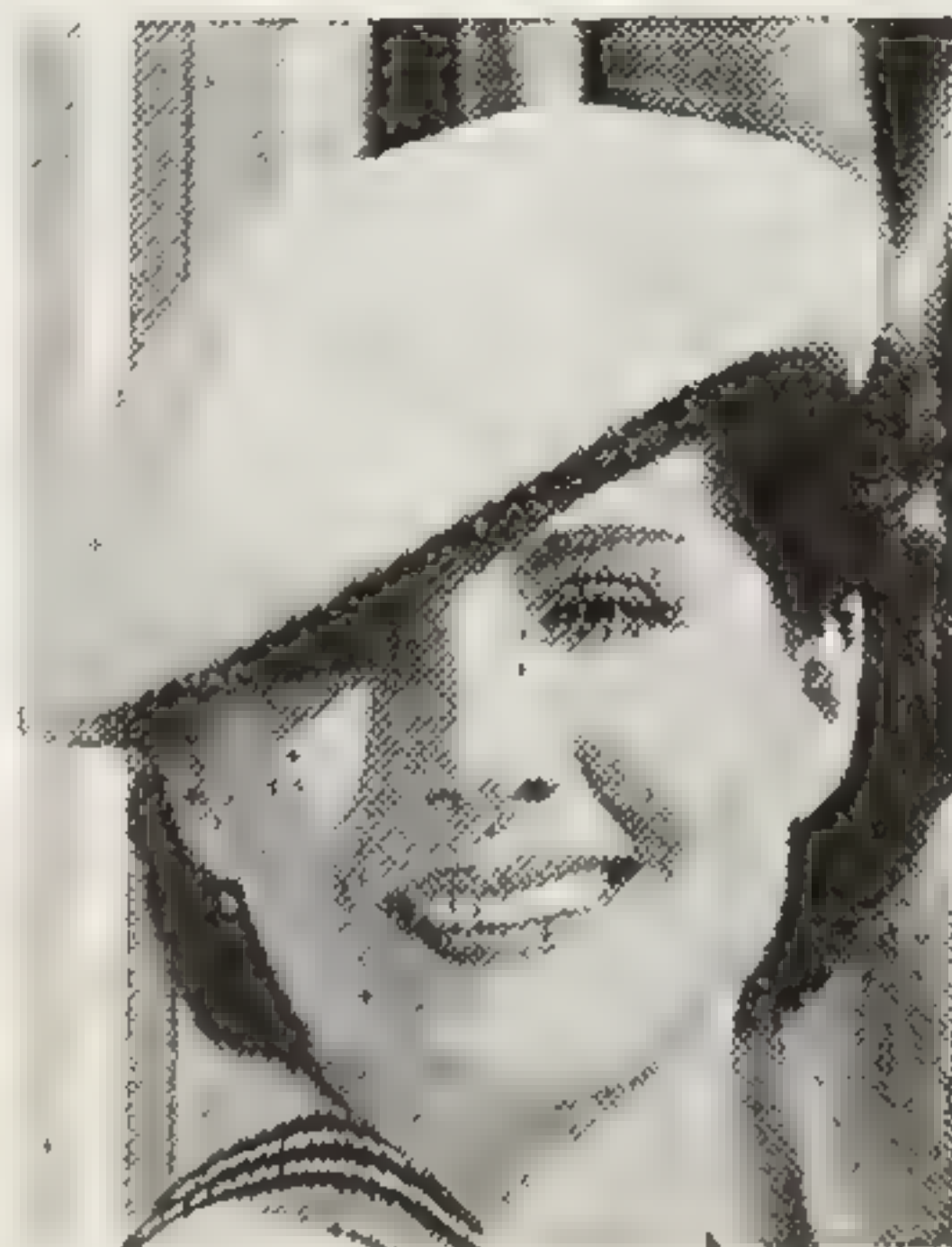


Gary Cooper has such a way with the untamed creatures and we'll all be as wild as gazelles in two weeks.

Norma Shearer—
for all the little
curls.



Carole Lombard
—for screams.



Jean Harlow—
for fish.



Garbo—for the
other side of
the island.



to a Billie Burke twitter (oh, haven't I evoked even an ittsy bittsy 'twit?) I will give you my choice of the ten people I would choose to have shipwrecked with me on a desert island, and I'm sure they wouldn't thank me for it.

Greta Garbo, Norma Shearer, William Powell, Claudette Colbert, Clark Gable, Gary Cooper, Jean Harlow, Carole Lombard, W. C. Fields, and surprise, surprise—Connie Bennett. Not a punster or a crooner in the bunch, I saw to that, so there will be no real need of murder, though, of course, I realize that at the end of a month none of us will be speaking. *C'est la vie*, I always say,

just *c'est la vie*. Even on a desert island.

People can't get on your nerves if you don't see them. And after the first day on a cramped and smallish island

A DESERT ISLAND!

er To Be Marooned With?

nerves will be sticking out like the aigrettes on Mussolini's hat. So I am taking Garbo along because we'll never see her anyway. She'll be pacing up and down the sand on the isolated side of the island, or else hiding herself in an old tree trunk, so she'll never get on our nerves, or clutter up the place, and even after twelve months she'll still be a mystery and I can still write stories about the woman nobody knows. Yes, it's most satisfying to be island-bound with Garbo.

I must insist upon having Norma Shearer shipwrecked with me. In the first place Norma can do perfectly ducky things with hair. She has beautiful hair herself and at night rolls it up on bits of paper and the next morning the most devastating curls unfold. With three blondes and a brunette, all accustomed to the latest hairwaving gadgets and drying devices in Jim's beauty shop, tearing around the island mourning over their lost waves, Norma, with her old-fashioned and simple methods, will certainly be an asset. Of course we won't have any little bits of paper for Norma to roll up curls on, but she will be able to work miracles with dried banana peelings. Can't you just see la Bennett's dome all done up in banana skins?

And, while on the subject of beauty, I might mention that Claudette will give the manicures. Claudette always manicures her own nails, and perfectly, and will do so on the slightest provocation. With a moment or so to spare, Helen Hayes always knits, Jean Harlow writes, and Garbo walks, but when Claudette has an idle moment on her hands she starts manicuring them. So, just give her some elderberry juice and an old fish fin and she'll run up some snappy nails for the girls. Of course Norma chews her nails, and both Jean and Carole have awful habits of peeling the polish off so I can just see poor Claudette raving and ranting, and having a swell time.

But to return to Norma, we also need her to sort of organize us. As soon as she gets up every morning, Norma makes a list of things she must do that day (of course they don't all get done, but we won't go into that) so it will be awfully nice to have her systematize things and assign the little duties for the day, and I trust that

Norma will remember that I am a fan writer and never assign me to do the dishes.

Bill Powell I am taking because he is the best cocktail

will have our little island as perfectly equipped as the Ritz bar. I always say that so long as you don't know what you're drinking it doesn't matter what you're drinking.

Bill will also have to [Cont. on page 70]

Claudette Colbert
—to be frightened.

Clark Gable—he's
just a natural
camper.



What a help W. C. Fields will be in case there are any laughing hyenas.

Constance Bennett
—as a lookout.



mixer in Hollywood, and even on a desert island we must have a cocktail before dinner. Just give Bill a little coconut oil, a dash of sea weed, and a few clam shells and he will shake us up the tastiest of Martinis. We will have great need of him on our island, where we won't have any requisites of a bar except the thirst. However, I wager that at the end of a few weeks, and with the help of the incomparable W. C. Fields, Bill



Bill Powell
—for cocktails.



A FATALISTIC GIRL

Anna Sten Is Dedicated To The Art Of Acting As Irrevocably As The Vestals, In Ancient Days, Were Pledged To Serve The Altar Flames.

By Helen Louise Walker

HOLLYWOOD might learn something from Anna Sten if it would pause to watch and to listen. And so, for that matter, might you and you and you. A valuable lesson in patience, in calm philosophy, in the beauty of plodding, painstaking, methodical work.

Anna has been the passive object of one of Hollywood's most interesting and prolonged experiments. No one knows, even yet, what the result of that experiment will be. And Anna, who should be more intensely interested than anyone else, does not, I am convinced, really care!

You remember when Sam Goldwyn, the super-showman, brought her here from Europe more than two and a half years ago. A Goldwyn discovery is always interesting and here, we were told, he had a new type of star . . . a woman who combined the earthy

qualities of a Garbo with the sophistication and smoldering beauty of a Dietrich. Born of a Cossack father and a Swedish mother, educated and trained in Russia, product of the small, rebellious groups of young artists of post-revolutionary Russia, fresh from screen triumphs in Berlin, inured to hardship and struggle, she appeared upon the tinsel Hollywood scene.

She was plump. Her command of English was limited to, "How you do . . . pliz?" After a few disheartening tests and conferences at the United Artists Studios, the experiment began. Her first picture was postponed indefinitely and

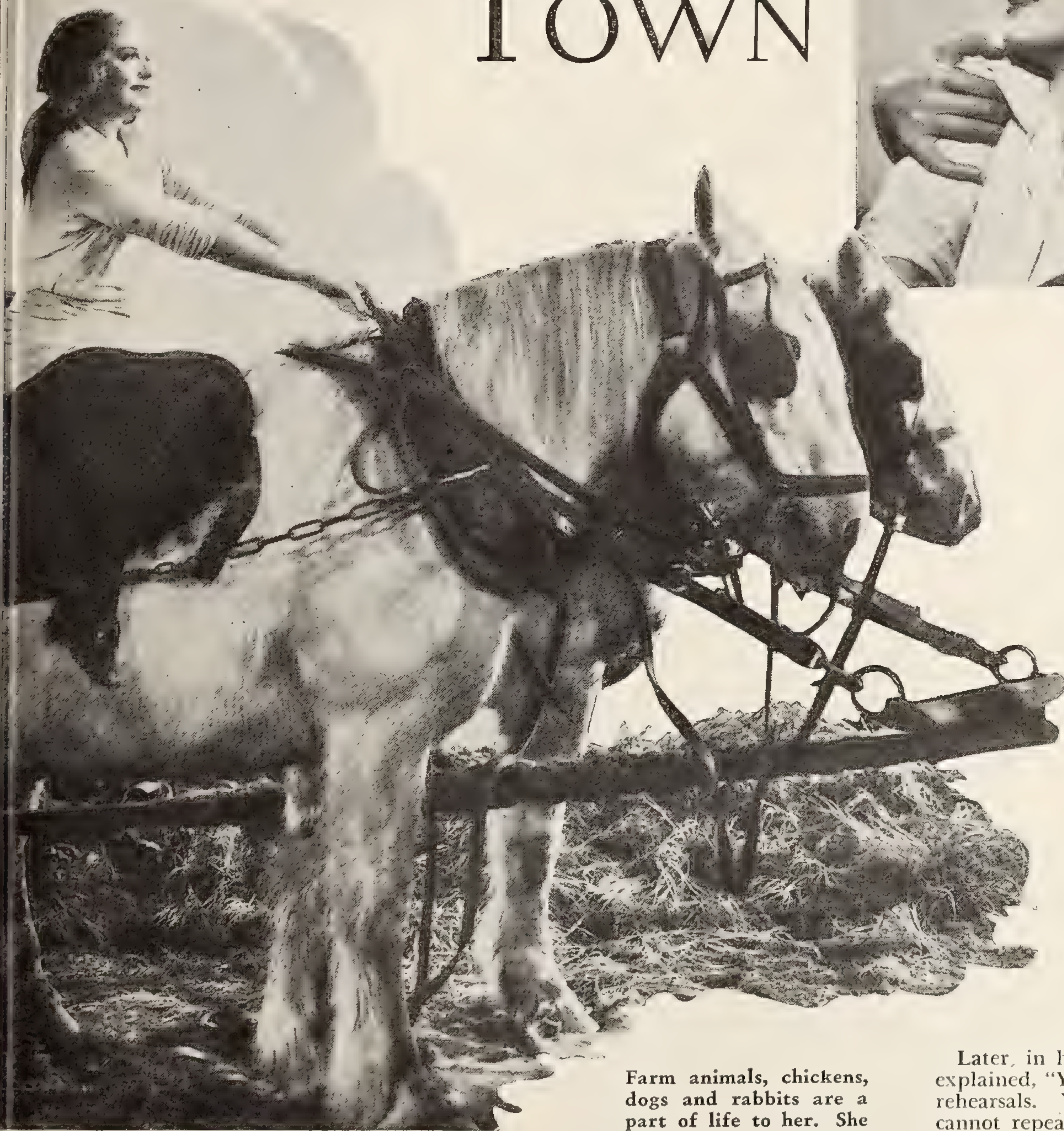


She is a true Russian moving irresistibly onward toward a vision that she alone can see. (Right) When Anna first met Gary Cooper, her leading man in "The Wedding Night," she asked him shyly for his autograph.



IN AN OPTIMISTIC TOWN

In Hollywood,
everyone awaits the
breaks — everyone
except Anna Sten.



ters of pronunciation, details of costume, make-up, etc., she is willing and eager to take advice from experts. When it comes to actual interpretation of a rôle, she is firm. "I feel it so!" she protests . . . and usually has her way.

I watched her working in a scene for her third picture, "The Wedding Night." Canvas screens enclosed the set and visitors were barred. They were rehearsing the scene in which she talks with Helen Vinson, who plays the wife of the man whom Anna, the little Polish peasant girl, loves. They rehearsed carefully, methodically, patiently. Anna, letter perfect in the long, difficult lines, concentrated upon the "business" of the scene . . . gestures, timing, position, the turn of her head . . . the mechanics of the work in hand. Her delivery of the lines was lifeless, almost wooden.

Abruptly, she was ready for the take. A moment or two of concentrated thought and she came alive . . . she *became* the peasant girl, renouncing her love. Three takes and the director called. "O.K." They tell me that she rarely requires more than two.

Later, in her white and gray dressing room, she explained, "You must not waste your emotion upon rehearsals. You pass the point of emotion. You cannot repeat and repeat real emotion! You must hold yourself back until you are ready to shoot . . . and then you *do* it. I could not retake and retake. The life would go out of my work."

That is the reason for the screens about the set. Any visitor who has nothing to do with the work in hand distracts her, even though she cannot see him. Unless he is giving concrete assistance to the scene, he is extraneous and disturbing.

Between scenes, upon the set, she is quiet and remote. People do not speak to her unless it is absolutely necessary. She is working at her job . . . carefully and painstakingly . . . and no gay Hollywood persiflage must interrupt her.

I asked her what she planned to do if her pictures should not succeed in this country. She looked at me with puzzled eyes.

"Why . . . go back to Europe, of course . . . to *work*!" she said. "I must act . . . or try to act . . . no matter what happens. If my pictures make money and I am paid from that money . . . that is nice. But if I do not earn for my employers, then I shall have to act somewhere for no money at all. I have done it before. You see, I lived for a long time on herrings and black bread. I *like* herrings and black bread! So long as I may work, I do not care, really, whether I am paid. Naturally, it is pleasant to have money. If I must stay in California, I shall [Continued on page 68]

Farm animals, chickens, dogs and rabbits are a part of life to her. She believes in work—Fate will take care of the rest.

she and her husband took a house at the beach.

Here she plodded patiently at her English, at her exercises and her diet. She had learned German with a fair amount of ease and rapidity, but she found the English pronunciation difficult. There were more experiments at the studio . . . tests for hair, for make-up, for clothes. Tests for dialogue.

The woman who had worked in a restaurant in Russia, where she received her wages in foodstuffs . . . who had plodded miles into the snowy country on foot to secure a little black bread for an invalid mother . . . while she gave her intense and unremunerated services to the theater at night, found these new tasks pleasant, no matter how many difficulties they might present!

In Anna's country the women go into the forests to chop wood, they work in the fields, they carry heavy loads on their backs while toddlers cling to their skirts. Should Anna, housed, fed, clothed, complain because her new employers wanted her to take off weight, to learn a new language, to study a new camera technique? These people were *paying* her while she learned these things! It was incredible.

It isn't that the little Sten is spineless about her work. In mat-

AN EXOTIC



Her smile is a
rainbow.

Merle Oberon Is
A New Beauty For Hollywood
To Admire And Talk About.

By Helen Harrison

MERLE OBERON is the kind of brunette that makes a blonde bombshell look like a wet firecracker!

Which gives you an idea . . .

When I drew the assignment to meet La Oberon I bet myself she was one of many things. Madame Butterfly of Wimpole Street, or Anne Boleyn of Pago-Pago.

I lost on all counts—except, perhaps, Pago-Pago. I discovered that her name is really Estelle Thompson, so you see . . .

Estelle Merle O'Brien Thompson, or "Queenie," as her intimates at Calcutta knew her, is an exciting person. She is neither synthetic star nor mystic; socialite nor sybarite—though the illusion is perfect. Between you and me she's just a darn nice girl!

Life, for Merle, began at seventeen—and she's twenty-four now, though in her powder-blue negligee with a small train she seemed like a little girl, all dressed up in her mother's clothes. Yes, she was born in Tasmania—which has been made a lot of, despite the fact that Merle hasn't one hazy recollection of the place—though what you can do with a second-hand hazy recollection of Tasmania I'll never know!

Her mother and she lived with Captain Bartley and his wife (her uncle and aunt), at Calcutta. Her father died before she was born. She had had a fine education and some dramatic experience when, at seventeen, she became, as she says "unofficially engaged." Her "fiance" was employed by an English firm in India. How well he added six columns of figures I can't say, but he played a smart game of polo, was tall and blonde—a dashing figure in Calcutta's smarter set. Merle, for the first time, but not, I must report, for the last, thought herself irrevocably in love.

When her uncle was given a year's leave of absence they toured the continent, finally descending upon England.

"I was thrilled," she says, "for I was terribly fed up on the petty intrigues of Calcutta society. I made up my mind I was going to make good on my own and my firm conviction is that if you make up your mind and work hard you can accomplish *anything*!" Which advice I wouldn't take too seriously unless you look like Merle—well something.

Her sweetheart, getting a short holiday, joined them. And then her uncle's leave

Kitty - cornered
eyes and petu-
lant mouth are
part of Merle's
charm.



was up. At her insistence he allowed her an extra month in England, leaving the necessary funds and her return ticket.

During that month Merle discovered love can get flatter than a champagne cocktail, and when the last bubble had burst she was waving goodbye to her ex-fiance. . . .

"I've no doubt it was Fate," Merle insists, "for on that very boat he met the girl who later became his wife." Yet he doesn't fail to call Merle up at least once a year to keep alive the flicker of a friendship which meant so much to them long ago. Merle, be it known, brethren and sistern, isn't the type that men forget, nor, do I believe, forgive. . . .

Now don't think she had too much of a struggle in England. Decidedly, she lived on the right side of the Thames, whichever side that is, and, through the connections of Captain Bartley, her uncle, and her godmother, Lady Montieth, she became a familiar figure in Mayfair. Included in her young crowd were Prince George and some lesser lights of the royal family. But this glamour didn't dissuade Merle from believing the stage held more for her than crumpets at St. James Palace. By this time she had plenty of personal glamour and a stag line that was as strong as the Bank of England. So Merle chose a sweetheart with whom she weighed the

matter of matrimony for almost three years, only to decide on a solo flight when she left for Hollywood.

It was during the filming of "Wedding Rehearsal" that she was "discovered." It was Alexander Korda, or rather his ex-wife, who should receive credit for annexing Merle into England's national cinema life. During a luncheon hour at the studio commissary she spied her at another table and turning to Korda, remarked: "That girl has the most unusual face I have ever seen!"

Korda went over to her set that afternoon on the pretext of seeing the director, and he was such an excellent actor, as well, that his staged collision with the unsuspecting Merle was never in the least realized, until, long afterward, he confessed. He simply asked her to come to his hotel one afternoon as he was "interviewing several girls for important roles."

She had no doubt about *that*!

"Ho hum," said Merle, or the Tasmanian equivalent, and proceeded to forget all about Korda.

Subsequently she heard a great deal about him, both personally and professionally, and decided she must have seemed "very stupid," so she went to see him and he was properly businesslike in giving her her first important part.

"Which points some sort of a moral," she
[Continued on page 69]

The WINNING MR. TONE

Franchot Tone Is One
Of The Great Actors Of
The Screen—As "Bengal
Lancers" Proved.

By Edmund
Douglas

THE whole trouble with most stories about Franchot Tone is that they never give him a chance. He is not an easy person to interview—or to know—and most of the stories about him have unconsciously, I am sure, made him out as pretty dull. He isn't dull. He has a quiet rippling humor, as I discovered to my cost.

Not long ago I visited a set where he was working. In reporting the activities on the set I wrote: "I can never quite figure Franchot out. He always speaks civilly, sometimes even pleasantly—and that is all. You never know whether he likes you or whether he doesn't and the idea of just sitting down for a chat with Franchot would never occur to you. Or, at least, not to me."

A few weeks later I encountered him at our tailor's. "Hello," he grinned. "Sit down and have a chat!"

I think I was the first writer to meet him on his arrival in Hollywood. A mutual friend took me to his beach home one day. He was a swell fellow then. Today, two and a half years later, he is still a swell fellow.

Conversation revealed that his real love was the theatre. "I've been in a number of plays in New York," he confessed, "but I've never been in a hit. I want to be in a successful stage play."

Why did you come out here then?" I inquired.

"The money, mostly. At any rate, I have a clause in my contract which gives me an option at the end of a year, too. The

studio, of course, can let me go at the end of the year if they don't want me. *But*, on the other hand, if I don't like pictures I can let *them* go. I can't go to work for another studio but I *can* go back to the stage. I figure in pictures I'll either be a quick flop or a sudden star. A year should be long enough to tell the story."

Today he is neither a quick flop nor a star. And he is still in pictures. "How

come?" I asked.

Franchot grinned. "Oh shucks, Ed. When the year was up I didn't want to leave Hollywood. I had *friends* here."

"Do you feel you're any nearer stardom now?" I persisted.

He smiled ruefully. "Look what's happened to me: When I first came out here I had about six stories in the motion picture magazines. You did one that I liked. That was done out of friendship. The other five were written because I was a newcomer—as one would write about a newly discovered freak.

"Then I met Joan Crawford and immediately there was another cycle of stories—this time about 'Joan and Franchot.' I hated that. I feel flattered, of course, when I see my name linked with hers. Who wouldn't? But I [Continued on page 61]



He has played many parts—all of them well—some wonderfully. (At left) With Jean Harlow in "Reckless."

The GAY

By
"Liza"

NIGHT SPOTS

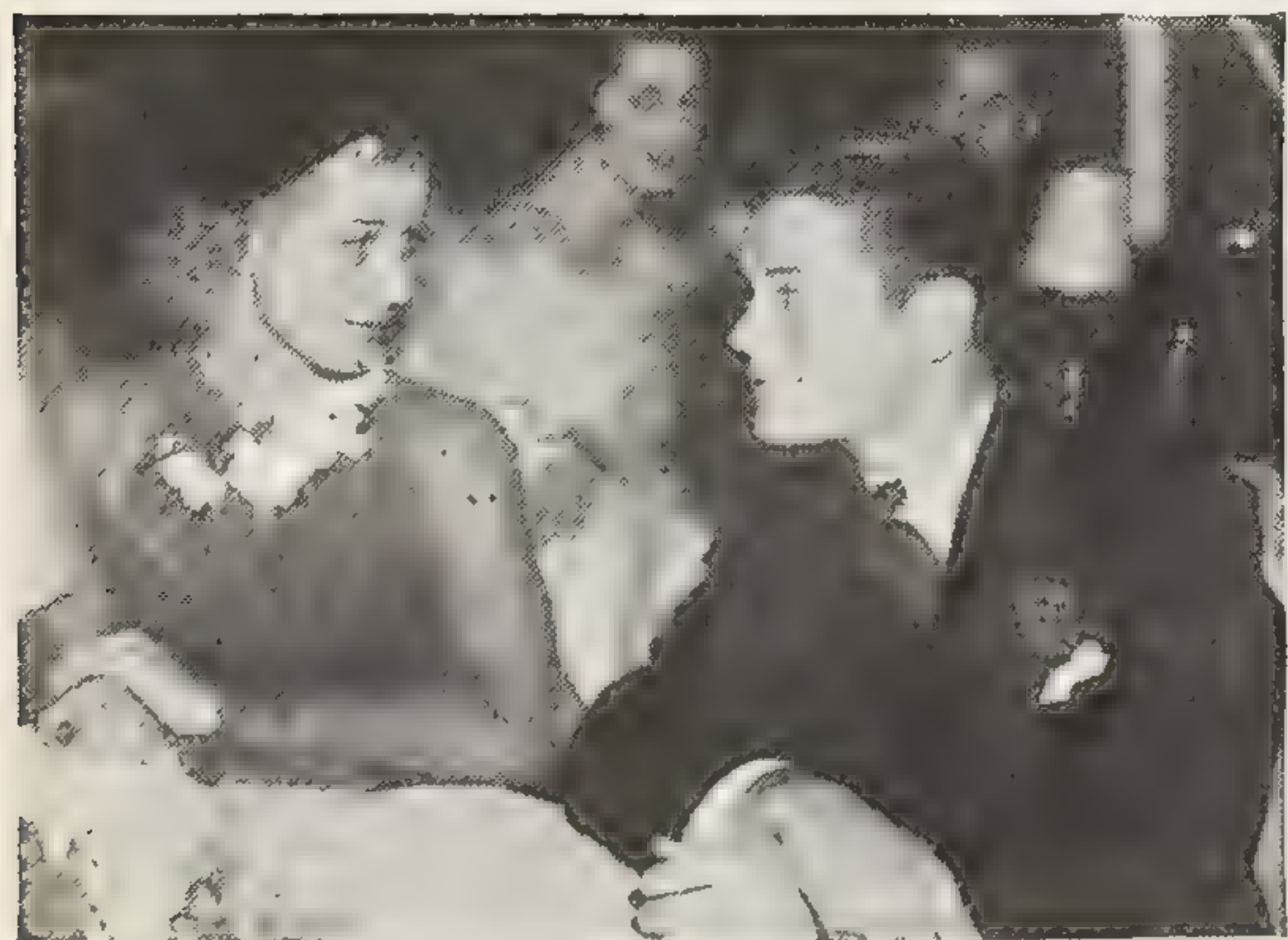
Dining And Danc-
ing Cafes Make
Special Bids For
The Picture Stars
OF
HOLLYWOOD

MY, MY, if I live to be as old as May Robson did in "Vanessa" I'll never have as much fun as I did at the Mayfair the other evening. (In case you didn't see "Vanessa" I'd better tell you that May Robson is seen in the first reel celebrating her hundredth birthday, and twenty years later in the final fade-out she is still going strong.) The Santa Anita Handicap was run in the afternoon—and I bet you had two bucks on Azucar, you cad—and just as if that wasn't excitement enough for one week-end the aristocracy up and threw a Mayfair party that night. It will doubtless go down in Mayfair history as the horsey Mayfair, though I must say there was a delicious odor of Chanel number 5 about the place, and nothing of the stables.

What is this Mayfair I'm always ranting about when I'm trying to be high-hat and impress you with my fine-feathered friends? Well, Mayfair was established in Hollywood in 1926 as an exclusive club for those engaged in the motion picture profession. Membership is by invitation only, and no new member can be accepted until an old member drops out, and I can assure you that very few are considerate enough to withdraw, even when they're down to their last bankruptcy court, as Mayfair is the best "front" in Hollywood.

Non-members are welcome as guests, only when accompanied by a member, and it's easier to find a needle in a haystack than it is to crash the Mayfair Club. Even if you are an Eastern millionaire with a yacht and a Rolls and a bank account, you stand no more chance of getting to a Mayfair, unless you're invited by a member, than

The night of the awards at the Biltmore. Bette Davis, runner-up, is photographed with little Shirley who won the special award of the Academy for the "greatest contribution to pictures."



International

It is almost as good as an engagement announcement when Anita Louise and Tom Brown step out at the Cocoanut Grove.

a rich man has of entering heaven (say I'm going to be awfully mad if I find heaven all cluttered up with Morgans and Vanderbilts), so you can just take your old Rolls and stuff it up an alley, and stand in line outside the hotel portals along with the rest of the fans and tourists. Yes, my dear, it's *that* exclusive.

The initiation fee, the dues, and the twenty bucks a couple, all go to the Motion



Alice Faye and Edward Stewart at the Clover Club.

International

Sally Blane, Bill Powell, Jean Harlow and Loretta Young at the Biltmore, where rumors of romances frequently start.

Picture Relief Fund, which harvests between five and ten thousand dollars from the club each year, so you see it's all for sweet charity. Mayfair has no iron-bound rules but it's supposed to hold a dinner dance the last Saturday of each month, during the winter months, at either the Biltmore or the Beverly Wilshire. Each party is the last word in fashion and beauty.

The stars vie with each other to get the most dazzling gowns, and no one would dare go to Mayfair without a new dress. Claudette Colbert, Joan Crawford and Jean Harlow may run around Hollywood during the week in slacks and polo coats, but come Saturday night and Mayfair and out come the diamonds, the orchids and the ermines. During its career the Mayfair Club has had two costume parties, both of which were flops, and proved very definitely that women go to Mayfair to show off their clothes.

In 1932 they held a "Hard times party to celebrate the return of Prosperity" and all the members were supposed to come in old worn out clothes and partake of a hearty meal of corn beef and cabbage. What happened? Very few women came. Those who did, led by that beautiful rebel, Evelyn Brent, wore the latest in expensive gowns. And, here's a laugh, the chef very slyly slipped a slice of chicken on every plate of corn beef and cabbage. By this gesture Mayfair definitely ritized hard times. They never even accepted the introduction. So that certainly put hard times in its place. When better swank is made Mayfair will make it.

The person to enjoy the "hard times" party most was Jack Oakie who, for once, managed to crash Mayfair in his sweat shirt. It was at this party, too, that Eric Von Stroheim, who had once been tops in fame and fortune, but toppled, took off his pants, (oh, he had another pair on, don't be squeamish, Ella), autographed them, and presented them to his producer. What a gesture!

But enough of this reminiscing. The horsey Mayfair, the other evening, turned out to be the most brilliant dinner dance the club has had this year. Marion Davies, the queen of Hollywood, was there with the Hal Roach party which was given in honor of F. M. Alger, Jr., the lucky owner of the winning Azucar. And dancing and having fun together were Loretta Young (just back from a harrowing experience of being snowed-in in Washington while on location) with Bernard Newman, Connie Bennett and Gilbert Roland (who they say cleaned up on Connie's horse, Rattlebrains, who, after being quite indifferent about the whole thing for days, suddenly pranced in second one afternoon much to everyone's surprise, including Connie's), Joan Bennett, so beautiful, and Gene Markey, Carole Lombard and Bob Riskin, Jean Harlow and William Powell, Kay Francis and an Italian title (Kay goes to parties between trips to the hospital), Peggy Fears with an Egyptian title, Sally Blane and Cesar Romero (who did the best tango of the evening), Madge Evans and Tom Gallery, Una Merkel and Ronnie Burla, Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg, Virginia Valli and Charlie Farrell (with a grand Palm Springs sun-burn), Toby Wing with a Vanderbilt, Ann Sothorn and Roger Pryor, Joan Blondell and George Barnes, Mary Carlisle and James Blakely (a cute romance), Virginia Bruce and King Vidor, Marian Marsh and Eddie Lowe, the beautiful Dolores Barrymore, the Bob Montgomerys, the Clark Gables, the Chester Morris, the Richard Barthelmesses, the Johnny Mack

Browns, Conrad Nagel, Freddie March, Will Rogers, Fred Keating, Tullio Carminatti, and migosh I'm bored with this. Well, no wonder the fans jammed the sidewalks in front of the Beverly Wilshire until four in the morning to get autographs and glimpses of their favorites. That old maestro, Ben Bernie, acted as master of ceremonies and apologized for being late by saying, "I didn't realize how long it would take to walk in from Santa Anita. I passed Al Jolson on the way. I figure he'll be here in about a half an hour." (Need I tell you that Ben and Al did not bet on Azucar?)

Ah, me, reminiscing again, but what a whale of a lot of difference one year makes at the Mayfair. The thought occurred to me while I sat watching Dolores Costello Barrymore, sad and lonely and so beautiful, at the Joseph Cawthorn table opposite me. At a Mayfair, last year about this time, Dolores was radiantly happy dancing with John Barrymore who, magnificent in tails and white tie, was cavorting through a tango in old worn-out felt bedroom slippers. Today, John Barrymore is in New York, and the rumor is that he and Dolores have definitely separated.

And it was at this same Mayfair, last year, that lovely Virginia Bruce decided to divorce John Gilbert. It seems that John, the great lover of the silent cinema, had been abusive to her in private for quite some time, but this night he became abusive in front of the entire Mayfair. Virginia walked out on him. Tonight, a year later, Virginia is the most sought after person on the Mayfair dance floor.

And a year ago, about this time, Carole Lombard and Russ Columbo were the gayest of the gay and continued to dance the rumba long after everyone else had gone home. Tragedy—and tonight it is Bob Riskin, clever writer who won an Academy Award this year, who leads the luscious Carole through the rhythmic rumba. And while we're on this sombre note, seeing Eddie Lowe and Marion Marsh so entranced with each other, reminds me of all the gay times Lil Tashman, who was sort of the very breath of the Mayfair, used to have there, leaning on Eddie's arm and throwing out quips like so much confetti. Lil, very sick and barely able to be out of the hospital, attended a Mayfair soon after her last operation. [Cont. on page 62]



Joan Blondell and hubby, Mr. Barnes, making merry at the Clover Club bar.

JACK OAKIE GOES BACK to NATURE

By Maude
Cheatham



*Behind Those Whiskers Lurks
Jack Oakie, A Fine Comedian,
And A Great Actor.*

A GRIN spread over Jack Oakie's moon face as he came to meet me. And what a face! A month's growth of beard, rusty red and bristly, decorated it.

"Scared, Maudie?" he chuckled, cheerily tucking my hand under his arm and trotting me over to his dressing room. "Bill Fields says my face looks like a doormat with the welcome sign scraped off!

"This," he said, fondly stroking the rebellious stubble," was tenderly matured amid the snow storms up at Mount Baker, in Washington, where we filmed the exterior scenes for 'The Call of the Wild.' I kinda hate to part with it for it harmonizes so well with my sweat shirts. It'll have to go when I start my next film, 'The Milky Way,' not because we are incompatible but as a sacrifice on the altar of art."

"Did you win the girl?" I asked, recalling that this gay, wise-cracking Oakie is usually frustrated in his film romances.

"What, with this face?" his voice was plaintive. "No girl, not even that grand trouper, Loretta Young, could overlook this 'doormat.'"

"Nope, Clark Gable snags the woman and all I get for my efforts is the right to pet the dog and die—nobly!"

Right then, I remembered that William Wellman, who directed this Twentieth Century picture, told me, "Jack Oakie is okay as a comedian, but that is the lesser of his talents. He has more sympathy, more pathos, more real power to arouse the emotions than most of the dramatic stars on the screen today. It was Oakie who kept the comedy ball rolling in 'The Call of the Wild,' and it was Oakie who grabbed the big emotional moment. He had us all going with his death scene!"

Jack was saying, "We had a wonderful dog for the part of *Buck* in the picture, and say, did you know that these 'killer' dogs, the huskies of the Arctic, have blue eyes as innocent as a baby's? I was offered a beaut but he was three-fourths wolf so I passed him up."

"Do you often get to the altar with your film sweethearts or is it your forte to love 'em and leave 'em?" I asked.

"It works both ways but I got a swell

break in my last picture, 'College Rhythm,' for I married Mary Brian and even had children. Would

you believe it, Mary and I were all fussed and bothered when we had a kissing scene and had to do it over a dozen times. It wasn't a gag, either, we just got embarrassed for some reason. Of course, Mary is about the 'tops' with me, I've always been mighty fond of her. She just built a new home on Toluca Lake and I gave her a row boat with a big white sail—we call it our yacht and go scooting all over the lake.

"I won Mary in 'The Social Lion' too, but lost her in 'Someone to Love,' when Buddy Rogers vamped her away, and in 'The Man I Love,' my good old cronie, Dick Arlen, up and stole her from me. I'm always supposed to smile nobly, take the count and fade from the screen just as the church bells ring out for the other guy.

"Yep, I've won and lost a lot of femmes. Beginning away back in 1927, with my first picture, 'The Fleet's In,' I married Clara Bow, and was I thrilled and everything, for I was sorta in love with her. Guess I was the first of her conquests.

"I lost Clara, though, in 'The Wild Party,' when Freddy March impressed her with his classic profile—it was his first picture, too, so I knew right there that a new enemy was in the movie camp.

"I married ZaSu Pitts in 'The Dummy,' one of the first talking pictures. I was the bold gangster and ZaSu was my moll. She gave me a photograph of herself when we finished and I've had it on my dresser ever since. That's something or other in faithfulness, isn't it?

"In 'Dude Ranch' I was a cowboy and beautiful June Collier hung onto me like a leach so I won her hands down. I nearly fell in love with June off the stage, too, but along came Stuart Erwin and I foolishly introduced them. After that, all I could do was to cheer at their wedding. Their kid calls me 'Uncle Jack.' He's awfully cute. We have a 'high sign' of our own and tell each other secrets.

"Stu and June are among my best friends

When the "Call of the Wild" company was on location, Jack grew his own make-up.

and Mary Brian and I trail around with them a lot. If you think Stu is funny on the screen you should see him off. I tell you I nearly die at his antics.

"Well, back to my love life!

"Remember 'Let's Go Native,' with Jeanette MacDonald? I have to laugh. Kay Francis was the comedienne playing with me and she wore tights, too. Now, she's the grand dressy lady of the screen.

"I'd like to be called an emotional comedian," Jack admitted. "In my next picture, 'The Milky Way,' I play a farmer boy, a sap, who gets emotional. There's comedy and pathos and it's right down my alley. Also, I win the girl."

When I told him that Ernst Lubitsch once said, "Jack Oakie could become the screen's great dramatic actor if producers would see his talents, for he has the true comedian's flair for sustained emotion," his face beamed, almost wiping off the rusty beard. Almost.

"Lubitsch has always had faith in me," said Jack, "and my highest ambition is to be in one of his productions. I hope to remake the Charles Ray pictures, you know, those sympathetic under-dog dramas that give a chance at belly laughs and tear jerking. That's the stuff for me. I like to be a heart ticker and able to churn the emotions."

"It's all right to have love frustrations on the screen but what about real life?" I asked.

"Sure, I want to marry and have children but I figure I have plenty of time. I love all the girls, bless 'em, but I play the field. My mother is still my best girl. We have great larks together, for she has a grand sense of humor—I tell her she takes after me—and we're always clowning and laughing. We have a nice home in Beverly Hills, a real home where I can take the girls to dinner, bring in the bunch from the studio and have the gang over for poker, and mother is always the life of the party. We go everywhere

[Continued on page 65]

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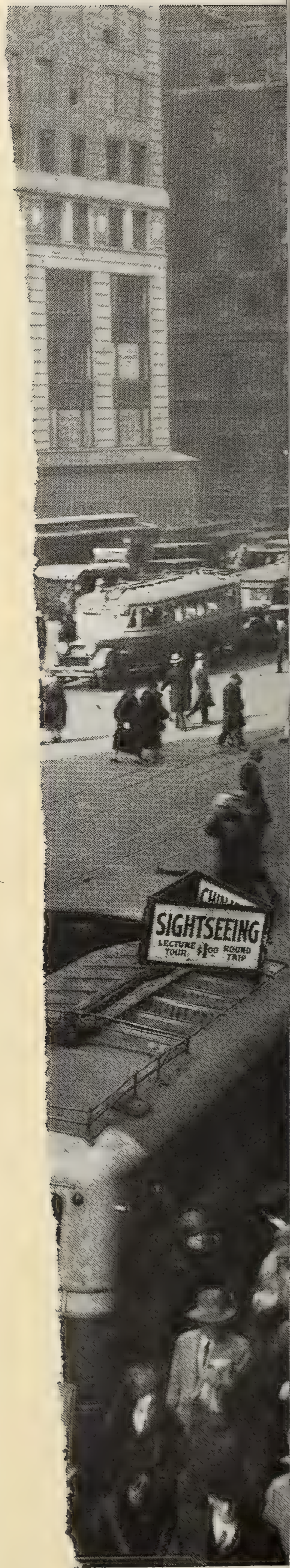
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R SCREEN

Broadway"

By Ed Sullivan



building. It has been charged that I persuaded her to go to his hotel, so that I could discomfit him, but that isn't so.

Once she had been located, the taciturn Garbo went freely about the city. Night after night, she sat at a corner table in George Lamaze's restaurant on East 58th Street. Berthold Viertel was her constant companion. I must report that Miss Garbo, despite her ethereal appearance, has a very large appetite and she liked Lamaze's cooking.

Most of the film stars become Pollyannas or nice-Nellies when they hit Broadway. They measure their words carefully, they are vigilant lest they go to the wrong places, the publicity agents of the major companies arrange the dulllest of cocktail parties to which the younger members of the press rush and from which the columnists flee.

For that reason, the columnists cheer up when Connie Bennett, Gloria Swanson or Carole Lombard come to town. Each of this trio is a free-spoken, energetic individual, and it is from girls like these that the Broadway columnists get their best stories.

On Miss Bennett's last trip to New York, she had the misfortune to arrive late at a theatre, for a First Night performance. Whether or not she thought that this was Grauman's Chinese Theatre, I do not know, but it is certain that she and her party made quite a bit of noise as they made their entrance. Sid Skolsky, my colleague and an expert newspaperman, sitting in a position from which he could observe the whole thing, coldly and cleverly cut Miss Bennett to pieces in his column next morning. It really was a masterpiece of denunciation and an hour after the paper hit the street, the whole town was gabbing excitedly about Connie's rudeness.

A. C. Blumenthal called me on the phone that night. At his invitation, I went to see the distressed Connie the next morning at the Waldorf. Over the breakfast table, she explained her side of the story to me. She had been out to a dinner party. The hostess didn't rise from the table until 8:30. By the time they reached the theatre, the curtain already was up: "Other people came in later than we did," said Miss Bennett, "and made more noise, but just because I'm a picture star, and make good 'copy,' they attack me." I told her that I could understand her angle perfectly, but that as a newspaperman, I had to applaud Skolsky. He saw a story that would stir up talk and wrote it. Had I been in his place, I would have done the same.

Personally I like Connie Bennett. She is frank, honest and direct. "I have two great faults," she explained. "In the first place, my appearance is against me. People look at me and decide, from my face, that I'm conceited. In the second place, I can't disguise my feelings. If I don't like a person, I can't pretend that I do."

Carole Lombard
[Cont. on page 59]

Below, Gracie Allen and George Burns, dear to all hearts. They keep alive the nation's sense of humor.



Jack Benny is head man among the broadcasters.



Gary Cooper has a passion for steam rooms and baths.



INTRODUCING PINKY TOMLIN



He Composed "The
Object Of My Affec-
tion" And Now He's
In The Movies.

By
Whitney Williams

The remarkable
rise of an Okla-
homa farm boy to
fame and \$3500
per week.

I BOW to a lanky young gentleman from Oklahoma, who boasts the proud cognomen of Pinky Tomlin.

Pinky makes his screen debut in "Times Square Lady" and is the man of the hour in Hollywood. As a matter of fact, not in years has the cinema center reared up on its hind legs and adjusted its spectacles as this Pinky person has made it do.

Half-crooner, half-moaner, half-hill-billy in his nasal rendition of his songs (I seem to be one-half ahead of Mother Nature, but what's a half among friends), he has taken all the bored Cinemanese by storm . . . and in his initial picture attracts by his very lackadaisical whimsy. If ever there were a Cinderella tale to be told of Hollywood, Pinky's is IT (very inelegant language but very much to the point) . . . and it even approaches a J. Rufus Wallingford plot, with the shady side dropped for humor.

So that you may in some wise recognize Pinky . . . he is the chap who composed "The Object of My Affection," one of the ten best-sellers in the current popular music field.

Pinky's is the story of the farm boy making good in the big city . . . and how! It is the journal of two hours developing into one of the most eventful short periods of time in the history of Success . . . two hours that will bring its spender a fortune. But to continue . . .

The scene shifts to the small town of Durand, Okla. Pinky, the farm boy, is exercising his vocal talents on the cows and hogs. He tells his mother . . . "Ma," he says, "I'm a-goin' over to see the ob-

ject of my affection."

Ma looks at him askance. "What, with that complexion!" referring to a newly-acquired sunburn.

Now, there's a passage of time . . . two hours. Two hours to reach his girl's home. Two hours which are to be the most momentous in his life. For,

during the two hour trip, the words, "the object of my affection," tease his fertile and imaginative mind. Ere he arrives at his destination, he has the song and lyrics composed . . . "The Object of My Affection!"

To that song, written in those two hours, Master Pinky may trace all the success he has since enjoyed.

Comes summer vacation . . . and he receives an offer to take his college band to Wichita Falls, Tex., to play at a resort. (During the winter months, Pinky earns money by playing at fraternity and sorority

dances at the University of Oklahoma.) And here the unpublished song makes a noteworthy debut, scores an instant bull's-eye.

Pinky likes to recall the occasion . . . and will, upon the slightest encouragement.

"We used to play other popular numbers and about thirty-five couples would get up and dance. When we played my song, at least a hundred and fifty would take the floor. I usually sang the number and the crowd repeatedly called for encores.

"It was then I realized I had a song that appealed to people. If they liked it in

Texas, why wouldn't the rest of the country go for it in the same way?"

Pinky says he asked himself this question not once but many times.

Upon completion of his eight weeks' engagement at the resort, he received a letter from a New York publishing house offering \$1500 for his piece. The money was a great temptation to the lad making only \$20 a week, but he rejected the offer.

"I reckoned as how the song must be worth more if the company was willing to pay that sum to an unknown writer," figured the country boy.

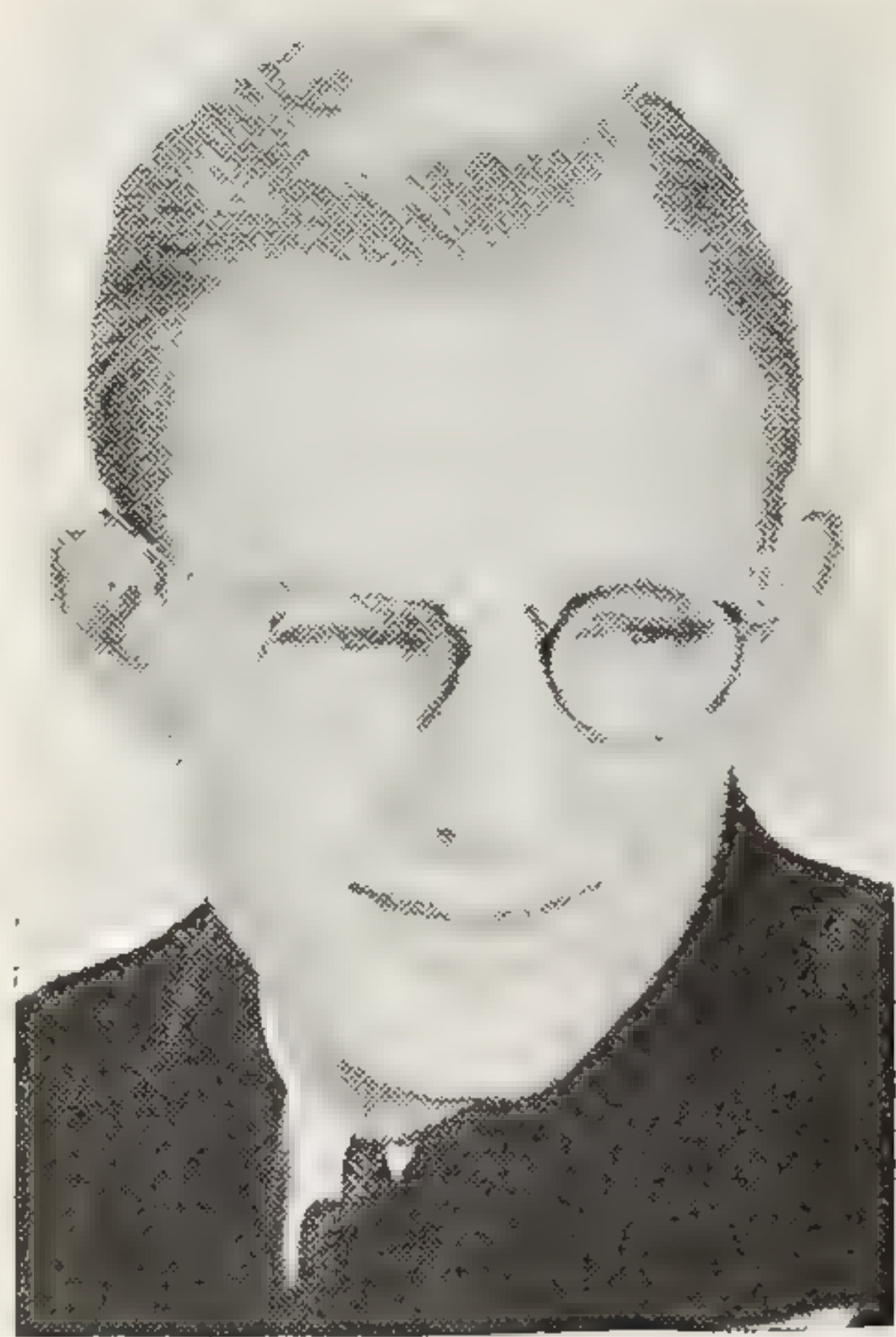
Pinky had read stories about another crooner named Bing Crosby, who had made good in the west. So straightway Pinky and a companion, his "manager," piled into an ancient Ford and headed for Hollywood, the orchestration of his song being the bulkiest part of their luggage.

The day of his arrival in Hollywood, Pinky crashed the sacred portals of Irving Berlin's sanctum sanctorum and interested the celebrated song writer in his brain-child.

Pinky made one request. He asked Berlin to write him a letter of introduction to Jimmy Grier, whose orchestra quickened the pulse of couples nightly at the Biltmore Bowl. "I'm going down to get a job with him and a letter might help," he told Berlin, naively.

Grier readily listened to what he thought was a hayseed from Oklahoma . . . listened at first with his tongue in his cheek.

[Continued on page 66]



Studio News

The Stars Are Emoting, New Sets Are Taking Form And The Sound Stages Are Busy. Listen To The Hum With

S. R. Mook

WELL! The day is certainly starting off auspiciously. Early in the morning the 'phone rings and it is Richard Arlen to tell me he is going to England to make a picture and that he has re-signed with Paramount.

Hard on the heels of the 'phone call comes a letter from Margaret Connell of Des Moines advising me that she likes this department but that I belittle everyone who isn't a personal friend. Me, who is everybody's friend! Inspired by the mellow mood brought on by Arlen's good fortune, I here and now publicly apologize to everyone I've belittled except Katharine Hepburn, Jean Muir, and three or four others whose names escape me at the moment.

As if all that isn't enough to make me love life, I start at Universal and learn to my great joy that the only two pictures shooting there are "Princess O'Hara" and "The Bride of Frankenstein" and I've already told you about them. So I hop over to—

Warner Brothers

FIRST crack out of the box I stumble on to the stage where "Traveling Saleslady" is shooting, and there are Joan Blondell and William Gargan working in what is Joan's first picture since the arrival of Norman Scott Barnes whom Joan fondly refers to as "It."

The scene is a roof garden—a New York night club. Plenty of silver and tinsel trimmings—and very effective. Joan and Bill are sitting at a table on a balcony overlooking the city. It's a great day for the extras because there must be a couple of hundred of them on the set. Some of them are in evening dress (drawing \$15 a day for putting on their glad rags) and others in street clothes (at \$7.50 per day because they're supposed to be just the *hoi polloi*).

Joan is gorgeous in a plum colored wool crepe evening dress with starched, white embroidered gadgets sticking up around her neck. "Whaddaya call those things?" I ask, indicating the gadgets.

"These?" she inquires, fingering the things.

I nod. "Oh, these," she repeats absently, fingering them. "I'd call them embroidered water wings," she informs me suddenly.

All right, folks, Joan's dress is trimmed with embroidered water wings.

She sure has lost weight since the baby came. And Gargan, too. I mean, he's lost weight. Joan's baby had nothing to do with it, though. It makes me sick. Here they look like a couple of school kids and I work like the devil to lose five pounds and everyone says, very meaningfully, "My! You certainly look healthy."

Well, anyhow, there sit Joan and Bill at this table with the moon and the stars above them, the New York skyline, painted



Joan Blondell and William Gargan working out a romance for "Traveling Saleslady."

on a back-drop, in the distance and an orchestra playing a dreamy waltz. They are, it seems, competitors.

"Waiter!" Bill calls, "Bring us another quart of champagne."

"You're an extravagant young man," Joan informs him with mock reproach.

"Old man Twitchell pays," Bill comes back. "It all goes on the swindle sheet."

"Under what heading?" she wants to know.

"Breaking down competition," Bill grins.

"Darling," says Joan sweetly, "you can float me in champagne and I'll still take business away from you tomorrow."

"Listen, you," Bill interrupts ungrammatically, "I got something to tell you."

But Joan shows him her wrist watch.

"I don't care if it's eight or ten or midnight," he screams, "you're going to hear this. You are, without doubt, the most unscrupulous, double-crossing, unethical sales person I ever had the bad luck to run across. You've knifed me, you've stolen my business. Male or female, I'd like to break your neck."

But Joan only leans across the table and smiles. She's very sure of herself (and with good reason in that water-wing dress). "Why don't you?" she whispers softly.

"Because," he storms, "I—I—I love you! Now shut up and don't interrupt me."

"You're so romantic," she breathes, mockingly.

"Hey," says Gargan when the scene is finished, "how do you like this?" And forthwith he shows me some papers where he's being sued for \$100,000 because some man got hit in a brawl on New Year's Eve and Bill wasn't even in the room at the time. Oh for the life of a movie star!

"Going out to Pat O'Brien's cocktail party Sunday?" Joan asks.

"Sure," I smirk.

"Everybody in town's going to be there," says Joan.

I glance at her suspiciously. It's a nasty inference. "You don't have to get so sarcastic," I snap, "you've finished the scene you were playing."

"I don't want to get out of character," she informs me blandly.

"Let's get out of here," Bernie Williams suggests. "You may not know it but you're well on your way to a row."

Next we come to "Wanderlust" which is a swell name for a picture—or is it? Anyhow, it stars Aline MacMahon and Guy Kibbee. Minor Watson is in this scene. The setting is the living room of a com-



Aline MacMahon and Minor Watson in "Wanderlust," which introduces another charming child, Betty Jean Hainey.

fortable but quite unpretentious home.

Aline's child, Betty Jean Hainey, a little girl of eight or nine, runs into the room with a bandage on her finger.

"Mary Jane!" Aline gasps, "what on earth has happened to you?"

"I had a fight with Betty Lou," Betty Jean speaks up with a smirk that makes me want to box her ears. I can't stand precocious children, even when they're the script writers' fault.

"Hello, Dick," says Minor when the scene is finished. "Did you know Leila Bennett's back in town?"

"The deuce she is!" I exclaim. "Wonder why she didn't let me know?"

"She probably didn't think it important enough," says Minor drily.

Leila, as I have often told you, is one of my favorite comediennes and I'm that put out over not knowing she's here that my good humor begins to ooze.

"Neither Cagney nor Dick Powell are

[Continued on page 73]

The TROUPERS

"DAVID COPPERFIELD" five weeks in production. Billed as a super-special, it had all the earmarks of a super-flop.

Charles Laughton, playing Micawber, refused to work on the film any longer. His early objections to his part were now justified. After five weeks' continuous rehearsal and the shooting of several thousand feet of film, everyone concerned was willing to concede that the production was terrible.

Director George Cukor was visibly non-plussed. What to do? Who could remedy the situation?

"We must have a good utility man to build the picture up," Cukor decided, "someone who can be depended upon to give a sure-fire performance."

"How about W. C. Fields?" asked an assistant.

"Get him," came back the director. "Fields is the man!"

On a set at Paramount studios sat W. C. Fields, waiting to start work on "Mississippi," starring "dat ole man Ribber," for which he had been slated several weeks.

Came an emergency message from M-G-M. Fields rushed

to the Culver City studios in nothing flat, skillfully evading motor cops along the way. A brief consultation with Director Cukor. A few moments to read the script, make up, jump into a costume.

Behold Micawber!

Fields is a "Builder-Upper"—a trouser—one of the best on the screen today. He can be depended upon for any picture at a moment's notice, and always gives a first-class performance. He can produce the laugh that will turn poor film fare to good. His name will sell pictures in small towns where new stars may be unknown. Chances are even a poor film will make money if it can boast of Fields in the cast.

He is just one of a dozen of his ilk. They include players of every variety, from the eye filling Thelma Todd to sad-faced ZaSu Pitts; from Donald Meek to versatile Alan Hale. Among the better known ones are Minna Gombell, Glenda Farrell, Charles Ruggles, Una Merkel, Stu Erwin, Alison Skipworth, Robert Armstrong, Pert Kelton, and others too numerous to mention.

"Troopers" serve many purposes. They are used to bolster up weak films, or inject humor into monotonous stories. They help build up situations for the stars and lend their well known names to casts made up of new or unknown players.

Nydia Westman, for example, appears briefly in "Captain Hurricane" with James Barton (a newcomer from the New York stage) in the lead, and Helen Westley, Henry Travers, Helen Mack and Lon Chaney, Jr. The film had been in production two or three weeks when Director John Robertson sent



Joan Blondell and Hugh Herbert are both veterans. Joan has been on the stage since she used the tray of her mother's trunk for a crib.



Anne Shirley and Helen Westley in the picture that gave Anne her name. Helen Westley is the Theatre Guild in human form.

Frankie Thomas and O. P. Heggie. Heggie is one of the reliables—sure-fire, any part any time.

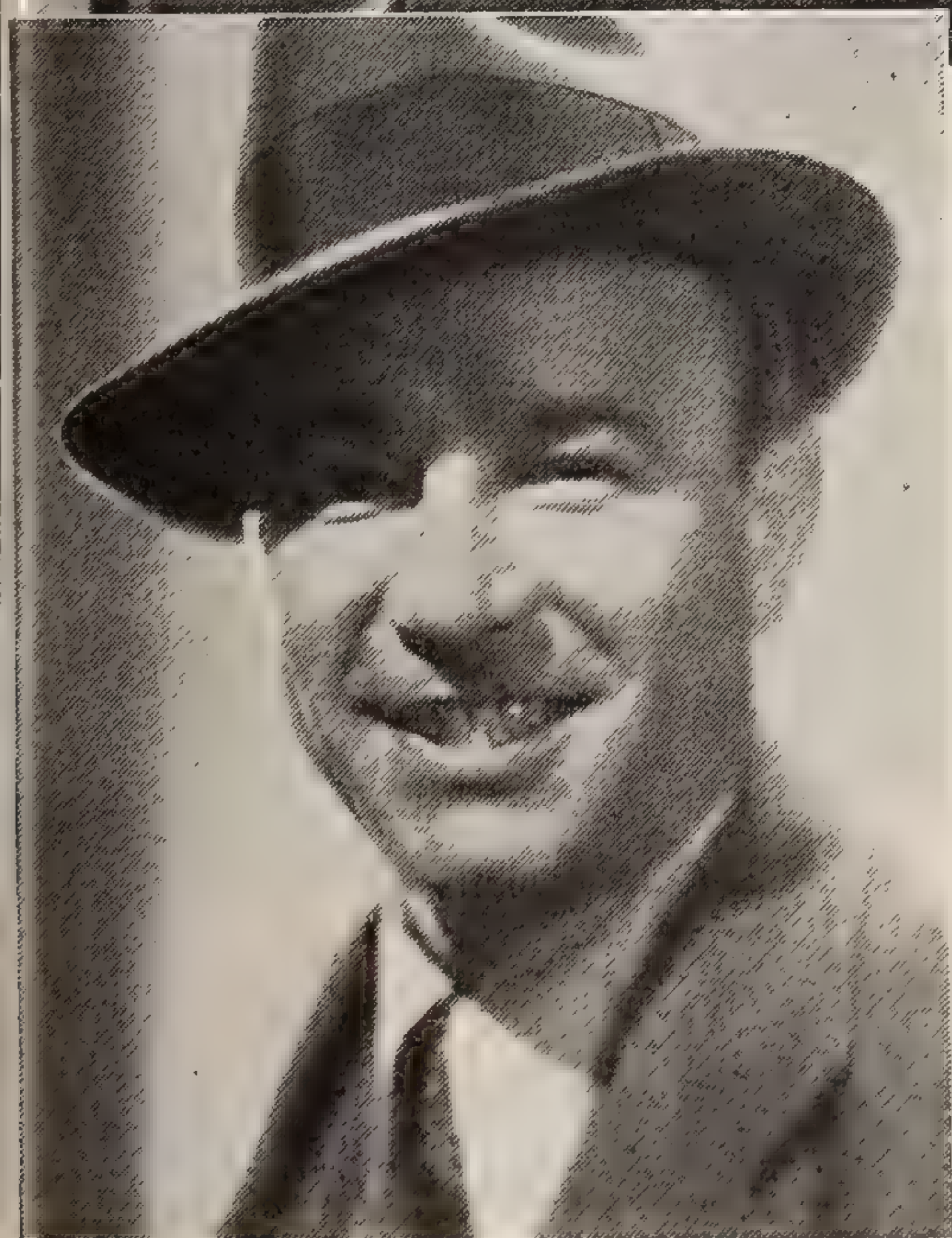


The Stars May Take The Bows, But The Troupers Take Care Of The Picture.

By Jeanne de Kolty



This is W. C. Fields' year. Freddie Bartholomew, with him, is working again—with Garbo this time. Things have "turned up" for Micawber and the fans are blocking the entrances at "Mississippi."

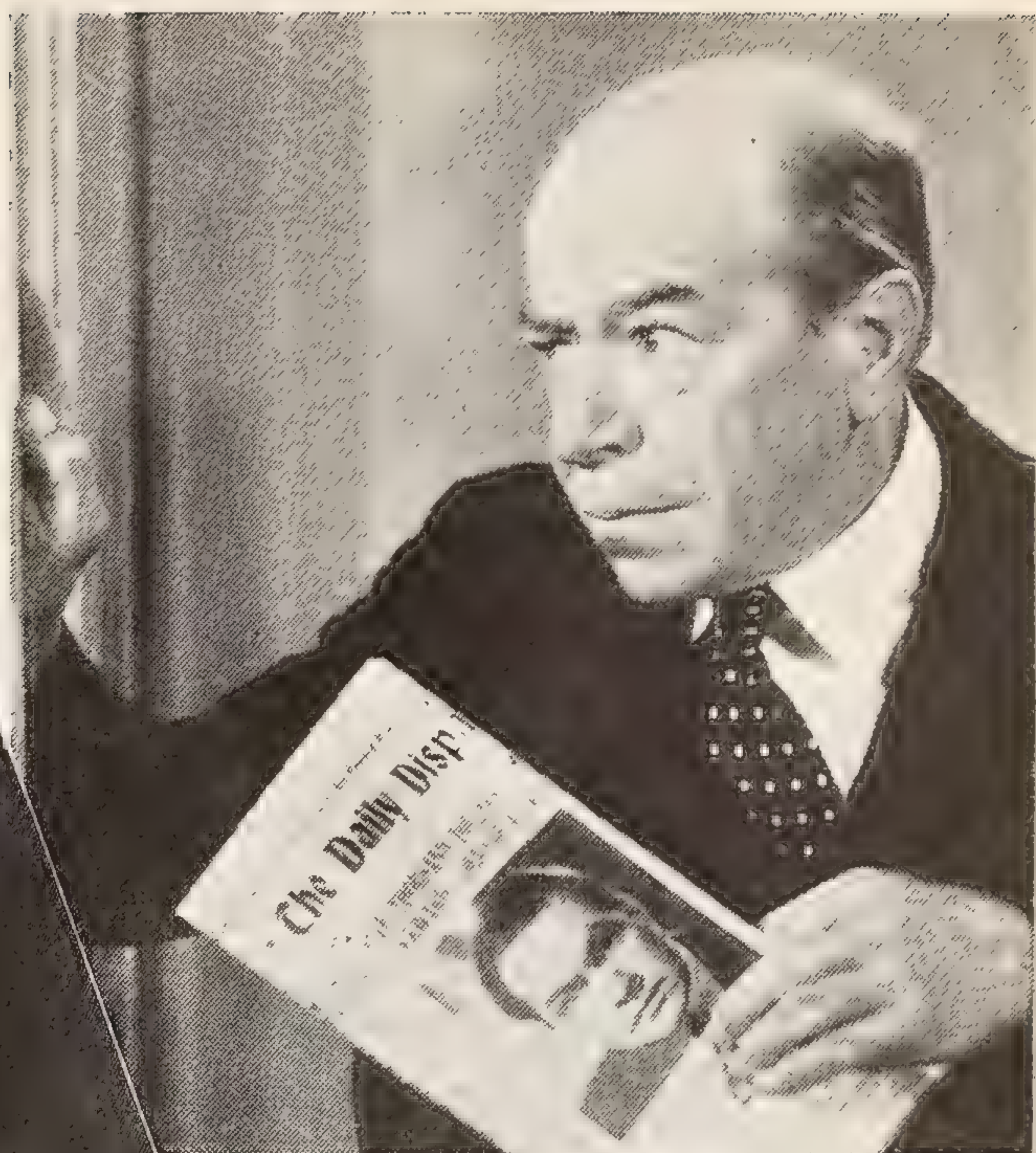


Robert Armstrong is a "builder-upper" in any cast and directors relax when he takes over.



Donald Meek has a splendid chance to zip up the picture in "The Whole Town's Talking," and he is great.

Thelma Todd is very successful in short subjects. She can always be depended on—even when supporting the Marx Brothers.



won; his opponents were forced to admit that Nydia was the one trouper who could do the rôle justice.

These troupers are a straight-forward, simple lot, for the most part. They seldom live up to the popular conception of film people.

Miss Westman, fifth generation of a family of actors and actresses, lives in a small West Los Angeles bungalow with no company other than one colored maid and two cats. She is an artist of no mean ability and has studied painting all her life. She gives small, intimate parties, goes out very little, has many friends and attends the Art Center school in Los Angeles when time permits. On the set she keeps busy sketching portraits of her fellow players, and has a collection of drawings of the world's most famous movie stars such as would create envy in the heart of any fan.

She drives herself around in a little Ford coupe, goes to Palm Springs for her vacations and has a delightful little garden. The garden, however, is to look at, not to work in. She doesn't like gardening. Although she is extremely popular with the so-called sterner sex, Nydia has never been married. At present she is planning a return to the New York stage. Those directors who have come to regard her as the trouper who can be called upon to save their pictures will miss her.

A large group of the "dependables" who make bad pictures good and good pictures better are to be seen in Rudy Vallee's film, "Sweet Music," including Hugh Herbert and Robert Armstrong. They are being used as insurance against a fate such as overtook Vallee's first picture, which was a miserable failure. Hugh Herbert is a favorite for this purpose. He was rushed helter-skelter through "Midsummer Night's Dream" so he could build up "Traveling Saleslady" with Joan Blondell and William Gargan.

Herbert has two suppressed desires—to become a famous botonist and to go around the world. He has never had time for either. Perhaps I'd better qualify that statement. He is a botonist—a darn good one—but he isn't famous as such. He goes in for the classics and says that "Oliver Twist" and "Count of Monte Cristo" are the two greatest books of their kind ever written. He believes strictly in the modern idea of matrimonial vacations, and since he is usually too busy to get away, his wife takes a vacation without him every year. At present she is in China, and if Herbert has his way he will find time between pictures to meet her in Paris and come home with her. Indeed, he may be eating a bouillabaisse in some Boul Miché sidewalk cafe by the time this story goes to press.

Bob Armstrong, who also appears in "Sweet Music," is a nephew of Rolf Armstrong, the famous artist (Continued on page 66)

IT'S TOPS..
this year more
than ever!

Take it from me—this new Scandals is 365 times greater than last year's . . . and what svelegant entertainment *that* was! Only George White himself could have out-dazzled his 1934 creation.

You're going to zoom from loud "ha-ha's" at the comedy to gasping "a-ah's" at the beauties to thrilled "o-oh's" at the romance. And you're going to dance out both your shoes this spring to the swingy rhythms of six hit tunes!

STARS
GIRLS
SONGS
DANCES
LAUGHS
SPECTACLE

Keep your eye on Alice Faye, Fox Films' new glamour gal. She has what it takes to hit the cinema heights.



Watch the sparks fly!

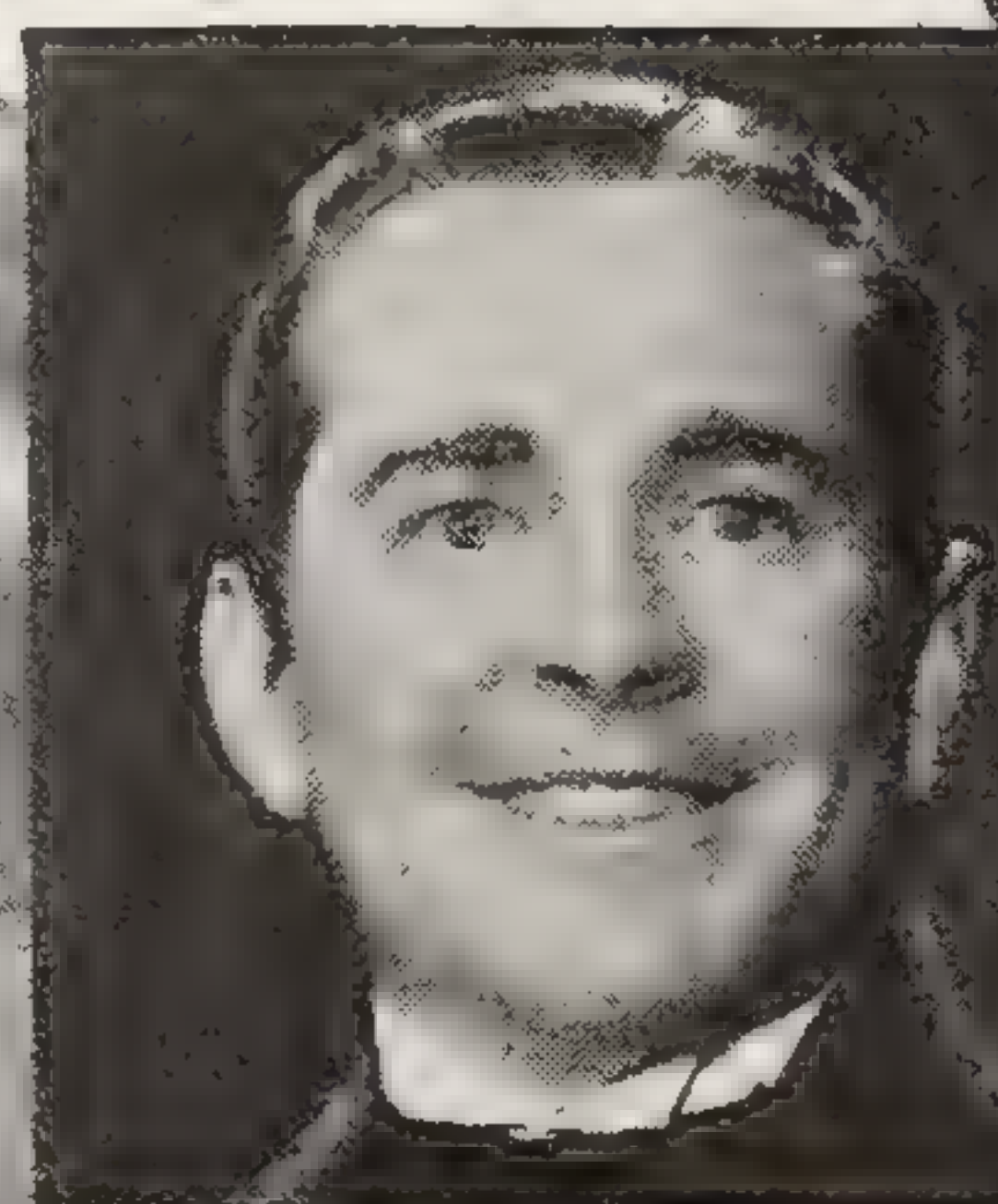


Sumptuous settings! Spectacular Dances! Gorgeous girls including 30 beauty contest winners!

FLASHES from GEORGE WHITE'S 1935 SCANDALS

by Jerry Halliday

A frolicking foursome
 bubbling with the
 gaiety of the Gay
 Nineties number



with

ALICE FAYE
JAMES DUNN
NED SPARKS

Lyda Roberti Cliff Edwards
 Arline Judge Eleanor Powell
 Benny Rubin Emma Dunn

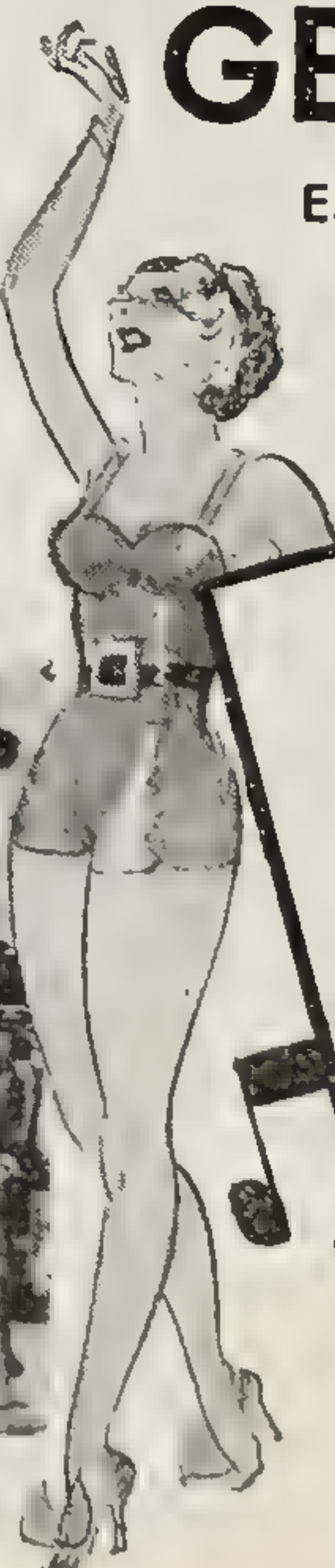
GEORGE WHITE

Entire Production Conceived, Produced
 and Directed by George White

Alice plays her grandest role in this picture. And what a marvelous singin'-steppin' duo she and Jimmy Dunn make! • As for Lyda Roberti . . . well . . . team up Poland's gift to Hollywood with Ned Sparks and Cliff Edwards . . . then look out below! • Fox Studios have staged this musicale with a lavish hand. And what a great, big hand YOU will give it!



Hollywood cheered this masterpiece of that master showman, George White



**HUM-ABLE, SING-ABLE,
 DANCE-ABLE TUNES!**

"According to the Moon-
 light"

"It's an Old Southern
 Custom"

"Hunkadola"

"Oh I didn't know (you'd
 get that way)"

"I was born too late"

"I got shoes—you got
 shoesies"



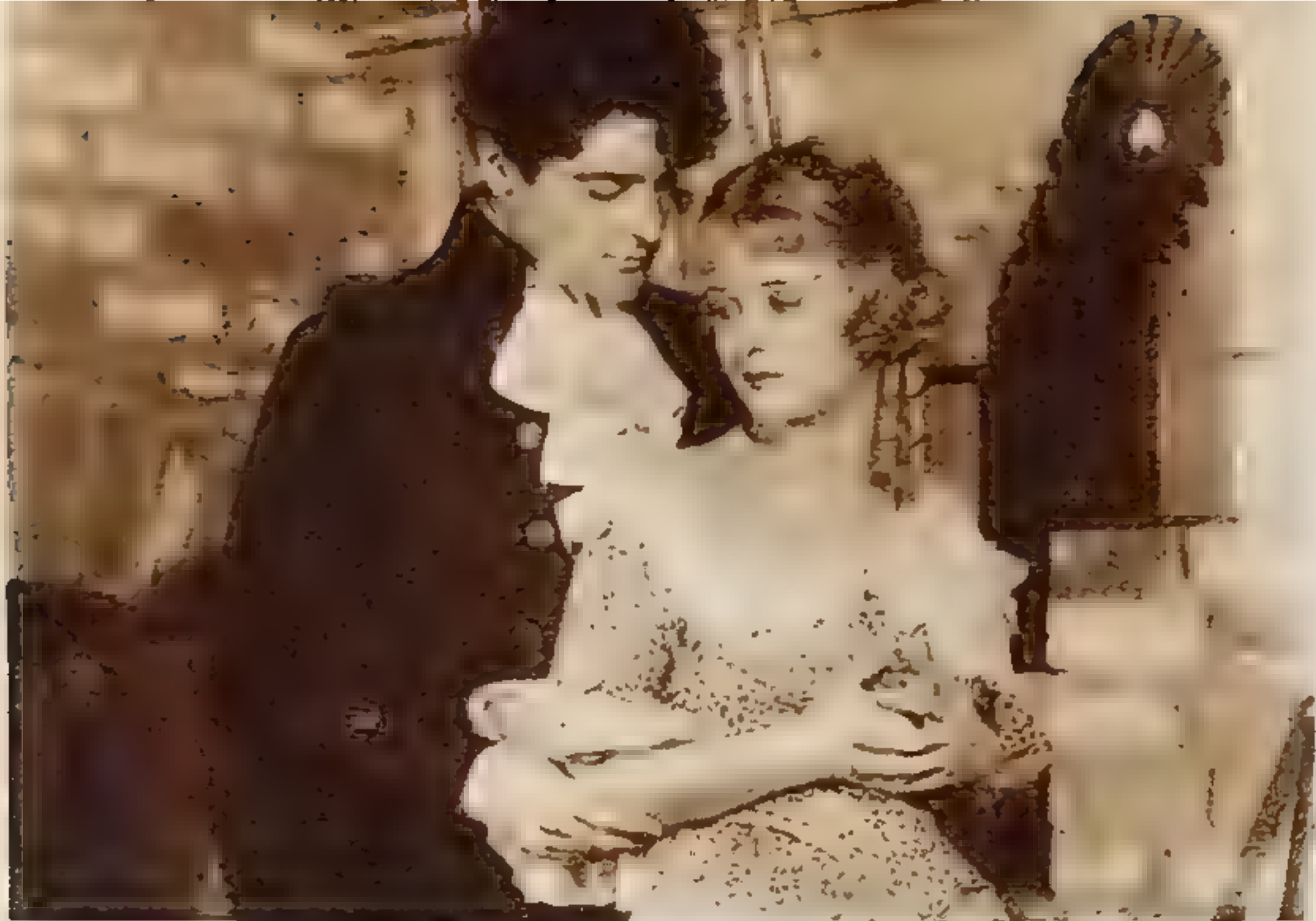


SHE is the Trilby of Hollywood. Joseph Von Sternberg, the Svengali of this combination, has made pictures that everyone raved over—"Underworld" for example. He is unquestionably an artist. But there are some people who feel that there is too much director in Marlene's recent pictures and, undoubtedly, her latest, "The Devil Is a Woman," will prove that this team of director-star is either a happy one or a union which is not giving the screen the results which lie within the power of Dietrich, our loveliest star.

Sometimes an artist, when he becomes expert in his technique, will paint a still life which is meaningless, while a lesser painter will produce a canvas of distinctly lower standard which tells a story. A connoisseur will rave about the first painting, but the public will take the second to its heart. Perhaps the screen is not yet ready for the sort of picture that is created to glorify the artistry of direction and photography.

Anyway Marlene has a new contract and the Hollywoods are full of directors.

MARLENE
DIETRICH



"The Pursuit of Happiness"



The GREAT

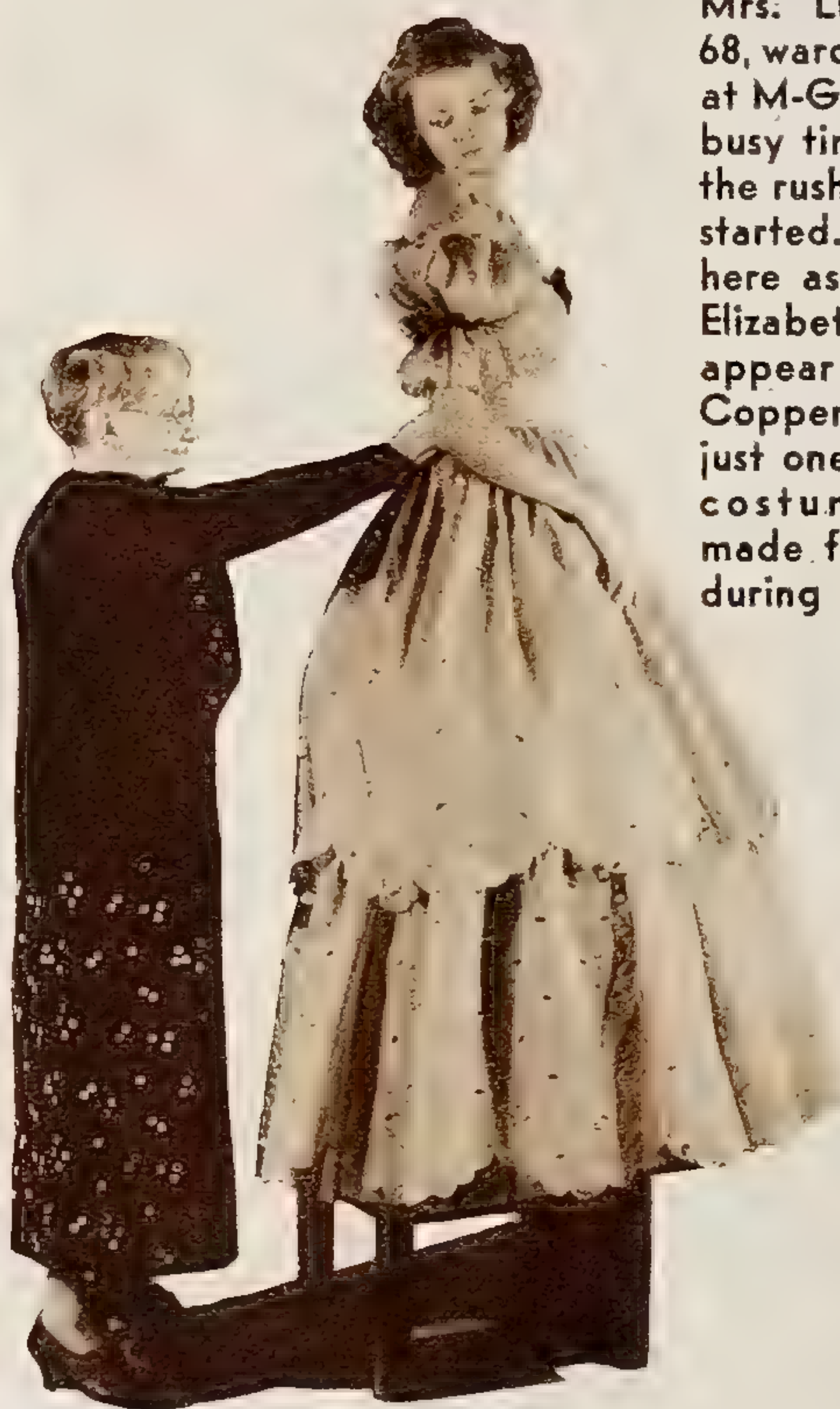
An Actor Loves A Costume, Which Is Perhaps The Reason Back Of The Most Interesting "Trend" That The Screen Has Ever Known.



"The Little Minister"



"The Mighty Barnum"



Mrs. Lucia Coulter, 68, wardrobe mistress at M-G-M, has had a busy time of it since the rush for costumes started. She is shown here as she fixed up Elizabeth Allan to appear in "David Copperfield." It was just one of the many costumes she has made for the screen during the last 15 years.



"The House of Rothschild"



George Arliss as Riche-lieu. Since "Disraeli," Mr. Arliss has brought many famous characters to the screen. Last year his picture "The House of Rothschild" was one of the great successes. Below is a scene from his new picture, showing the gorgeous costumes of the period.



"Great Expectations"



COSTUME CYCLE REACHES ITS PEAK



"Treasure Island"



"The Scarlet Pimpernel"



"David Copperfield"



"Clive of India"



"The Barretts of Wimpole Street"



A scene from the greatest of all costume pictures, Cecil B. DeMille's "The Crusades." The Hermit, C. Aubrey Smith, and his reverent followers enter the castle. DeMille is the beloved of the Hollywood extras. At right, Joseph Schildkraut, Katherine DeMille and Pedro de Cordoba.



THERE is no denying that when the screen turned from its preoccupation with sex pictures, and began to make films with pictorial appeal, the patrons of the movies did not hesitate to support the box offices enthusiastically. And so one picturesque classic after another has been made into a screen play, and, with one success following another, we have now come to the very peak of this great series of pictures based upon the greatest dramas of history. It will not be long before the crusaders will travel on their pilgrimages across the screens of the country—great characters of history will live again, and every decade throughout the ages will have its screen field day. Never has there been a more educational or entertaining cycle. The youngsters will learn history, period costumes, architecture and the manners and customs of other years, and the producers will reap a golden reward, which they should, and the blessings of mankind as well.



FAMOUS FICTION

The Plots And Characters Conceived By The Greatest Literary Men Of All Time Now Have Their Day On The Screen.



William Makepeace Thackeray could never have conceived the marvel of this picture, with Miriam Hopkins, as Becky Sharp, moving before his very eyes. This photoplay is in color, a new step in the ever advancing wonder of the screen. At the left is Sir Cedric Hardwicke, a great actor from England, as the Marquis of Steyne.



Joe E. Brown is now a Shakespearian actor in Max Reinhardt's production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," soon to be seen on the screen.

THE technical excellence of the modern screen play is such that no theme is too subtle or delicate, too mighty or impressive, to be beyond the scope of the magicians behind the cameras of Hollywood. The classics, on the other hand, offer very inviting problems. In the first place, the picturesque costumes immediately give a different appearance to the action, and the memories of the great players of the stage—Mansfield, Booth, Barrymore—spur the modern screen stars to prove that they are not secondary in talents.

Another reason for the present feast of classics is that the themes are already known and loved by many people. Before Zanuck decided to put "Ivanhoe" into production he had the opinions of librarians and professors, and arrived at the conclusion that there are 30,000,000 persons in the United States who are familiar with Sir Walter Scott's book.



Jean Muir and Ross Alexander, the lovers of The Bard's classic fantasy.



Bottom and Titania played by James Cagney and Anita Louise.

Titania: "And I do love thee; therefore, go with me; I'll give the fairies to attend on thee..."

LIVES AGAIN

The Classics Appear In A New Form—Better Than The Books Themselves.



Fredric March as Jean Valjean, the hero of Victor Hugo's immortal story, "Les Miserables." Above, March in the prison sequence make-up.



Frances Drake, Rochelle Hudson and John Beal in "Les Miserables."



Charles Laughton and Fredric March co-starred in the famous old story.

Below, a scene in the galleys as the chained prisoners are fed. Jean Valjean plotting his escape.





AND NOW EVERYBODY

Costumes, Uniforms And Fancy Regalia Cavort On Every Screen And Add A New Interest To Current Pictures.

From England comes this picture, "The Dictator," with our old friend, Clive Brook, and our new friend, Madeleine Carroll.



Below, a new bathing suit design worn by Dolores Del Rio for her new picture, "In Caliente," is the reaction from her costumes in "Du Barry."



Little Helen Parrish, who plays opposite Frankie Thomas, Jr., in "A Dog of Flanders." If the screen influence is not overrated, this costume should establish a new appearance for the young ladies of America.



Gloria Shea in the new picture from Gene Stratton Porter's famous novel "Laddie."



IS DRESSING UP

THE girls and boys of the cinema are up in the attic, rummaging in the trunks and boxes for any kind of costume they can find. Doublet and hose, buskin and bustle, polonaise and kirtle are all good today on the screen. Once was the time when the very fixity of the appearance of a favorite counted in his favor. Charlie Chaplin's shoes, hat and cane were alive with comedy and as unchanging as the black moustache of the villain in the western drama. But, today, our favorites have the souls of chameleons. W. C. Fields somehow manages to get off the tight trousers of Micawber and into the brass buttoned elegance of a Mississippi River captain; Charles Laughton pulls off the dignified apparel of Mister Barrett to put on the ridiculous clothes of the Gay Nineties for "Ruggles of Red Gap," and the next day or so he is decked out as the detective of "Les Miserables."

We are the gainers and the plays are better because of all this wardrobe activity. An actor unconsciously alters himself to fit the spirit of his appearance, and in this we are all alike. Few indeed can overcome the stiffening influence of uniforms or the tendency of evening clothes to transform our usually brilliant selves into stuffed shirts.

In "Naughty Marietta" Jeanette MacDonald is all frills and furbelows and utterly charming.



Guy Kibbee gives way to the urge and gets himself up in a becoming robe with a Hindu flavor, while the girls wear the national costume of South-eastern Brassiere.



Henry Wilcoxon, at the right, with Evelyn Laye and George Grossmith in "Princess Charming"—the glamour of gold braid and shiny buttons.



A scene from "Spring Tonic"



In "Laddie" you will see John Beal ploughing so naturally you will never suspect that a wooden track for the camera car was laid across the field.

Claudette Colbert working under the direction of Gregory LaCava in "Private Worlds." The director sits as near as possible to the camera lens, so that he may see what the camera sees.

Making MOVIES

Nothing Is Too
Much Trouble
To Get The
Effect Of Reality.

IN THE movies, every accessory has to be as real as possible. On the stage, a star would feel that he had betrayed his art if he used real properties. That is, for example, when he plays with machinery or furnaces or flying machines. He is supposed to make you *think* it is real, and if he can't do that, he is not a great actor. In the movies, everything is as near to the true apparatus as can be had and, curiously, this does not detract from your belief in the player.

Hollywood goes to endless trouble to build enormous sets which are used but a few seconds in a picture. If the picture is a success the original cost is soon returned.

Personally we prefer pictures taken on location.

The camera crane ready to take a three floor elevator set used in "Roberta."

Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald making a scene for "Naughty Marietta." Director Van Dyke, the hero of many successes, studies the scene while Sound Man, Camera Man and Script Girl wait.



NO PICTURE IS COMPLETE WITHOUT A CHORUS

Not Only Musical Pieces Must Have Choruses, Now They Are In Demand For Every Picture.

SOUND in pictures once meant that the principal actor stood square in front of the camera and sang his head off. Then the musical cycle, started by Busby Berkeley and others, came along and gradually the plan has changed. Nowadays the singer starts off right in the middle of the screen singing to beat the band, but the camera, with fine understanding, swings away from that violently working jaw and, while the voice continues in pleasing fashion, the eye of the audience is refreshed and gladdened by the sight of the merry, merry girls of the chorus. This is the 1935 design and very good, too.

So they have gone on with the idea. If the audience liked to hear singers and not see them, but preferred to see chorus girls instead, why not carry the thought a little further? So, we have thrilling melodramas, with the voice of the villain from off-stage, and bebies and garlands of beautiful maidens treading a measure for the tired eye of the business man in the audience. We expect, before long, to have the whole play practically come from voices off-stage like a drama on the radio, while refreshed and tingling with pleasure we watch the chorus on the screen.

"All the King's Horses" and all the cuties' calves. Give me a good looking, spritely chorus and the whole theatre seems to be more important, the night seems more of an occasion and the picture glows with the spirit of Broadway.



Alice Faye and James Dunn in George White's "Scandals—1935 Edition." Alice shows up swell, even in competition with all these beauties.

Carl Randall, dance director, and some of the chorus girls from "Reckless," the new William Powell-Jean Harlow play. It is not a musical.





Goodee Montgomery
and chorus in "Stolen
Harmony."



The chorus from "The Call of the Wild"—
foreground, Jack Oakie. It is Clark Gable's
he-man picture, but you have to have a
chorus.



The merry villagers chorus in the hor-
ror picture, "The Vampires of Prague."

BRILLIANT PERFORMERS

Some Outstanding Players
Of The Month.



Bette Davis gave one of the greatest performances of last year in "Of Human Bondage." It was all in the same mood, but tremendous in effect. She will be starred in dramatic plays.



MOST players are very careful, before they accept a part, to read the script, and if they think they have a chance to show to good advantage in the picture, they accept the part. Then, to their surprise when the picture gets before the public some part other than theirs is the one that is outstanding. No matter how long they have been in pictures, no one can tell which is the part that is going to have the popular appeal. It makes it all rather exciting.

The Academy Award was particularly satisfactory, as it selected both Gable and Claudette for the two leading players, and for their performances in the same picture. Neither one outdid the other, both were excellent. Out-

standing performances are often remembered even though the character appeared in but a few scenes. Myrna Loy in "The Thin Man," for example, was very fine, but compared with the girl in "It Happened One Night," a very small part indeed.

standing performances are often remembered even though the character appeared in but a few scenes. Myrna Loy in "The Thin Man," for example, was very fine, but compared with the girl in "It Happened One Night," a very small part indeed.



Paul Muni, in "Black Fury," makes a plea for the underdog underneath everything—down in the coal mine, in fact.

Lovely little Shirley Temple has a birthday. One look at Shirley and the whole world and his wife exclaim: "Isn't she cutel!"



Claudette Colbert won the Award of the Academy of Arts and Sciences. It was her performance in "It Happened One Night" that everyone liked.

WHO ARE MAKING MOVIE HISTORY



Edward G. Robinson and Jean Arthur in "The Whole Town's Talking," which is another of those knock-out pictures that we have come to expect from Columbia and ONLY from Columbia.



Ginger Rogers is more popular every minute. She is fine in "Roberta" and the fans are beginning to realize that she can out-dance, out-sing and out-look any girl on the screen.



Mae West in "Goin' to Town." Just to keep up her record for being unique, Mae's picture is not a costume picture, but really modern. In fact, she dresses in just the sort of clothes you would expect to wear! Or would you?

FRILLS

*There Is Feminine Appeal
About A Frilly Summery
Dress.*



Mr. Banton, the noted couturier of Paramount Studios, in designing this gown for Claudette Colbert, has gone in for flounces and frothy, alluring frills. There is nothing else that can give the same touch of girlishness.



Mary Ellis resting on one of those stand-up seats to keep from crushing the ruffles on this Banton creation.



Elissa Landi's skirts seem to foam about her. Her dress is of dotted swiss muslin and the frills overlap.

"How Beautiful She Looks"

... they say of
GINGER ROGERS

*Wouldn't You Like to Have
This Said About You?*

WHAT a pleasure to know that the attraction of your beauty calls forth admiration. How interesting, how thrilling life becomes.

You can share this joy if you learn how to emphasize the charm of your own natural beauty with the magic of a new kind of make-up, originated for the stars of the screen by Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius.

It is called color harmony make-up, and consists of face powder, rouge and lipstick in new, original, harmonized color tones. Created to beautify living screen star types, you may be sure they will glorify the color appeal of your beauty, whether you are blonde, brunette, brownette or redhead.

Instantly, the very first time you make up, you will note an amazing difference. You will see how the face powder actually gives to your skin a satin-smooth loveliness...you will marvel how the rouge, like finest skin-texture, imparts a soft, natural color...you will see your lips becoming more alluring with a perfect color accent...and hours later you will wonder how make-up can remain so lastingly beautiful.

So today can bring your most wonderful adventure in beauty. Share the secret of all Hollywood's stars...for the luxury of Color Harmony Make-Up is now available to you at nominal prices. Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar.

POWDER... Creating a satin-smooth make-up that will cling for hours, Max Factor's Rachelle Face Powder blends in color harmony with Ginger Rogers' light titian coloring. Perfect under any close-up test.

ROUGE... Harmonizing with the color tone of the powder...Max Factor's Flame Rouge imparts a soft, lifelike glow of color to the cheeks...smooth, like finest skin texture, it always blends evenly.



FOR personal make-up advice...and to test your own color harmony shades in powder and lipstick...mail this coupon.



GINGER ROGERS
Starring in R-K-O's
"STAR OF MIDNIGHT"



LIPSTICK... Accenting the color appeal of the lips, Max Factor's Super-Indelible Flame Lipstick completes the color harmony make-up. Moisture-proof...the color remains permanent and uniform for hours.

Max Factor ★ Hollywood

SOCIETY MAKE-UP: Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick In Color Harmony

.....
Mail for your COLOR HARMONY IN POWDER AND LIPSTICK
.....
MAIL THIS COUPON TO MAX FACTOR... HOLLYWOOD
JUST fill in the coupon for Pure-Size Box of Powder in your color harmony shade and Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. Enclose 10 cents for postage and handling. You will also receive your Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and a 48-page illustrated book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up"... FREE.
NAME _____ 17-5-91
STREET _____
CITY _____ STATE _____
.....

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light... ☐	Blue... ☐	BLONDE
Fair... ☐	Gray... ☐	Light... ☐ Dark... ☐
Creamy... ☐	Green... ☐	BROWNETTE
Medium... ☐	Hazel... ☐	Light... ☐ Dark... ☐
Ruddy... ☐	Brown... ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow... ☐	Black... ☐	Light... ☐ Dark... ☐
Freckled... ☐	Light... ☐	REDHEAD
Olive... ☐	Dark... ☐	Light... ☐ Dark... ☐
SKIN Dry ☐	AGE _____	If Hair is Gray, check type above and here... ☐
Only ☐ Normal ☐		

.....

No orphan sachets

STEAMED HER HAIR!

INSIDE this young lady's curly head is a lot of good, sound shopping sense. When she needed a wave, did she drop into any shop and say, "Give me a Permanent"? Yes, she did; but she added, "A Eugene Permanent, with *Eugene Sachets*!"

Many of her friends fell for "bargain waves," given with home-made or twice-used dabs of sachets, filled with Heaven-knows-what harsh chemicals . . . and all *they* got was a mop of dull frizz. But look at *her* hair. You can see its healthy lustre. You can almost feel its softness.

If your own hair is to receive similar protection, see that no

nameless, *orphan* sachets steam it . . . look for the trade-mark-of-safety . . . Eugene.

Each Eugene sachet contains the exact, scientific amount of pure waving lotion needed to turn out one perfect wave or ringlet. This gentle lotion, Eugeneol, is a secret formula, used *only* in Eugene Sachets throughout the world. Be as shrewd about buying a wave as you are in buying fashions or food . . . don't guess, don't hope, don't wish! Say to your hairdresser, "Use Eugene Sachets" . . . then read your favorite magazine while you wait for your headful of lovely, lustrous Eugene curls!

A Eugene Wave



ONE EUGENE SACHET SENT YOU FREE.

Examine this sachet . . . acquaint yourself with the trade-mark by which it can always be identified. Take it with you to your hairdresser's! We will also send you a copy of "Here's How!", a booklet of new hair styles, with information for keeping your Eugene wave in condition. Mail a postal to Eugene, Ltd., 521 Fifth Ave., N.Y.



CLIVE BROOK RETURNS

By Lenore
Samuels

After An Absence Of A Year And A Half, Clive Brook Is Now At Work In Hollywood.

In England Clive made "The Dictator," an elaborate costume drama.

SLENDER, grey-eyed, and lacking but an inch of the traditional hero's six feet in height, the Clive Brook who greeted me at the door of his Ritz Carlton suite in New York (en route from London to Hollywood) was the epitome of the Clive Brook we have come to know in such film successes as Noel Coward's "Cavalcade," "Twenty-four Hours" or "Declassé."

From this you may gather that Mr. Brook, in person, possesses a charming manner which, if it is not exactly the same as the hale and hearty approach of his American brothers, manages, nevertheless, to put you completely at your ease.

You may also surmise—and correctly, too—that at 11 o'clock on this particular morning he was becomingly garbed in the neat navy blue suit, white shirt and unobtrusive tie that you are accustomed to find adorning every nine out of ten bankers, lawyers or prominent writers whose characters Mr. Brook sinks his cinema teeth into so easily in his suave, sophisticated society roles.

And you may further assume that Mr. Brook can drape himself with supreme nonchalance against a mantelpiece, cigarette in hand, while he converses with engaging candour; that he can narrow his eyes astutely while driving home a point, and can fix you with that half-cynical, half-laughing smile of his just as convincingly as does the Mr. Brook you have all become enamoured with on the screen. But wait . . . any moment now you expect the navy blue suit to turn into heavy checked tweeds, the cigarette into a pipe, and a peaked cap to envelope that carefully parted, smooth brown hair. And, presto! What have we here? Sherlock Holmes, to be sure! My favorite fiction detective ever since Mr. Brook brought him to life upon the screen not so many years ago.

When I told him I remembered his splendid portrayal of the romantic "down-and-out" in "Underworld," a silent picture, Mr. Brook remarked most sweetly: "Don't tell me you remember that?"

You would expect this Mr. Brook to say the nicest things!

And speaking of "Underworld," which, by the way, was the film which skyrocketed Mr. Josef Von Sternberg to directorial fame in those post-Marlene Dietrich days, we must come further out in the open and confess that we think Mr. Brook did some of his best work in roles which painted him as a man slowly but surely wallowing deeper and deeper in the mud of human existence. Remember his "Heliotrope" in "Forgotten Faces" (it goes back a few years, but you really ought to remember, for performances like that should not be brushed from your



mind) and his almost equally impressive "Dan" in Ann Harding's most popular film, "Gallant Lady"?

If you prefer to remember him most kindly as Major (or was it Colonel?) Marryot in "Cavalcade," I shan't criticize you. It is simply that I prefer Clive Brook when he is tired of it all.

Since Mr. Brook has been absent from these shores for almost a year and a half—much too long, I told him, as the fans are fickle and have lately exhibited a fondness for rugged individualism—it is time you got acquainted with him all over again. And I couldn't personally recommend a more spectacular and romantic return than he makes in "The Dictator," a Toeplitz Production which he made in London, and which will shortly be released in this country by Gaumont-British Films.

It is an elaborate costume film, the story one of diplomatic intrigue, set against the background of 18th century Danish court life. "It is the sort of thing," Mr. Brook assured me, "that England does so extraordinarily well, and ranks with such tremendous successes as 'Henry the 8th' and 'Catharine the Great.'" Madeleine Carroll, the beautiful English girl who was in Hollywood for a short period last winter, plays opposite him.

While in London, Mr. Brook leased the historically romantic home of Dickens, which is situated at Richmond, overlooking the

Thames. And he had an amusing tale to tell about the rental of this house.

"My wife went to see it first with an agent, who knew her simply as Mrs. Brook. He quoted a price of fifteen guineas a week, which was reasonable considering that it was still furnished the way it was in Dickens' time. She was enraptured with the place, so I went up to see it with her next day. The agent took one look at me, then said: 'Are you Clive Brook, the film star?' I had to admit that I was and then and there the price was jacked up to thirty guineas, which was laying it on a bit thick, you know."

They finally came to terms, and it [Continued on page 68]

ALMOST every great scene is an accident. Every one of those sublime moments on the screen that burn themselves into your memory are really the haphazard result of luck. Sometimes these great scenes are tragic, sometimes comic and sometimes superbly poignant, but they are always the phenomena of mischance.

Now let us test this "accident" theory on Grace Moore's glorious effort, "One Night of Love," a picture so packed with unforgettable scenes that it is impossible for me to make a personal selection.

However, Miss Moore told me the two sequences in this production that have been lifted out by critics and fans for special mention are the "breathing exercise" bit with Tullio Carminati and the "Madame Butterfly" grand opera scene that was the picture's final shot.

Although I found America's most beautiful lyrics soprano knee deep in a new script and mysterious looking scores for her next picture (which is as yet untitled), she was anxious to talk about her favorite child, "One Night of Love." She said:

"That exercise scene in which Mr. Carminati piled books on my chest and instructed me to breathe deeply, is actually the culmination of all my own resentment and disdain stored up during the years I was forced to accept the old-fashioned ideas of vocal training.

"Do you know that once I was made to shove a heavy piano around a room to improve my diaphragm control? Somehow I knew that an audience would find high amusement in some of those fantastic and antediluvian notions concerning the development of lung power."

"I selected the exercise in which, lying on the floor, I was weighed down with heavy books and told to breathe deeply, because I felt that just this one flash would be sufficient to establish the ridiculousness of the whole thing."

And there you have it. A great scene is achieved because a star nurses an old grudge against some crusty singing instructors who wasted her energy and time with useless, not to say terribly strenuous, methods.

If you saw "One Night of Love" you will never forget Grace Moore's rendition of "One Fine Day" in the "Madame Butterfly" scene. You will always remember how a strange rapture made your flesh crawl when she sang, "He will call Butterfly—little wife of mine—little cherry blossom . . ."—and how emotion closed up your throat when she finished the divine aria on a clear, superb, magnificent high C.

Now, the "Madame Butterfly" opera was selected for the final scene of that production, not because it offered a beautiful photographic background, or an opportunity for the star to scintillate in a cloth of silver kimono. It was used for the final sequence, I have been told by friends of Grace Moore, because she asked for it. And these same friends recall that "Madame Butterfly" was the opera in which Grace Moore won her first American acclaim, and all this makes me wonder if she made that request because she hoped it might repeat that initial triumph, and bring to her the screen victory that failed to materialize in her picture debut for M-G-M in "A Lady's Morals" and "New Moon."

Death scenes, any actor will tell you, are the most difficult chore in stage or screen repertoire. It is almost impossible to make such scenes convincing, and that is why the veteran screen performer side-steps them whenever possible.

But there was no side-stepping the death scene in "Cleopatra" for Claudette Colbert. History is history, and since the Siren of the Nile selected an ugly little asp as a way out of her difficulties, there was no alternative for Claudette.

But strangely enough, Claudette's suicide

Their BIG MOMENTS

By

Julie Lang Hunt

scene, seated on a golden throne, arrayed in Egyptian ceremonial robes, has been showered with verbal honors from every motion picture reviewer in the country.

"That amazing look of repressed terror as she grasped the asp was almost too realistic," wrote one critic.

"The best scene of its kind these weary eyes have witnessed in ten years of picture reviewing," penned another drama editor.

And because I happened to be on the set the very day this death sequence was filmed (I was working in the Paramount publicity department at the time) I can prove once more that an accident, and not even a happy one, shoved this scene up into the Hall of Fame.

Because she loathes snakes, even little asps (and what woman doesn't), director Cecil B. DeMille had the prop department make a basketful of nice harmless paper reptiles for the royal suicide. Claudette rehearsed the scene six or seven times with the limp paper props, and everything was finally in order for the first "take."

My roving eye caught DeMille talking to the slave girl whose duty it was to bring the fatal basket containing the snake to the unhappy Cleopatra. It was a good thing that Claudette's eye was not roving in the same direction, because I saw a live and wiggling little asp (venom extracted, of course) trading places with the prop in the basket.

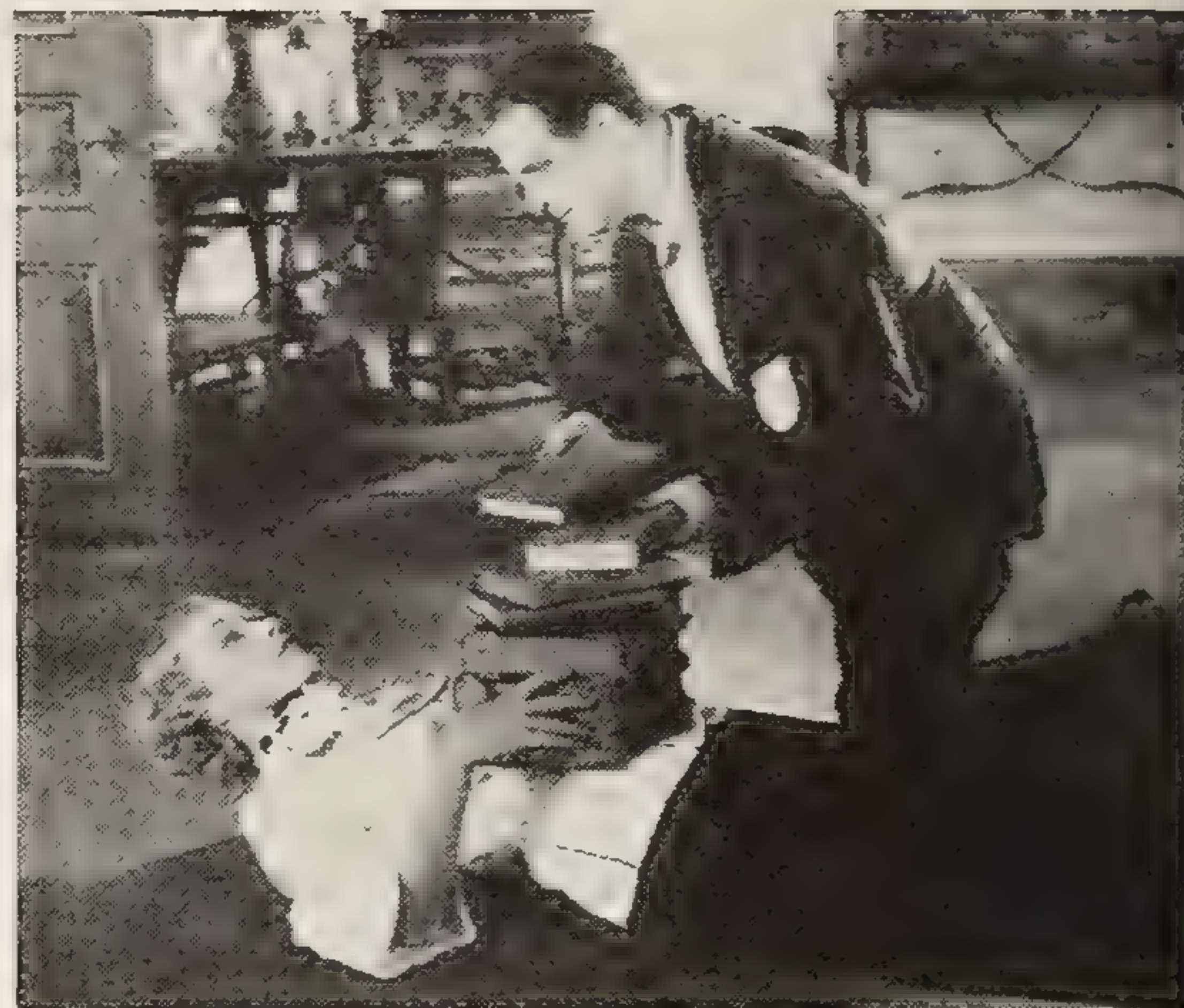
The next moment the lights were on, the cameras grinding, and the brave Queen plunged her hand into the basket for her asp. And because the cameras were whirring and because she is a seasoned trouser, Claudette did not let the scream that choked her tumble from her lips. She well might have, but there is the lucky break—she held on to that squirming bit of horror and pressed it to her breast, and the camera caught that superb flash of unearthly terror that passed across her eyes. And so another great scene was added to Hollywood's credit side of the ledger.

Probably the comedy scenes that rise into the stratosphere of fame are the greatest "accidents" of all.

There is, for example, "The Thin Man" and that riotous bit of business that had Bill Powell lying on a divan shooting ornaments off a Christmas tree with a tiny shot gun.

I found Powell on an M-G-M set, finishing his current picture, "Reckless," with Jean Harlow.

"Just the result of a dull afternoon and a bet," Powell explained the medley of chance that motivated this bit of comedy to prominence. "That Christmas tree had been a prop on the set for more than a week and I was getting sick of looking at it. Then there came an afternoon when things went



Tullio Carminati and Grace Moore in the hit scene of "One Night of Love." This unforgettable moment was Miss Moore's own idea.



Mae West has never been greater than during that moment in "I'm No Angel" when she made her memorable plea to the jury.



The famous scene in "The Thin Man" when William Powell demonstrates to his charming wife, Myrna Loy, his steadiness, accuracy and skill.

Sometimes A Player Rises To Heights He Never Has Reached Before. It Is His Big Moment, Never To Be Forgotten.



In "Wings in the Dark," Cary Grant reached an extraordinary peak of realism when, crazed by his approaching blindness, he loses control.



In "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer," a horrible torture scene gave an opportunity to Gary Cooper to demonstrate what a marvelous actor he is.



The moment of Cleopatra's death is often spoken of as the high spot of Claudette Colbert's performance, but it was really an accident.

slowly, and I was forced to amuse myself. I decided to improve my aim by annihilating those annoying tinsel ornaments with pieces of wadded paper snapped from a rubber band."

"This innocent amusement started the whole cast and crew aiming at the same little ornaments, and soon someone produced a pop gun from the property department. With this instrument the pastime grew to a heated contest, with bets being placed on the marksmanship of a talented few."

And so the director, "Woody" Van Dyke, watching the hilarity provoked by the "ornament popping" decided to put the "business" into the production.

Hollywood rates the torture scenes in "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" as the finest acting Gary Cooper has accomplished in his seven years of picture work.

Gary says he prefers the explosion scene at the end of the picture, but I'll stick to the choice of film fans and critics.

I talked with Gary about this just an hour before he left for his annual New York spring outing. He said:

"That agonized expression on my face when the bamboo sticks were being forced under my fingernails was realistic enough, I guess. Those darned sticks, ten of them, mind you, had to be placed and stuck with gluey stuff every morning before nine o'clock."

"For three whole days, I had to be fed, I couldn't smoke and every glass of water had to be sipped through a glass tube, invalid fashion. I had to remember to hold my hands away from my body and everything else, to keep the sticks from breaking off. It was torture. Probably that is why the whole thing filmed well."

I will never forget the night Mae West's second picture, "I'm No Angel," was previewed. The spontaneous burst of applause that greeted the famous courtroom scene was one of those unexplainable breaks of enthusiasm and seldom occur today in our splendidly impersonal "movie" houses.

As I said, I will never forget this preview, because I was on the set when that courtroom scene was made. The thermometers zoomed to 104 degrees that day, and, as if the weather was not enough to hamper a schedule devoted to light comedy, the cooling system on the stage broke down.

Mae, as you remember, was gowned for that scene in black velvet and blue fox furs, which didn't help matters. The situation was further complicated because the day was Mae's birthday, and she was anxious to get home and have a nap before a big dinner party given in her honor that evening.

Things went badly from the first shot. Several extras fainted from the heat, and Mae's make-up was ruined by the lights after each shot.

But during the afternoon a strange thing happened to Mae. Soon after the lunch hour a continuous stream of florist boxes were delivered to her on the set. It was her birthday, of course, and her many famous friends were remembering her, we thought. By the middle of the afternoon her portable dressing-room was almost buried in the accumulation of blooms.

But what few of us knew then was that every one of those boxes came from the men and women employees of the Paramount studio.

It is not strange then, I suppose, that Mae West was able, on that steaming day, to turn out the best scene of her career.

Exhibitors' reports (and believe me, stu-

dios live and die by them) indicate that "Wings in the Dark" is the greatest "tear jerker" of the year, and the "teariest" scene in the whole picture concerns a dog trying to make friends with Cary Grant who plays the rôle of a blind aviator.

Cary had been vacationing in a secret hide-away, and I had almost given up hope of talking to him about this new triumph of his, when I found him dining one night at Hollywood's gayest spot, the Trocadero.

While men and women tangoed, laughed and flirted about us, Cary told me that he hoped, even prayed, he would never be called upon to repeat what the exhibitors chose to call his "big scene."

"I had to strike a dog," he told me bitterly. "Not a really harsh blow, you understand, but I had to shove that dog from me roughly and he could not understand why I had to do that to him."

"He was a superb dog, had been raised at the 'Seeing Eye' institution that trains dogs to guide the blind. I had him around me for weeks before production started so that we could become thoroughly acquainted, and so he would learn that I was not blind, but that at certain times I would pretend to be and he must lead me just as carefully as he would a sightless person."

"All this the dog soon understood. But when we started work, he never could understand why I had to strike out at him during that scene in a mountain cabin when I am supposed to go mad with rage because I cannot see. It made me feel so cheap and mean, for I knew the dog couldn't understand. I hope I will never have to repeat that performance ever again."

I am sure that for sheer revolting perfection Bette Davis' scene in "Of Human Bondage," in which she wrecks Leslie Howard's apartment, will never be surpassed.

Critics have called that two hundred feet of film a masterstroke of viciousness.

"I can only remember that I was terrified," said Bette, when I discovered her on the set of Bordertown, and brought the subject up. To play convincingly the part of a woman bereft of a single kindly emotion, a woman who was cruel, ignorant, common, shallow and depraved, seemed almost too much to ask of any actress.

"I can remember that on the morning scheduled for this scene, I happened to read in the sports section of the newspapers something about the psychology of pep talks on football teams just before big games."

"You will think I am foolish when I tell you I decided to try the system on myself. I gave myself my own pep talk. I gave it aloud, I argued with myself, and actually talked myself out of much of my nervousness and disbelief in myself. And do you know, it really worked."

Sometime during the month of June there will be another great scene added to the glowing list of Hollywood's masterpieces. You will find it in Mae West's forthcoming picture, "How Am I doin'?" Watch for the bit that shows Mae in a South American dance hall, dancing a sizzling rumba with Tito Coral and singing a gay French song.

And remember when you see this scene that Mae West went through the entire sequence on the day she received word that her father had died suddenly of heart failure in San Francisco.

Remember that, although the studio called off all work when it learned about the tragedy, Mae West called up her director and asked him to recall the extras and plan for a full day's work.

"I want to work today," she said. "I must work. It will help me. And it will help those extra players too."

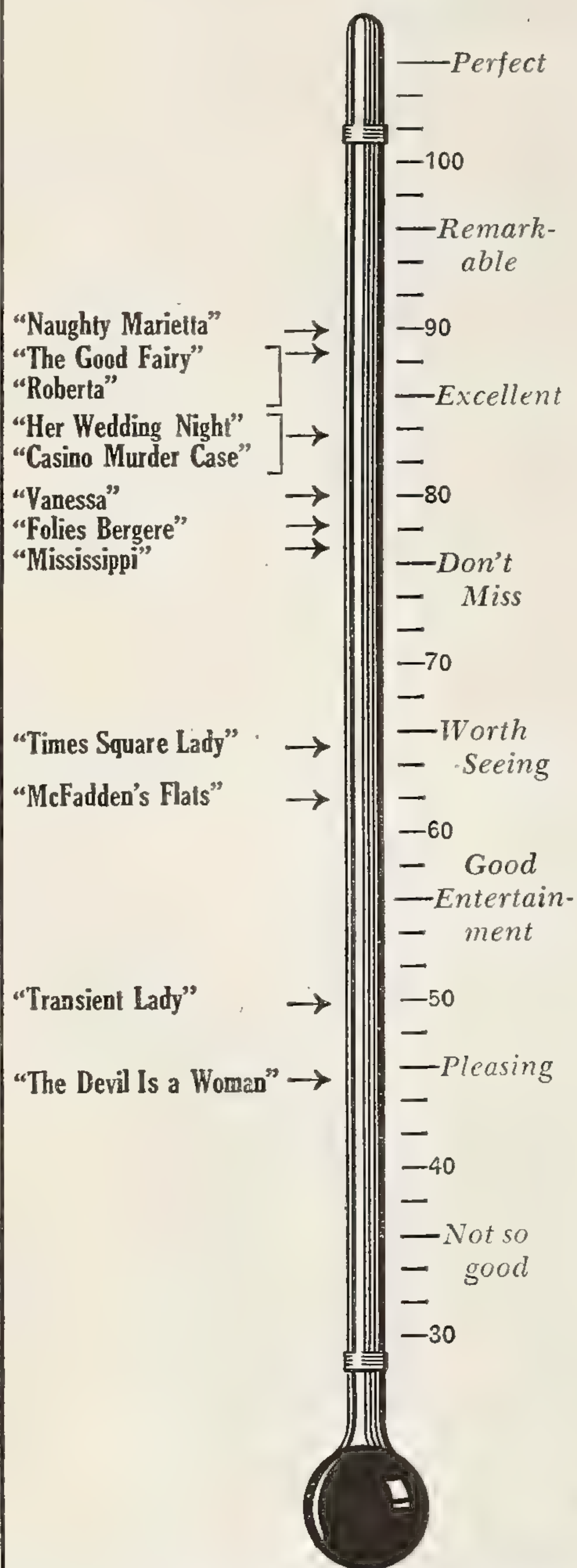
No one beyond the immediate production staff has witnessed this dancing, flirting, singing scene, but something tells me that it is destined to be one of Hollywood's flashes of greatness.

REVIEWS

OF PICTURES SEEN

PICTURE THERMOMETER

Degrees of Quality



important part in American pictures and is a knock-out. She is simply grand as Frank Morgan's awful wife, and Frank, as usual, never muffs a laugh. Now that Hollywood is Nelson Eddy-mad, that personable young man has left on a concert tour, so maybe you'll be seeing him again before we will. Anyway, don't miss "Naughty Marietta."

THE GOOD FAIRY

Rating: 89°—LAUGHS GALORE—*Universal*

THIS picture is simply packed from beginning to end with laughs, and when I left the theatre I had to have my jaws snapped into place again as I haven't laughed so much in years. If you've something glum around the house I advise you to take him to this picture.

It starts with Margaret Sullavan, a little orphan in a Budapest asylum, starting out in the world to make a living by being an usher in a cinema palace. She meets a waiter, Reginald Owen, who gives her a ticket to a ball at his hotel the following night, and there Margaret falls into the arms of Frank Morgan, wealthy South American meat packer. When Frank becomes ardent in a private dining room, Margaret invents herself a husband, she picks him out of the phone book, and then the complications begin.

It is difficult to say which scene is the funniest, as the picture never lets down for one minute. Frank Morgan has never been so superb, not even in the "Affairs of Cellini," and he fairly walks away with the picture. But don't belittle Margaret, Reginald Owen, and Herbert Marshall, the hand-picked husband, for they are excellent. Praise must also go to Beulah Bondi and Alan Hale in small parts.

It was during the production of this picture that Margaret Sullavan, after being as difficult as possible, suddenly fell in love

with Director Willie Wyler and eloped with him to Yuma. It is easy to see their complete happiness reflecting itself in the picture.

ROBERTA

Rating: 89°—FRED ASTAIRE AGAIN—*R-K-O*

HERE'S the follow-up on "The Gay Divorcee" that you've been looking for, and your patience is rewarded for it's the top in musicals. That most popular young man, Fred Astaire, goes through the most superb dance routines you've seen since the Continental, and his comedy is just as nimble and casual as his feet. It's another Fred Astaire triumph.

But that's not all, I should say it isn't, for here we have Irene Dunne looking too glamorous and beautiful to be of this world, in some perfectly elegant clothes (sables, my dear, and silver fox, and ermine ah-ah-ah) designed for her by Bernard Newman, R-K-O's new fashion designer, and it's about time they got one too. Irene is given that juicy plum, "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes," and what she does to this old favorite is really magnificent.

Then, too, there's Ginger Rogers, getting better and better, with those trick dance steps, and she does a routine with Freddie that will make your hair curl. And there's Randy Scott, handsome and virile, and Helen Westley and Claire Dodd, and a fashion show that will make the women swoon with delight.

As you doubtless know, the picture is adapted from the successful Broadway musical "Roberta" and has an honest to goodness plot. Randy Scott, just out of college, inherits his aunt's fashionable dress-making shop in Paris, and with his pal, Freddie, decides to run it. Freddie bumps into Ginger Rogers from his old home town, who is posing as a Polish Countess in Paris, and Randy Scott falls head over heels for

NAUGHTY MARIETTA

Rating: 90°—MEET NELSON EDDY—*Metro*

HERE'S just about the most pleasant evening in the theatre I could wish for anyone. With W. S. Van Dyke directing, Victor Herbert's famous operetta with its lovely, familiar arias takes its place as one of the best pictures of the year. The settings are gorgeous, the music is thrilling, and the photography beautiful—which is excuse enough for you to enjoy yourself, but just wait until you see—and hear—Nelson Eddy.

He's a sensation, nothing less. Pleasing personality, rare charm, and a voice that electrifies you, now what more can you ask? In discovering Nelson Eddy, don't forget Jeanette MacDonald, who looks like a million dollars and sings like an angel. You just can't afford to miss Jeanette and Nelson Eddy and those Victor Herbert arias.

If you've been around much this last quarter of a century, you have a fair idea of the plot of "Naughty Marietta," but don't let it bother you for Van Dyke didn't let it bother him, as, with so much lilting music, beauty and gay comedy, there really isn't any time for story.

Another grand surprise is Elsa Lanchester (Charles Laughton's wife) who has her first



Rosalind Russell and Paul Lukas cast their undeniable charm over "The Casino Murder Case."

Irene Dunne, an exiled Russian Princess who is his aunt's head designer. There's romance, there's music, there's comedy, but most of all, there's Fred Astaire.

HER WEDDING NIGHT

Rating: 84°—ANNA'S BEST—Goldwyn

THE third of the Anna Sten pictures is by far the best, in fact, conservative that I am, I might venture to say that it's a knock-out. And so is Anna. This time she plays the rôle of a Connecticut Polish girl and she plays with such warmth and sincerity, and she is so naive and charming, that she sort of wraps herself around your heart and you hope to goodness you won't have to wait forever for another Anna Sten picture.

Gary Cooper plays opposite Anna this time, and if there's any doubt in your mind, after "Lives of a Bengal Lancer," that Gary isn't a fine actor, just see him in this picture. Ole Massa Gary, who has been around so long as a strong silent man, has suddenly developed into one of Hollywood's leading brilliant actors. Maybe it's the Sandra influence.

But the most delightful surprise of the picture is Helen Vinson. Helen decides to act, and she does it so well she had the preview audience loudly applauding her scenes. The plot's about that old familiar triangle, two women and a man, but there is a problem that holds your interest throughout. The locale is an old farmhouse in Connecticut, during a long cold winter, and there is Gary, sensitive young author who has come home to his ancestors, deserted by his gay, sophisticated wife, and ready for an inspiration to write the Great American Novel. Anna, the Polish girl who brings the milk each morning, becomes his inspiration—and more. It's casual, it's charming, it's dramatic, it's tragic—it's a picture you really ought to see.

THE CASINO MURDER CASE

Rating: 84°—PAUL LUCAS BECOMES PHILO VANCE—Metro

HERE'S the nearest thing to "The Thin Man" that the busy little workshops in Hollywood have been able to turn out since that mad and delightful comedy mystery took the country by storm. Even if you have already read S. S. Van Dine's book, from which the picture is taken, and know who did what and why, you must not miss seeing it on the screen. For here, all done up in thrills and suspense, are some of the best laughs of the year.

Paul Lukas is simply elegant in the rôle of Philo Vance, and even though I am the faithful type, I must say that he makes a better Philo even than Bill Powell who has had the rôle copyrighted for the last decade. Of course the dialogue writers were a big help to him, too, for they have thrown him some very meaty lines.

I'm not going to give you even an inkling of the plot, if you don't already know it, and for enjoyment *de luxe* I advise you to see it from the very beginning. Every performance is outstanding. Rosalind Russell plays the romantic lead opposite Paul, and Miss Russell, who has only been seen in bits before, here proves without a doubt that she has the makings of a star. Also in the cast, and all of them excellent, are Isabel Jewell, Alison Skipworth, Donald Cook, Ted Healy, Arthur Byron, Louise Fazenda, Eric Blore and Leslie Fenton. The picture is directed at just the right tempo by Edwin Marin, and all I've got to say is that Woody Van Dyke had better look out.

VANESSA : HER LOVE STORY

Rating: 80°—LERVE, JUST LERVE—Metro

IT'S been a long time since we had one of these good-old-fashioned (waiter,



Hugh Walpole's famous book, "Vanessa," makes an excellent vehicle for Otto Kruger, Robert Montgomery and Helen Hayes. A delightful, old-fashioned story in which love finds a way.

bring me an old fashioned) love stories about the girl who wins her heart's desire after years and years of noble sacrifice. In this case Bob Montgomery is the heart's desire and Helen Hayes is the girl, and the two of them play so naturally and convincingly that you just have to be impressed even if you don't like lavender and old lace.

If, perchance, you are one of those women, and my, my, there must be millions of them, who are incurably romantic, and like nothing better than to sigh over a pressed rose, this is right down your alley, and how you will adore it.

The picture is adapted from Hugh Walpole's "Vanessa" and, briefly, is the story of an English family of the last century, of young Vanessa who loves her distant cousin, Benjie, but is parted from him by a misunderstanding, and then it is too late, for Benjie (Bob) in a drunken moment marries an inn keeper's daughter.

Vanessa (Helen) marries a rich cousin, Otto Kruger, who goes insane. Benjie returns, divorced from his wife, and he and Vanessa plan to run away and live together, but Vanessa, noble woman, cannot leave her dying husband. Obstacle, upon obstacle, but LOVE finds a way. May Robson as a sharp-witted old matriarch furnishes the comedy relief, and is still going at the ripe old age of one hundred and twenty. Henry Stephenson and Lewis Stone are grand in small parts. But the laurels go to Helen and Bob.

FOLIES BERGERE

Rating: 78°—OO LA LA CHEVALIER—Twentieth Century

IF you can't get to Paris this year just go to see this picture and console yourself, for here are gorgeous girls, gay music, a dash of naughtiness, and Monsieur Chevalier with the straw hat. The Folies Bergere, in case you are the innocent type, is the place where all Americans, good and bad, rush to as soon as they step off the boat train in gay Pardee, and it was there some ten years or so ago that Maurice Chevalier became the national idol. He used to sing "Valentino" in those days, so it is most appropriate that Mr. Zanuck's picture should start with Maurice singing the same song, but a slightly different version if I recall my wicked French.



In "Times Square Lady," the new discovery, Robert Taylor, of whom so much is expected, holds in his arms beautiful Helen Twelvetrees.

But don't get the idea that this is just a song and dance show. There's a plot. The one about a man impersonating another man, and did his wife know or didn't she? It's still a good plot and with Chevalier playing both Charlier, the darling of the Folies Bergere, and the Baron Casini, French aristocrat, it's very amusing and gay.

Merle Oberon makes her American debut in this picture (she was the famous Ann Boleyn of Henry VIII) and didn't look at all as I expected her to look. She was made up to look exotic and exotic she looked, and I'm all for giving her back to the English, who made a beauty of her in "Henry VIII." Ann Southern plays Charlier Chevalier's capricious and temperamental girl friend, and is quite cute. "Rhythm of the Rain," which song Chevalier and Ann sing while the girls go into an ensemble, is bound to be a song hit.

[Continued on page 72]

By Henry
Cory
Baxter

Nelson Eddy Began By Studying The Records
Of Famous Singers And Now He's The Sen-
sation Of Hollywood.

He sings with Jean-
ette MacDonald in
"Naughty Marietta."



A Voice, a Phonograph and BRAINS

THE newest romantic hero of the screen owes everything in his life to a phonograph. If Thomas A. Edison hadn't invented sound recording, Nelson Eddy probably wouldn't have become a great singer, and, through opera and concert engagements, found his way to the studios of Hollywood.

As he says—his career is "machine made." It started with a phonograph. Now he is playing the rôle of Captain Warrington, opposite Jeanette MacDonald, in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's spectacular musical romance "Naughty Marietta." He sings glamorous Victor Herbert numbers with Miss MacDonald and plays a dashing officer of old New Orleans.

There is nothing sensational or meteoric about Eddy's career. In fact, he waited two years for the right screen rôle to come along. He lived in Hollywood, appeared in a few rôles, studied the business, and particularly the details of sound recording. He went through studies, almost as complicated as a college course, to prepare himself for his opportunity.

Eddy is an odd mixture. He has the artistry of a singer, but with it the practical and analytical mind of an engineer—inherited doubtless from his father, a scientist and inventor of submarine devices for the government. He loves to tinker. He has invented his own special recording phonograph, and has a veritable sound laboratory in his home at Beverly Hills. No matter how high he soars on wings of song, he's always very near the invention that equipped him with his wings.

He was a newspaper reporter in Philadelphia, and a good one. He covered the police beat, then was three years on the copy desk. Singing, to him, was a mere

pastime, because he liked to sing. As a youngster, he had some idea of becoming a singer, but his was a practical family. And newspaperdom isn't the place for song.

Then the phonograph entered his life. He began to buy records of Caruso and Bonci, of Scotti and Pol Plancon and other great singers. Among them was a number by David Bispham, the great American baritone of his day. Bispham later became his teacher.

Eddy began singing with the records, practicing the inflections, the tone development, the musical idiosyncracies of the great singers whose voices came from the phonograph.

"I started it for fun," he relates, "And then found that I was actually learning. I'd often laughed at advertisements about learning Spanish or French by phonograph, but I found that, in singing, it was practical. At least, it showed me how a song should be sung. Of course to do it—to find out the technique, the voice method by which the effects were accomplished, came later. I found that I'd learned to do a lot of things wrong from imitating the phonograph. Also a lot of things right. But it taught me for the first time how to sing songs. If it hadn't been for that phonograph I'd probably never have become a singer. I wasn't making enough for expensive lessons—and I didn't have the time, anyhow."

Thus the invention of Edison started young Eddy songward.

Then David Bispham arrived in Philadelphia. A newspaperman told him about the singing copyreader. The great baritone was curious. The two met, and Bispham listened to Eddy sing.

"You've got a voice," declared the older man. "With a little training, you could be a really great singer."

"Aw—it's good enough to have fun with—but I don't think singing's my racket. I do it just for pleasure," answered the newspaperman.

"It's been a darned good racket with me," answered Bispham grimly. "Look here, young man—I'm going to take you in hand for a while and show you something."

Bispham took Eddy in hand. He gave the young man lessons. He taught him voice placement, tone correction. He showed him how to pronounce unnaturally to make a word in singing sound natural. For instance, a baritone when he sings the word "heart" pronounces it "hoart," because the conformation of the mouth in singing makes it sound like "heart" when it issues from the lips. Daily Eddy became more fascinated with the new study, and daily his voice grew better. When Bispham was ready to leave Philadelphia, young Eddy was ready to go into the Savoy comic opera company, singing in Gilbert and Sullivan and similar comic operas. He achieved instant popularity.

Then he sought another teacher. By now he was serious about this singing business. He studied under several teachers. Then he joined the Philadelphia civic opera, and went in for the study of Grand Opera. And at this period he found the teacher who today is his closest friend, Dr. Edouard Lippe, former opera singer, and world famous developer of operatic singers. Under Dr. Lippe he became a brilliant star of grand opera, and today has mastered 37 rôles.

Between opera engagements he was sent
[Continued on page 67]

HURDLE COMPETITION!

**Men love that
come-and-get-me challenge
from merry eyes and tempting
lips . . . To win them — daily
stimulate facial circulation
with DOUBLE MINT gum.**



OUR "HOPE CHEST"



**—it tells you why you
shouldn't try an
untried laxative**

AT the Ex-Lax plant is a big box containing 522 little boxes. Each one contains a laxative that "hoped" to imitate Ex-Lax, and get away with it.

For 28 years we have seen them come and seen them go...while Ex-Lax has gone along growing bigger and bigger year by year... simply by giving satisfaction to millions of people who turned to it for pleasant, painless, thorough relief from constipation.

WHY EX-LAX HAS STOOD THE TEST OF TIME

Ex-Lax is a chocolated laxative... but it is so much more than just chocolate flavor and a laxative ingredient. The way it is made... the satisfaction it gives... these things apparently can't be copied. They haven't been yet!

Of course, Ex-Lax is thorough. Of course, it is gentle. It won't give you stomach pains, or leave you feeling weak, or upset you. It won't form a habit...you don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results.

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855 Please send free sample of Ex-Lax.

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TOPICS FOR GOSSIPS

[Continued from page 17]

"Poochy," so Sally accepted the part without further ado.

WHILE Evelyn Venable's watch was being repaired she bought a large cheap Ingersoll to carry in her purse. One day she drove over to see Mr. and Mrs. John Lodge. Lily, John's little daughter, kept staring at Evelyn and sidling up to her and then backing away, and the Lodges were quite distressed with their daughter's weird behavior. But the minute Evelyn departed Lily rushed to her father and exclaimed in an awe-struck voice, "Daddy, that lady ticks."

AT LAST it has come. We knew it would sooner or later. Last week on Highland Avenue, in the heart of Hollywood, a new market opened and on its marquee blared forth: THE WORLD'S SUPER MARKET. Now all we need is a colossal butcher shop.

LORETTA YOUNG and George Brent have been seen at the Trocadero together several times recently, so we might as well call it a romance. However, it was Bernard Newman, R-K-O's new fashion designer, who escorted her to the swanky Mayfair.

THE Pat O'Briens recent house warming party was one of those affairs that Hollywood will long remember. Everyone in town was there to admire the new swimming pool, the barbecue pit, and the badminton and handball courts. Bing Crosby started off the informality with a few popular croonings, but before twilight had set in everyone was Sweet Adelining. The *pièce de résistance* was the frantic search for Lyle Talbot's new grey fedora which disappeared, no one knew where, sometime between the hors d'œuvres and spaghetti. To Lyle's great mortification it was finally discovered at the bottom of the swimming pool!

DOROTHY PARKER threw a come-and-bring-your-dog party to about a hundred and fifty of her intimate friends recently, and now her agent advises her that it will be cheaper for her to buy the house than have it repaired.



Acme

Arlene Judge watches Wesley Ruggles, her husband, giving the baby a lesson in swimming.

CHARLIE BUTTERWORTH has discovered a way to take the exercise out of golf. He rides around in a rickshaw from shot to shot.

THE carpenters are busy at Clark Gable's new house, lengthening his garage to accommodate his new "mile long" roadster.

AND the red carnation is having its day in Hollywood right now. Marlene Dietrich and Carole Lombard were the leaders in the carnation fad, and now they've got the whole town converted, with the possible exception of Joan Crawford, who is still faithful to her gardenias.

JEAN HARLOW has announced that spring is here by blossoming out in a platinum colored cellophane bathing suit and opening her swimming pool.

JOAN BENNETT'S colored chauffeur, having taken a brief vacation to himself, the Japanese houseboy was by some mischance assigned to drive Joan to her studio the other day. Subsequent results were little less than terrific—the little Nipponese, evidently sitting in the driver's seat



Wide World

When Franchot Tone and Joan Crawford went to a preview they could not hope to escape without having their pictures taken.

for the first time, narrowly missed a truck, a brick wall, and a telephone pole, and got two tickets before the first mile was up. After missing the truck by a fraction of a second Joan decided to take over the driving herself. Joan seldom drives and isn't very good at it, so by the time they reached the studio it was difficult to say which of the two was the more frightened.

RICARDO CORTEZ and Ronnie Colman are still going around without their mustaches, which have been keeping them warm for years. And Ronnie Colman, the recluse, has actually been stepping out to a few parties with Loretta Young. The beautiful Loretta gets them all.

DICK POWELL has been taking Virginia Bruce to a few of the night spots lately, but Mary Brian doesn't seem to be at all put out about it.

I See Them On Broadway

[Continued from page 29]

bard is almost as direct in her remarks as Connie, and just as refreshing. She will answer honestly any question that you ask, but she will ask you not to print this and not to print that. I like her immensely. I like the way she swears, her "damns" and "Hells" being a delightful contrast to the primness of lesser personages of Hollywood. Gloria Swanson talks the same language as the Misses Bennett and Lombard. For a time, I rode her hard in the column about Herbert Marshall. "Tell Sullivan," she said, "that if he is so angry because I'm going with Herbert Marshall, that he should be equally burned up at Edna Best for marrying him." I didn't understand the message. "Marshall was married when he started going with Edna Best," explained Miss Swanson's manager, "so Gloria can't understand why all the sympathy now is directed at Edna Best."

Of all the stars who come to Broadway from the Coast, George Raft is the prime favorite. Next to Jack Dempsey, I think Raft has the happiest faculty of saying the right thing, an expression of modesty that is very winning. In his lean days around New York, Raft knew a great variety of people. It was assumed that when he returned here that the former hooper would have gone Hollywood, donned the high hat. Instead, he hunted out all of his friends from the coffee-and-cake days and went out of his way to take them around to all of the places to which he was invited. He is a thoroughly nice kid, and Broadway, which seldom has a good word for anybody, becomes loquacious when singing his praises.

If Connie Bennett got herself panned on the Main Stem for arriving too late at a theatre, Marlene Dietrich got herself rapped for leaving too early. Marlene and Peggy Fears, accompanied by the Jimmy Strooms, attended "Hot Cha," in which Lupe Velez was appearing. They were sitting in Row A, and shortly before intermission, Marlene and Peggy left their seats to visit Lupe backstage. But Lupe didn't want to see them because as she expressed it later, "the two of them—they sit in the front row and they do not smile—their faces are frozen." From there, as I recall it, Marlene and Peggy dashed to Jack Haley's "Take a Chance" and saw half of that. The next day, I blasted Miss Dietrich for her discourtesy to fellow professionals, but she claimed that her rudeness was unintentional, and that she had been actuated by a keen desire to see both shows in her last day in New York.

Max Baer, and I treat him now as a flicker star, is always lively copy when he arrives on Broadway. One night, at the Ha Ha Club, he got himself involved in a jewel robbery; another night, he almost had a fist fight at El Morocco through no fault of his own, and on his last trip, the impetuosity of his love-making to Mary Kirk Brown, a Georgia peach, cracked Page 1. Of all the people who have appeared in pictures, he is the most colorful visitor to the bright light sector.

Burns and Allen, when they are in New York, spend most of their time with a little clique composed of the Jack Bennys, Jack Pearls and Benny Fields and Blossom Seeley. Nat Burns, or George Burns as he is known to radio and picture fans, is probably the funniest of all the comics off-stage. Sitting in the Jack Benny apartment, with his own crowd around him, he puts on a one-man show that is the most hilarious of evenings. Gracie Allen, who is the nitwit of the team in pictures, is very quiet and reserved in these gatherings. Ben

[Continued on page 61]

Is your hair **ALLURING**
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Don't let *dry, wispy hair* or *oily, stringy hair* offend him. For your hair's beauty, choose the right shampoo

FOR DRY HAIR

Don't—oh, don't—use a soap or shampoo on your hair which is harsh and drying. Packer's *Olive Oil Shampoo* is made especially for dry hair. It is a gentle "emollient" shampoo made of olive and other fine oils. In addition, it contains soothing, softening glycerine which helps to make your hair silkier and more manageable.

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for DRY hair



**PINE
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for OILY hair

Puzzle Pictures

What Names Are Represented?



1



2



3



4



5



6



7



8



9

Can You Solve These Mysterious Pictures?

EVERY picture represents the name of some player on the screen. The actors often put on make-up and thus disguise themselves, and here, instead of the actors, we have their names masquerading as this

and that. If you recognize them all, you are entitled to call yourself pretty darn smart. If you are not functioning this morning, turn to page 71 and there you will find the answers—and very much simpler, too.

[Continued from page 59]

Lyons and Bebe Daniels, on Broadway, prefer the Central Park Casino and the El Morocco. Twice they visited the Casino de Paree, and twice, by and odd coincidence, Ben was doused by gingerale from the balcony above.

Edward G. Robinson, on Broadway, can be found night after night at the theatre. In the daytime, he is generally in the art galleries. Paul Muni's instincts are just as intellectual. George O'Brien can be found every afternoon at the New York Athletic Club swimming, playing handball or boxing. Barbara Stanwyck spends most of her time in New York hunting out poor families, for Miss Stanwyck and her husband, Frank Fay, are intensely sympathetic and charitable. Just how many of New York's poor children these two support I don't know but the number is considerable. Raquel Torres, Renee Torres and the mad-cap Fifi D'Orsay used to bring plenty of excitement to Broadway when they were all single-o, but they have become very quiet and dignified since Raquel married Steve Ames and Fifi married her doctor. They were more fun when they used to stop at the Warwick. Al Jolson can be found every night in Dinty Moore's, telling race-track stories when he is on Broadway, and Ruby Keeler spends most of her time with her mother and little sister in Jackson Heights. Ruby rarely visits the night club belt. Alice Faye, when she is in town, will either be found in Rudy Vallee's company or with Judge Hymie Bushel, Rudy's lawyer, who once served as the escort for Fay Webb, Franchot Tone, arriving on Broadway, goes directly to whatever theatre his old pals of the Group Theatre, the Theatre Guild affiliate are occupying. The night he brought his family on from upstate New York to meet Joan Crawford, Franchot selected the conservative Central Park Casino for the get-together part, not knowing that Joan and Young Doug Fairbanks used to frequent it in the earlier days of their marriage.

Bert Wheeler, who rose from vaudeville to musical comedy and then to pictures, hasn't changed a bit since his fine celluloid success. The half-pint comedian, when he reaches town, makes a bee-line for his old vaudeville sidekick, Harry Jans, and together they visit every hot-spot in New York. On occasion, Bert will get up on a night club floor and recite, in falsetto key, the classic monologue about the "Little Mousie" that betrayed the generosity of a cat. Ricardo Cortez and his pretty wife like to go night-clubbing and, on their last trip here, they sat with us at the Cotton Club opening.

Clark Gable, on his last visit to town, needed police guards on every public appearance, frenzied women almost disrobing him whenever he appeared in the streets. Harold Lloyd is infrequently recognized, even by his most rabid fans, because he doesn't wear his glasses off the screen. I meet him regularly in Leone's famous Italian restaurant on West 48th street, eating spaghetti the likes of which you've never tasted before. W. C. Fields is another steady customer here. Janet Gaynor, recently, was at El Morocco with blonde Gene Raymond.

The most curious experience I've ever had with a moving picture star was at the New York Athletic Club. I had played a week at the Paramount Theatre, and Gary Cooper was to follow me in on Friday. During the week, I met Cooper, and when he complained of being run-down, I suggested that he go to the New York A. C. as my guest while he was in town and get himself in shape.

Unfortunately, he preferred to go there in the morning, and as I sleep until the



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afternoon, I turned him over to Paul Dezell, a friend of mine.

Dezell, when Cooper arrived, at the club the next morning, asked Gary what he wished to do, swim, box, play handball. Cooper said that he'd like first to go to the steam room and get a good sweating to drive a cold out of his system. They stripped and went into the steam room. "Now don't take too much of this steam, Mr. Cooper warned Dezell solicitously. "It is very weakening." The lanky Gary assured him that he could stand it. "Well, now, be careful," said Dezell.

They sat there for perhaps five minutes. Suddenly, before the horrified gaze of Dezell, Cooper's lean body turned a sickening green color. A moment later, the greenish hue turned to a frightful purple. Gasp-

ing in fright, Dezell motioned frantically to Cooper to leave the steam room. Cooper said he wanted to stay in there.

"But my God, Mr. Cooper," stuttered the alarmed Dezell, "your body has turned green and now it's purple. Maybe it's your heart—" Cooper started guffawing. "Oh that", he said, wiping the purplish perspiration from his body, "that's only the make-up we use in pictures. That's why I wanted to go to the steam room. The makeup soaks into your face and you've got to sweat it out."

That was the oddest experience I've ever had on Broadway with a visiting flicker celeb. I've said that Max Baer was the most colorful but I must take it back. In a steam room, Gary Cooper is even more colorful than the heavy champion.

The Gay Night Spots

[Continued from page 25]

"Yes," said Lil, "I was right at the pearly gates, when they reminded me of my pearls, so I came back." But Lil never came back to the Mayfair.

Mayfair has always been the place in Hollywood to introduce new fads and new romances. In 1932 the red carnation vogue for men started there one night when William Powell and Adolphe Menjou defied the trusty white, and appeared with a red carnation in the lapel. That same year Joan Crawford started the fad of appearing in public without make-up. While the belles of Hollywood were lounging around the ladies' retiring room dishing the dirt Joan entered, washed her face with soap and water, while the ladies gasped, and made headlines in the newspapers the next day. Pola Negri appeared at the Mayfair one night wearing bracelets of orchids, and immediately a rage for orchid cuffs swept over the town. The florists made special prayers to Saint Pola. This year's fad, white coque feather gloves, was initiated at the January Mayfair by Carole Lombard, and well launched at the next one by Marlene Dietrich and Constance Collier.

A romance isn't considered a real romance by the elite of Hollywood until the young man takes the young lady, or vice versa, to the Mayfair. The biggest surprise Mayfair ever got was several years ago when Irving Thalberg, grinning like a school boy, suddenly appeared at the Biltmore with Norma Shearer. Irving had been beaming Connie Talmadge for months, and no one had the slightest idea that he was interested in Norma, but that night cinched it all right. The Carole Lombard-Bill Powell romance was sort of announced at the Mayfair one night, when Carole, completely oblivious to the looker-onners, kissed Bill on the tip of his ear at the end of one of those dreamy waltzes. Then Hollywood knew that the fickle Mr. Powell was on his way to the altar. And it was at the Mayfair in 1931 that the glamorous and exotic Gloria Swanson (who up to that moment had told everyone that she and the Marquis were still terribly in love) appeared with a great hulk of a fellow named J. R. T. Ryan, and sat at the table next to Connie Bennett who was making her first public appearance with the Marquis. My, my, what whispering and ogling went on that night.

Next to that I guess the biggest excitement there ever was at the Mayfair was the night that Vince Barnett, Hollywood's professional insulter, disguised himself as a waiter at Winnie Sheehan's request, and informed Lupe Velez that she was eating her salad with the wrong fork and to please stop throwing olive pits on the floor and

didn't she have a rug at home. What Lupe did to *heem!* And then there was the night that a couple of naughty photographers caught Connie putting on her make-up, and what she said to them was grand entertainment if you aren't too particular. And what blonde, jealous blonde no doubt, made that famous quip: "Have you seen Jean Harlow's new gown?" . . . "No, what does it look like?" . . . "Well, in most places it looks like Jean."

Well, now I know you've had enough of the Mayfair (you haven't? How sweet of you.) and we'll just remove our svelte figures over to the Cocoanut Grove. The Grove is Hollywood's oldest and soundest institution, and was established long before my time. When I first came to Hollywood the Grove was going in for "nights." Thursday night was "Star night." Friday night was "College night." And Saturday night was "Anything Goes night." My first star night at the Grove, soon after I arrived, was Carole Lombard night. She didn't show up. The manager must have suspected that she wouldn't, so, just to get even, he had all the dolls (which were supposed to resemble Carole) look like something weird from another world. But Joan Crawford and Ricardo Cortez were there that night and I was treated to one of the best acts I've seen since the Palace closed. Joan was establishing, at that time, the gardenia craze and she would dance (she's a beautiful dancer) ecstatically in Ric's arms with a gardenia clenched between her teeth. This went on night after night for many months—until Franchot Tone came out of the East—and always the most entertaining part of the act to me was when young Doug, about ten-thirty, would rise, kiss Joan's hand in the English manner, click his heels at Mr. Cortez, and vanish into the night.

It is always an event when Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians return to the Grove, and the event becomes an "opening." Recently Guy Lombardo's return brought out Dolores Del Rio and Cedric Gibbons, Jimmy Cagney and the Missus, Pat O'Brien and the Missus, Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone, Anita Louise and Tom Brown, Madge Evans and Tom Gallery, and a flock of the younger set. The Cocoanut Grove may not have the glamour and "flash" of Hollywood's other night spots, but it keeps going merrily and sedately along through the years and has never lost prestige. Oh, yes, I mustn't forget to mention that Bing Crosby got his start here.

The Biltmore Bowl is another old standby. In the good old days, at least three years ago, everybody tried to crowd into

the Biltmore Bowl, but Hollywood got lazier and lazier, and now the Bowl is considered "way down town in Los Angeles," and it's much simpler to go to the Trocadero. However, what it lacks in movie stars it makes up for in the younger generation, which jams the place night after night. It was at the Biltmore Bowl that the younger generation, two months ago, discovered Pinkie Tomlin, the Oklahoma boy, who was being given a break by Jimmie Grier and his orchestra. Pinkie wouldn't sell his song "The Object of My Affections" unless Jimmie gave him a chance to sing it too. Well, the country boy made good, became the rage of the younger set, and the next thing he knew had a Metro contract. Most of the big dinner dances, like the Academy Awards, the Warners' Ball, the Marion Davies Benefit Ball, etc., are nearly all held here, and on big nights like these the stars simply pour in by the dozens. It was at the Biltmore Bowl, just a few nights ago, that Claudette Colbert received a gold statuette from the Academy and began to cry. And it was at the Biltmore Bowl, the night of the big earthquake, that Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres fell in love at first sight.

How's about a nightcap at the Clover Club before we call it an article and go to bed? The Clover Club is Hollywood's second most popular night club. It was first for a long time until the Troc began getting most of the stars. Frankie Masters' band from Chicago is playing at the Clover now, and has a cute bottle trick that's worth coming miles to see. And George Lamaize's cuisine is famous. George introduced the cherry jubilee and the strawberry romanoff to Hollywood and you've never tasted anything so delicious. Um-Um!

The cherries and the strawberries are cooked in a chafing dish in a mixture of brandy and cointreau, and poured over a bowl of ice cream—and it's a dream! The other night I was there with Joan Blondell and George Barnes and Glenda Farrell and the William Gargans and we all stuffed cherry jubilees until we could hardly walk. Several months ago the Clover Club featured Eadie Adams, who is beautiful and sings like nobody's business, and Endor and Farrell, international song favorites, and the place was bursting out its seams with celebrities every night. Marlene Dietrich, with Felix Rollo or Rouben Mamoulian, dropped in almost every night to hear Endor and Farrell sing "Everything's been done before, But not by you and not by me."

It was at the Clover Club, a few months ago, that Claudette Colbert and Norman Foster made their last public appearance together. And it was here that Carole Lombard walked out when Jean Harlow and Bill Powell walked in. Well, I'm off to bed with a gay little ice pack and I do hope I look as cute as Myrna Loy did with hers in "The Thin Man."

Bill Powell's Tricky New House

WHEN Bill Powell moved into his new home recently there were more floral tributes than the average star could command at a wedding or a funeral. Carole Lombard sent a huge horse shoe (a gag, Elmer) with "Good Luck" on it, and the first Mrs. Powell sent lilies or something.

Bill's house has more gadgets than you could think up in a million years. Bill has always been an authority on beds (no wisecracks, Mrs. Pettibone, if you please) and he has them all over his house, but so fixed that you won't see them unless Mr. Powell suddenly decides he wants to lie down and presses a button. Voila a bed.

A healthy mouth, white teeth, how important they are to any woman and to all well-groomed men, too! Here's an easy way to have them . . .

DENTYNE IS AN AID TO MOUTH HEALTH

The extra firm consistency of Dentyne provides just the vigorous mouth exercise everyone needs — the exercise lacking in modern soft-food diets. This chewing stimulates the circulation in the tissues, and keeps the mouth and teeth clean. It prevents flabby muscles, too. Many doctors and dentists recommend it as a regular health habit.

AND A DELICIOUS GUM, TOO —

Chewing Dentyne is a pleasant health habit because it is such a delicious gum . . . At the first taste of its spicy, tempting flavor you congratulate yourself on having found a chewing gum that is different . . . thoroughly satisfying. Dentyne has a characteristic, handy, flat shape which makes it easy to carry in your purse or pocket . . . an exclusive feature for many years.

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● Notice how your favorite screen actress depends on the appearance of long, dark, lustrous lashes to give her eyes that necessary beauty and expression. More than any other feature *her* eyes express *her*. More than any other feature *your* eyes express *you*. You cannot be really charming unless your eyes are attractive and it is so easy to make them so, instantly, by darkening your lashes with non-smarting, tear-proof, harmless Maybelline mascara.

You cannot afford to neglect your most important beauty feature—your eyes—when just a few simple brush strokes of Maybelline will instantly transform your lashes into the appearance of long, dark, luxuriant fringe, making your eyes appear larger, brighter, and more expressive.

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau and other leading authorities for its absolute harmlessness, Maybelline's famous name is your guarantee of highest quality. Encased in a beautiful red and gold vanity, it is priced at 75c at all leading toilet goods counters. Black, Brown, and the new Blue. Try it today—you'll be delighted with the marvelous improvement in your appearance.



The Winning Mr. Tone [Continued from page 23]

don't think those stories were fair to her—or to me. Joan has worked like the devil to attain the position she has. I think it's a cheap way to gain publicity to try to do it on the strength of a friendship with someone who happens to have a big name. Her fans resent it. As far as I'm concerned, I feel a little ashamed every time I see an interview purporting to be about myself but which is, in reality, about my friendship with her, because I know down in my heart that if it hadn't been for that friendship the story would never have been written."

"Why did you give out those interviews?" I asked bluntly.

"I didn't. At least, when the appointments were arranged nothing was intimated about the writers wanting to talk to me about Joan. The first time or two they asked what I thought of her and I suppose I let my enthusiasm run away with my tongue. I didn't know they intended using that stuff. I hadn't had a great many interviews and up to that time all they had used was chiefly biographical data. But after a couple of those stories broke I got wise and refused to talk about her. If you've noticed, the subsequent stories had darned few quotes in them. They were mostly written *about* us and consisted chiefly of speculation on the part of the writers.

"People have intimated that I'm riding the crest on the strength of my friendship with her and its attendant publicity. That hurts. I don't think Fox borrowed me for the lead in 'The World Moves On,' or Warner Brothers for 'Gentlemen Are Born' or Twentieth Century for 'Moulin Rouge' or Paramount for 'Lives of a Bengal Lancer' because I happen to be friendly with her.

"I don't want to succeed either in pictures or in magazines as a freak (which the first cycle of stories made me out to be) or in someone else's reflected limelight (as the second cycle implied).

"This may sound conceited but I don't intend it that way. I'm discussing myself as though I were a barrel of apples I was trying to sell the public. I feel that I have something to offer the screen. If I can ever develop a personality in which I feel thoroughly at ease I believe the public will accept me in it and that I can make it fit almost any part in which they cast me.

"So far I haven't been able to find that personality and I don't believe it is to be found among the rich young men in dress shirts I have so far been required to play."

"Why not?" I demanded. "Don't interesting things ever happen to rich young men in dress shirts—and pants? Anyhow, it's the kind of life with which you're most thoroughly acquainted and you're not guessing what you're doing."

"Wait a minute," Franchot protested. "Answering your last remark first, it *isn't* the only kind of life with which I'm acquainted. I can't remember the time, before I came out here, that I didn't spend the summer months in the woods, hobnobbing with wood-cutters, Indians and Canadian guides, etc. I know as much about those phases of life as I do about drawing rooms. The biggest personal success I had in New York was as a cowboy in 'Green Grow the Lilacs.' Stage producers never felt that I was the ideal type for the man-

about-town.

"Now, coming to your first question, 'Don't interesting things happen to rich young men'—I suppose they do. But I think in any situation involving a rich young man there is almost certain to be some other character involved in the same situation who is *more* interesting."

"Suppose the whole play involves only rich people?" I went on obstinately.

"There are only thirty-six dramatic situations," Franchot explained patiently. "It is quite possible that a rich young man might be interesting in one or several of those situations but if characters from some other walk of life were dumped into the same situations I think they would be infinitely more interesting.

"Don't get me wrong. I'm not one of these fanatics who is always yelling for a chance to prove his versatility and yapping about being 'typed.' I lay no claims to being versatile. All I want is to find that personality I spoke about and I'll be perfectly contented to go on playing it to the end of the chapter."

"You said you haven't been able to find it so far," I observed. "Have you made any progress in your search for it?"

"I don't know," he admitted. "I've never liked myself in anything I've seen myself do on the screen. That goes without exception, up to the time of 'Lives of a Bengal Lancer.' I saw the preview of the picture and, at least, I didn't have to cringe.

"There has been a lot of talk and a lot written about my not wanting to do that part. It's true, I didn't. But I had good reasons. Originally it was written for a Ronald Colman type. Then it was changed to fit Henry Wilcoxon. When the studio decided not to have him do it, it was rewritten as a silly-ass Englishman. I'm not a silly-ass Englishman and I said I couldn't play the part that way. One of the executives at Paramount assured me it would be rewritten—but it never was. We changed it on the set as we went along, trying to revamp the dialogue so I could speak the lines as if I meant them.

"And let me tell you here and now that I have never worked with a finer director than Henry Hathaway, who did that picture. The picture is finished and released, he is on one lot and I'm on another so it isn't a question of trying to curry favor. I think he is one of the few really fine directors the screen has and he should be among the top few.

"But I'm getting pretty far afield. I was supposed to be talking about my publicity—the first cycle and the second cycle of stories. Lately the stories about Joan and me have died down. I hope the subject has been exhausted. I haven't had more than one or two stories in the past six months. I hope when, or rather, IF, the next cycle starts there will be some interest in me as an actor and a personality."

Franchot's hopes are going to bear fruit. In "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" you see what he can do with a good part when he gets one. And it's plenty. I do not know whether that is the personality he has been seeking—in fact, I doubt it—but it is one that is going to establish him on the screen as a definite entity about whom the public will want to know more, rather than as a newcomer or a satellite.

ARE you married to the Marquee Contest? Then that makes you a Marquees-er, and you're getting right in Connie Bennett's class. Turn to page 14 and write a slogan. Prizes total more than \$500 in value.

Jack Oakie Goes Back To Nature

[Continued from page 26]

together and get a kick out of it so I say to myself, why upset the applecart with an outsider.

"A wife might want me to give up my sweat shirts. They're my romantic barometer; if a girl scorns them I know she can't love me. Peggy Hopkins Joyce, a grand girl, too, got me out of my sweat shirts and had me running around in my tux every night.

"Here's a story. Joan Crawford and I were once in a musical show, 'Innocent Eyes,' on the stage. We had a special number called, 'Organdy Days,' where we were all dressed up, me in tails and everything. Well, one night about a year ago, I was togged out in my best attending a swanky premiere at the Chinese Theatre, and as I stood talking to Bob Montgomery and some others, in the foyer, someone nudged me and said, 'I haven't seen you look like that since 'Organdy Days,' and there was Joan laughing at me."

Jack is Hollywood's popular guest, welcomed everywhere, from a gathering of "grips," at Ptomaine Tommy's, to a reception for royalty at Pickfair. Not only does he take the girls home to meet his mother but he always makes a hit with their parents. There's the case of the Wings. . . .

When Jack first met Toby Wing he asked her to the Coconut Grove to dance. Her family being very strict she told him he would have to call first and meet them. So, that night, knowing he was on the spot, he rang the Wing doorbell. Half an hour later he dashed out the driveway and soon returned bringing his sister, who was visiting here from New York, to meet the Wings. The family party proved so merry that Toby and Jack forgot all about their dancing date.

He says its the three H's for him; that he keeps his *head*, his *heart* and his *health*. So, he's always happy.

The grin was still on Jack's face when I left him. So was the beard, but he insisted I tell it goodbye, for the sacrificial rites were drawing near and I would never see it again—except when I view "The Call of the Wild."

Test for Lovers

[Continued from page 27]

six years now! Practically a record in itself and even more of a record when you remember you haven't heard a single separation story about them.

Mammy-singer Al Jolson's marriage to tap-dancing, former Texas Guinan girl Ruby Keeler was a Broadway and Hollywood sensation back there in 1929. She was on her way to stardom for the late Florenz Ziegfeld when she married Al and everybody thought her career was over. But you can't down the Irish in the Keeler and here she is back at the top again and one of the screen's honest-to-box-office stars.

Ruby's one stipulation was that she didn't want to appear in pictures with hubby Al. That, too, in spite of a swell offer to play opposite him in a picture for Joseph Schenck. She felt people would point fingers and say, "See, she had to have her husband get her a job in the movies." So



That hideous feeling of panic —now ended by the new "CERTAIN-SAFE" MODESS

Here's news! REAL NEWS!

. . . more startling than the invention that made sanitary napkins disposable.
. . . more important than the improvements that have made napkins soft and comfortable.

Now—at last—comes a napkin that gives complete protection from embarrassing "accidents!"

It is the new "Certain-Safe" Modess—only recently perfected in the Modess research laboratories.

The secret? It lies in a combination of THREE special features. Two of these features may sometimes be found in other brands of napkins. But the third is absolutely new—and *exclusive with*

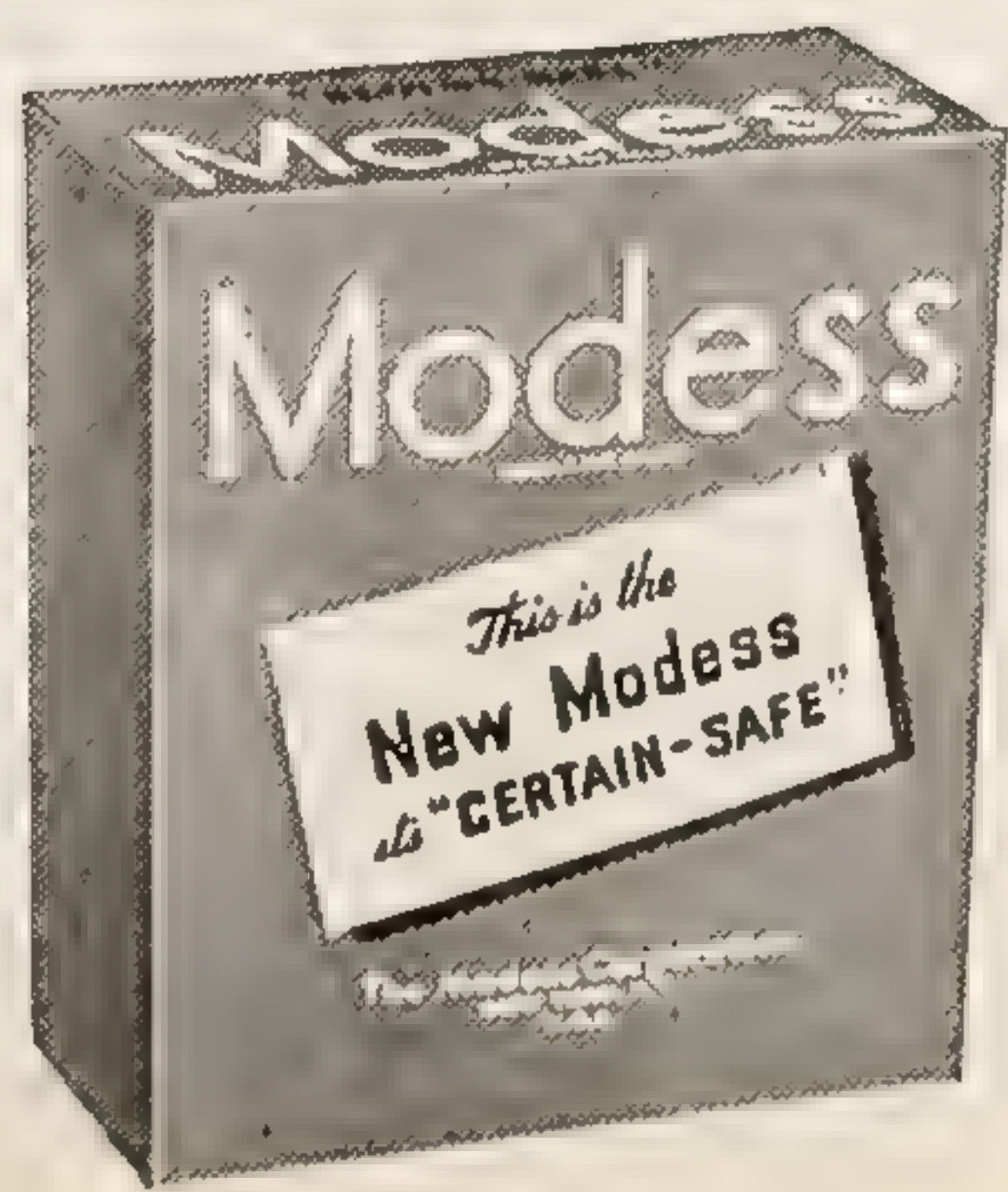
Modess. It is the combination of *all three* features that gives complete protection.

Test this three-way protection!

Just do this. Get a box of the new "Certain-Safe" Modess. (You won't risk a penny . . . see Money Back guarantee below.) Read the printed slip that you'll find in the box. Look at the diagrams shown on the slip and compare them with the napkin itself. *See and feel* the three new features that bring you dependable protection against (1) striking through; (2) tearing away; (3) incomplete absorption.

Then wear the new Modess! You'll never again feel safe or satisfied with any other napkin!

YOUR MONEY BACK IF YOU'RE NOT CONVINCED!



Here's a challenge! *We'll refund your money if you try the new Modess and don't like it!* Get a box. Wear as many napkins as you need to make a thorough test. If you aren't completely satisfied, return the box and the remaining napkins to The Modess Corporation, 500 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. We'll send you every penny you paid, plus postage!

MODESS—STAYS SOFT—STAYS SAFE

Cary Grant PICKS MOST KISSABLE LIPS IN INTERESTING TEST!



HERE ARE THE LIPS CARY GRANT SAW



Famous star tells why Tangee lips appealed most to him

“I see too much grease paint on the lot,” said Cary Grant emphatically. “Away from the studio I want a girl to look feminine. She can’t do it if her lips are caked with paint.”

Tangee lips are never “caked with paint”. Because Tangee isn’t paint. It is the one lipstick in the world with the Tangee magic color-change principle... one lipstick that *on your lips* changes to your own most becoming shade of blush rose. It costs just 39 cents and \$1.10. And if you’d like to try *all* the Tangee products, send 10 cents with the coupon for the 4-piece Miracle Make-Up Set offered below.

• Cary Grant takes time out from “Wings in the Dark”, a Paramount picture, to make this unusual lipstick test.



she waited a while and then, one night at the fights in Hollywood, a Warner Brothers executive, who had seen her screen test for Schenck, offered her the lead in “42nd Street.” The rest is history for Ruby, for Warner Brothers and for Dick Powell.

In other words, Ruby waited until she was convinced that she had made good on her own before she was willing to appear in a picture as Al’s leading lady. And old Marse Jolson, much as he wanted her with him in “Wonder Bar,” deferred to the little wife’s wishes until the chance for “Go Into Your Dance” (ah! there, poetry) came along.

Meanwhile, the breaking-down process was operating a little while before “Go Into Your Dance.” Maybe you remember that

neither Al nor Ruby would watch each other on the set when the other was working. It wasn’t until “Wonder Bar” that Ruby agreed to visit her hubby at work. Then Al decided he would watch Ruby as she played the commandant’s daughter in “Flirtation Walk.” After a few of those visits and chats on the sets, they became less self-conscious about each other’s jobs. So it really wasn’t so hard for them to work together in this film, “Go Into Your Dance.”

And that’s what is news to Hollywood—two stars, whom you would expect to be jealous of one another, beat the Hollywood tradition and actually did their best to steal scenes—for *each other*—instead of for themselves.

The Troupers [Continued from page 33]

who does the magazine covers. Like the rest of the troupers, he leads a simple life. He doesn’t dance, but attends the prize fights and plays tennis zealously.

Although they don’t often achieve first billing, troupers often receive top pay. Anne Shirley has been on the screen fourteen years, playing hundreds of rôles. Yet, when she was featured in “Anne of Green Gables” she received a lower salary than either of her supporting players, O. P. Heggie and Helen Westley!

Several thousand feet of “Murder on a Honeymoon,” with Jimmy Gleason and Edna May Oliver, had been shot before Director Lloyd Corrigan realized all was not well. On the spur of the moment, he decided that the needed quantity in the production was the ever-dependable Chic Chandler. A call went out for the actor and ere the sun had set the cameras were grinding out scenes in which Chandler appeared.

Just to be needed so badly for a part is proof of this player’s ability, yet Chic denies that he has any talent. He says he can’t hope to follow in the footsteps of his famous uncle, Howard Chandler Christy, his great uncle who founded the Boston Symphony orchestra, his grandfather who founded the College of Music at Syracuse University, his grandmother, the first woman ever honored by “Who’s Who,” and his father who founded the New York State Constabulary! Whew—Chic certainly has a name to live up to!

Now and then we find a feature player and “Builder-Upper” all in one. Jimmy Gleason is an example. He has been head man in Radio Pictures’ murder series, which began with “Penguin Pool Murder,” progressed to “Murder on the Blackboard”

and will end goodness knows where! Thelma Todd has been starred time and again in comedies, yet she is used to add fire or what have you to otherwise drab productions. She has “built up” everything from Harold Lloyd to a cake of ice in one of the Marx Brothers’ creations!

Instances in which these troupers gain stardom are rare; but once in a while such things do happen. Myrna Loy was so successful in this capacity that for years no one recognized her potentialities as a star. Marie Dressler built up one picture—“Anna Christie.”

Occasionally a star loses footing and ends as an Old Reliable. Reginald Denny starred for years. Today he is a top-notch “Builder-Upper.” The name applies to Adolphe Menjou, whose name often carries a picture, and many others.

Perhaps you think it’s all hokey when a free-lance knight of the celluloid announces that he does not desire stardom. Knowing Hollywood as I do, I’m inclined to take such statements seriously. The average career of a star is estimated at five years. A “trouper” may go on forever.

A star gets big money while working, but it is hard to find stories to fit stars. They often have months between pictures under contracts which stipulate they shall be paid a flat sum per film and nothing between times. The good “Trouper” can almost always find work and is often doubling on two pictures at once.

The star has the responsibility of making a good picture. The “Regular” need not worry, so long as he personally turns in a good performance.

You may take your stars. Give me my “Troupers.” To me, they are the folks who make the movies!

Introducing Pinky Tomlin [Continued from page 30]

But before Pinky had finished his song, he was hired . . . at \$40 a week, to sing his song every night.

Immediately, Pinky became a success, a howling sensation. The Bowl was packed, jammed, all come to hear “that funny guy” sing about the object of his affection.

While with Grier, the Paramount Theatre offered Pinky a week’s engagement at \$75. Pinky demurred . . . he had to have a spotlight. So the theatre gave him a spotlight.

“If I stay a second week, you’ll have to double my salary,” he told the house manager. “And every week thereafter has to double the pay of the preceding week.”

Which was all well and good, insofar as the theatre was concerned. They planned to keep him only a single week, anyway, and they didn’t mind putting in those other

salary clauses, which might never be used.

But Pinky hit from the very first. Every girl in town, between the ages of eight and eighty, flocked to the theatre, to hear this Pinky. The management kept him a second week, at \$150. And a third week, at \$300, saw Pinky still on the stage, held over by popular demand.

During his third week, he signed a contract to make personal appearances over the country . . . eighteen weeks at the staggering sum of \$1800. The same week, Lucien Hubbard, producer at Metro-Goldwyn, invited Pinky to visit him at the studio.

He made a resounding splash in his first picture. Why? Nobody knows . . . but he did.

He is collecting an enormous amount in royalties every month from phonograph

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ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK
New FACE POWDER now contains the magic Tangee color principle



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record sales of "The Object of My Affection." Every time the song is either played or sung over the radio, he receives three-quarters of a cent. "I spend most of my spare time tuning in on the radio," he tells you, modestly. "Just to see how often I can catch the piece."

As this opus is being composed, Pinky is fulfilling a personal appearance tour in the east. And not for \$1800 this time . . . he's getting \$3500 each week, just for singing a few songs and amusing people with his mannerisms.

Cinderella come to life . . . "Get-Rich-Quick" Wallingford doing his stuff . . . Pinky is outdoing both these figures of fiction in a manner that would make either, or both, curl up in bitter envy. A few months ago, an unknown leader of a college band . . . now, he has a career before him that already has brought him nationwide popularity and prominence.

Is it any wonder that Hollywood is stirred to its very depths by this man who takes what he wants, who arrived in a decrepit wreck of a car and now, just a few months later, drives a motor that any millionaire would be proud to own? But this town of ours is like that . . . anything may happen . . . and it usually does.

There's Pinky Tomlin to prove this. Good old Pinky. Now, he's writing a scenario, "I Love You . . . I Think."

A Voice, a Phonograph and Brains

[Continued from page 56]

on concert tours, which resulted in his being hailed as one of the brilliant artists of American music. It was after a sensational concert success in Los Angeles that the studio officials tested him, then placed him under contract.

The idea was new. He wanted time to study. So he prowled about the sound stages and laboratories. He talked to the engineers—in their own language. He sang a song here and there in several pictures—really experimenting. Finally he was ready.

And thus he now dawns upon the screen world in "Naughty Marietta." Tall, blond as a Viking, splendidly built, with poise and real dramatic ability in addition to his fine voice, he has everything, studio workers say, that goes to make a romantic hero.

Jeanette MacDonald, who has appeared with many famous leading men, raves over him. Bigger things are planned.

Eddy takes it modestly. "I'm still learning what it's all about," he insists. "I hope some day I'll know." He welcomes the screen work because more people will hear him sing than in concert.

But the funny part of it all is that Edison's invention has followed him into his new calling. Today he takes his script home, reads it aloud into his phonograph, then, as the scene is reproduced on the record, he speaks his own lines, playing with the other characters as the instrument produces their lines.

"I argue with the phonograph—make love to it—fight with it—according to what the scene is," he laughingly confesses. "In a little while I know my lines—and how to time and say 'em. It's the quickest way to learn a scene in the world!"

And so, just as Edison's invention sent him toward musical fame, today that same mechanical aid is shooting him up the ladder of screen stardom.

Which, after all, is all that could be expected of a phonograph!



"Why does my polish always look chipped and faded?"
"Probably, my child, because you are NOT using Glazo —
and Glazo's only 25 cents."



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**A NEW AND STARRY LUSTRE
6 FASHION-APPROVED SHADES
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to the last tick of fashion. An exclusive color chart package tells you your best shades. And Glazo, with its new metal-shafted brush, is lots easier to apply . . . and not a bristle can come loose.

Another thing . . . if you value your nails . . . use Glazo Polish Remover. No acetone . . . and special oils make it non-drying. Only 25 cents, the same as Glazo's better new Cuticle Remover.

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I enclose 10c for sample kit containing Glazo Liquid Polish, New Polish Remover, and Liquid Cuticle Remover. (Check the shade of polish preferred) . . .

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Clive Brook Returns [Continued from page 51]

was there that the Brook family resided during its pleasant sojourn in London. The moral of the story—if you insist upon morals to your stories—is that most of us have the impression that big denomination bank notes paper the respective domiciles of most of our prominent international screen stars. “If such were the case,” Mr. Brook remarked, “a goodly portion of the wall space would remain as bare as Old Mother Hubbard’s Cupboard *after* we get through paying our income tax here as well as in England.” And I was inclined to believe him after pondering on statistics for a moment or two. “But let’s talk about something pleasanter,” he said with a frown. To which I readily assented, having no head or eye for arithmetical figures.

It was no wonder that, while living in Dickens’ home, steeped as it is in the famous novelist’s immortal tradition, Brook should again turn to writing, an avocation which he has never discarded in spite of his success upon the stage and screen. Before the war, Brook was a newspaper man, writing short stories *that sold*. Recently he turned his hand to fan magazine articles. “In England,” he explained, “the fan magazines have not advanced to the peak they have here. They are still a good bit interested in the sex life of the stars. As I didn’t wish to discuss my sex life—I’m happily married, you know, so what’s there to talk about?—I just sat down

and wrote my own interviews for them. It seemed the simplest way.”

“And deprived some romantic interviewer of a thrill, I wager.”

It was now Mr. Brook’s turn to accuse me of being “nice.”

I assured him that I meant what I said. For it isn’t every day that one meets a celebrated actor who is honestly interested in other things besides his “art.” I can hear Mr. Brook say *piffle* at the very use of that word, even though he takes his profession as seriously as it needs to be taken. But it doesn’t prevent him from expressing a cultured interest in books, art, music, politics, not overlooking a healthy craving for outdoor sports—with reservations. He admits that he plays a fairly fast game of tennis and can maintain a seat on a horse without emulating the Prince of Wales—but, when it comes to skiing, that’s a horse of another color, so to speak.

Mr. Brook smiled grimly as he reminisced on the relative merits of this sport. The children (Faith and Clive, Jr.) had recently been taken to a school in Switzerland, you see. “They looked and acted as if they had been born on skis. But I—well, there was a part of my anatomy that got pretty intimately acquainted with the Swiss scenery before I got rid of those blasted skis.”

Clive, Jr., he said, had voiced the wish

that he would like to become an actor—“but not until I’m twenty-five. Until then I shall live very discreetly.” “Very flattering to the profession, isn’t it?” remarked Clive Senior drolly.

“Very,” I laughed.

Although Mr. Brook has very little to say in favor of the Swiss hillsides, he did pronounce himself greatly in favor of our American girls. (And this needs no apology to his wife, an Englishwoman, so lovely and charming that you can readily see why he refuses to talk about this phase of his personal life for the press—anything so fine as this marriage should not be banded about by unknowing pens.)

He even went further, and said he could understand the American girl’s predilection for that rugged individualist and virile heman, Clark Gable.

To which I retaliated, most graciously, I trust: “Now really, I prefer the more polished sophistication of the English actors—yourself, for example,” and disregarding Mr. Brook’s flattering bow of thanks, added:

“Ronald Colman and Leslie Howard please take note also.”

And so, with the score of compliments fairly even, I made my departure without giving either England or America time for further innings. Babe Ruth might disapprove of the game’s finish, but every girl knows when she’s had the last word.

A Fatalistic Girl In An Optimistic Town

[Continued from page 21]

have a little farm with a cow and some pigs and chickens. Where I am now . . . I must keep the baby chickens in the living room for warmth.”

She went on to tell me of her carrier pigeons, of the wild jack rabbit which she has tamed and which lives in a little house of his own on the balcony adjoining her bed room . . . of her four dogs and the wounded stray which she rescued recently . . . of the neighbors’ ducks which insist upon trying to live in her chicken house, to the neighbors’ indignation. She told me of the garden she plans and of the vegetables which she will grow, when, and if, she achieves the little farm.

“Hollywood,” she said, suddenly, apropos of nothing in particular, is a dreadful place in which to live. It is a magnificent place in which to work! It is not America. I do not know yet anything of your country. This picture city is made up of all the nations. There is . . . what you say? . . . flotsam and jetsam. There are also solid, earnest artists, working very hard. I shall not know America until I visit your farming country, your small towns and villages, until I meet your laboring people. . . .”

“Are you homesick?” I asked her.

She was wide-eyed again. “What for?” she asked. “I have never had a real home. I want to go again to Europe . . . soon, if may be. I want to hear again of what goes on in the world. Here nothing is talked about but pictures, pictures, pictures. If it is a party, everyone is invited or else comes for a reason . . . to meet someone, to try to get a part, to try to sell a story. There is no conversation. There is no music. There is only the picture business. Oh, yes! I want to go again to Europe.”

I am trying to give you a picture of this peasant actress . . . this lovely, vital, earthy creature. The girl who keeps chickens in her living room burst into tears when

Ralph Bellamy brought her a spray of orchids one day upon the set. “That they should be so beautiful . . . and for me!” she sobbed. Ralph was that embarrassed!

She thrilled as much as an adolescent fan at meeting Gary Cooper, who was to be her leading man in her current picture. She had seen his work upon the screen in Europe. She asked him, shyly, for an autographed photograph and declined to do a love scene with him for the first week. “I do not know him

well enough!” she protested.

She displays charming, childish reactions to people upon occasion. One day when she had been subjected to a series of interviews, each lasting half an hour, she was approached by a crisp young woman in smart clothes who wanted only a few moments of her time.

“Please do not go,” Anna begged her. “You look so-o-o nice. I want to look at you for longer!”

You see, she has doubts of her own ability to wear smart, modern clothes and she has a deep admiration for the women who possess that ability. It was not only that it gave her pleasure to contemplate this charming lady . . . there was also the possibility that she might learn something from her.

The thing which motivates Anna Sten is not ambition, as Hollywood interprets that word.

Rather she is dedicated to the theater as a nun is to her shrine, as a monk to his monastery. Large weekly salary checks do *not* convince her that she is a success. It would take the opinions of critics whom she respected, repeated again and again, to do that.

As a matter of fact, I doubt whether plaudits of any sort would ever make much difference to Anna Sten. She wants work and growth. She will make any sacrifice for these. She understands plodding and she can also soar. She knows that you cannot soar without a certain amount of plodding.

Success, in Hollywood, does not mean to her hand made lingerie, a Rolls-Royce and a pink stucco palace in Beverly Hills. It means chickens, a cow to milk, money to give to indigent relatives . . . and *the chance to grow*.

Anna Sten doesn’t spend much of her time in worrying about the “big experiment.” What is to be, will be!



Shirley Temple and Claudette Colbert, both winners of Academy statuettes and both very happy.

An Exotic

[Continued from page 22]

laughed, "for he was the first man I had ever met who was impersonally interested in furthering my professional career!"

Since then she feels she has learned much of life and men. . . .

We talked of Galsworthy, Shaw, Wells and other contemporary English authors. Which brought us of course to where all good interviews eventually arrive—her ambition.

Now, visually, one might expect her to say her ambition is a wardrobe done by Adrian for her new Metro picture, or a June night, the moonlight and you-ou-ou. But no, this perverse Miss Oberon wants to write *and* act in a picture—if you *please!* Now I ask you? And damme, as Mr. Howard says in "The Scarlet Pimpernel," if she hasn't some very definite opinions in her pretty little noodle.

"Now take one scene in a picture," she explained.

"I'll take any scene," I answered frivolously, "but the last one in a clinch!"—which, at the time, I thought was pretty funny. Without batting her slanting eyelashes she continued, "The average cinema scene lasts for less than a minute on the screen. There are possibly ten 'takes,' that is, ten times the cameras actually grind out the scene. Then probably three of them, the best three, are studied. A clever film editor takes various 'frames' or parts from each of these three and builds them

into a perfect sequence. And just imagine!—the actress sits back and says: 'What a great actress am I!' That's why I want to do a play in which sustained artistry will prove whether or not I am *really* the actress I believe I am!"

That from La Oberon, who's just supposed to look pretty and leave thinking to the rest of us dames, together with working, worrying and wondering. . . .

She wasn't satisfied with her recent work in England—nor in her most recent, "Folies Bergere de Paris," her first Hollywood film for United Artists. But that may be because she has an insidious inferiority complex, as sincere as it is absurd. She has to be proving, over and over, to herself that she does screen well, that she can act, that she talks in the best microphone tradition.

But hear ye, hear ye, she would give it all up for marriage and children! Yet, even while she says she would gladly forego a career for matrimony she is also saying that she'd like to do, well, *one* picture a year. You see it would keep alive belief in herself. . . .

Her regard for Alex Korda, to whom she is under contract, and who collects 50% of her earnings (a considerable test of one's honest feelings), is profound. She marvels at his ability to be so many things at one time. He not only directs, but handles many business matters in connec-

tion with London Films, and often stops in the middle of production to attend a Board meeting at the financial end of London.

One day, in the very midst of extravagant preparations for a scene in "The Scarlet Pimpernel," he was summoned to take part in such a conference. He asked Leslie Howard, the star, to direct the scene for him. He did, and Merle says, "It was conceded the very best scene in the whole film!" Which pleased Mr. Howard mightily, for he hopes some day to direct.

Hollywood she found a strangely varied adventure—and some of her reactions are, well let us say droll so that we won't hurt anyone's feelings. . . .

"The first Saturday evening out there I was invited to the Mayfair Club with an executive and his wife, of both of whom I am sincerely fond. I was delighted to accept. And thinking we would meet the usual night club crowd, imagine my thrill when I walked in to find a panorama of Hollywood stars. There was Jean Harlow, Constance Bennett, Carole Lombard, Kay Francis and all the rest. I felt exactly like Alice-in-Wonderland!"

But of all Hollywood she most admires Norma Shearer, "who was so nice to me when I was in California."

At the moment, because of her contract with Korda, little Miss Oberon is not a big money star, but her tastes are simple

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| ☐ Titian Reddish Brown | ☐ Titian Reddish Blonde | ☐ White or Gray (Platinum) | ☐ Golden Blonde |

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and her desires few. She likes to ride, mainly, and rents a simple little home in Beverly Hills. She loves jewelry, loathes hats and women who drink to the point of saturation. And denying engagements. That's why her name was coupled with a producer recently—she just can't bear to hurt anyone's feelings. I imagine she would only shoot in self-defense, and I don't think even then she'd be very quick on the trigger.

Merle has the true Frenchwoman's chic (her mother is French-Dutch) and she was just the least bit annoyed at some stories which told of a fortune spent in grooming her *a la Americaine*. She insists whatever "experiments" were made in the line of make-up and costuming were done in her

own leisure moments. "But I expected them to say that," she said, smiling shrewdly, "and they did!"

Indeed I don't think there are any surprises you might pull out of a high hat for Merle Oberon. She knows her way 'round in this great world of ours, for she's seen it from Timbuckto to Hollywood—and that's a lot of seeing. No surprises and nary a phony answer. She'd get it before you asked the question, she's that smart!

But besides her brains, which are pretty amazing in themselves, and coupled with her beauty is her ability to remain herself. Hollywood has revealed itself, but it hasn't made a dent in her streamlined chassis and I don't think there's the slightest chance it ever will.

Ten On A Desert Island

[Continued from page 19]

serve as our detective. After all those years as Philo Vance, clues have become second nature to him. Ah me, already I see the sunny morning when we will awake on our little island and discover, to our horror, large and mysterious tracks in the sand along the beach. Carole will scream—she always does—and Claudette and Norma will turn pale with fright. Clark and Gary will grab their bows and arrows and dash into the woods in search of some wild monster. W. C. will hastily mix himself a mint julep, but Bill, calm and a bit bored by it all, will simply glance at the foot-prints, and stifling a yawn, remark, "No, my children, it is not a prehistoric animal. Only Garbo."

Besides being bartender and detective, Bill will also be our Chief Worrier. There never was such a guy for worrying. He worried for years because he didn't have a Hollywood estate, so he built himself one, so beautiful that it makes Versailles look like a shanty on the wrong side of the tracks, and now Bill is worrying himself to death because he has to move into it. If he needs an assistant worrier on the island I will recommend Claudette, who, in a pinch, can even worry over whether the ice cream for dinner will be chocolate or maple nut. With those two to worry for us on the island the rest of us will have more time for gossip.

And that, dear reader, is why I am taking those two luscious blondes, Jean Harlow and Carole Lombard, for any place you find Jean and Carole and Bill powell there's bound to be a choice bit of gossip. Of course Carole and Bill are divorced, but there's still a lot of talk. After years in Hollywood, gossip becomes an essential part of the routine and we'd feel as strange as fish out of water without it, so, by taking Jean and Carole and Bill, I feel that I am preventing many a boring afternoon. There's nothing like a dash of scandal now and then.

Jean, besides providing us with gossip, will also be very necessary as our fisherwoman. Jean knows all there is to know about fishing as she spends weeks and weeks, when she isn't working, out on the Pacific reeling 'em in, and many a hearty gent has envied her day's catch. Jean likes to dig her own worms, which will be a great help, as I am sure none of the girls will want to dig them for her. When fishing she always wears gloves and a big hat, so Gary will have to skin a couple of snakes, and Norma will have to weave a bamboo hat right away so that our little Jeanie can go fishing for us. Jean also has a mania for writing, so she can keep the island log, and run up a few books beside. Thanks to Jean our life on the island will not be lost to posterity.

And certainly no island should ever be complete without Clark Gable and Gary Cooper. Nothing sissy about those two guys. Gary, born and brought up on a Montana ranch, knows all there is to know about roughing it in the great open spaces. Then, too, he has been on several big game hunts in Africa and has bagged practically everything there is to bag in Africa. He was once a taxidermist too, so not only does he know how to kill wild animals, but he knows how to skin them, and even how to barbecue the flesh. Gary knows how to make a fire without matches, and a stew without potatoes, and all those cute little things that Boy Scouts know, about which way the wind is blowing, and what time it is by the sun's shadows. Being the scary sort, I, personally, shall keep five feet behind Mr. Cooper all the while we are on the island.

Clark Gable, too, has encountered wild beasts in his numerous camping trips in the Sierras, and will be delighted to bag a big buck for us before breakfast any morning. In fact I think we are going to have more meat than we can eat. Clark also is very handy with his tool chest, so it may fall to the lot of Mr. Gable to build us a flock of little bamboo houses, with hot and cold running water.

In the afternoon when we have checked off everything on Norma's list, Clark, a true sportsman at heart, will arrange turtle races for us along the beach, and we can pretend that we are back at Santa Anita, watching the big handicap and losing our shirts over Happy Helen and Lady Louella. Connie can name her turtle "Rattlebrain," and Clark can name his turtle "Beverly Hills," to remind them of their nags on the Santa Anita racetrack. Yes, Gary and Gable with their happy dispositions, and their knowledge of the outdoors will be quite a blessing to our lonely island. (P. S. to the Editor. I haven't mentioned Sex, but don't think I haven't got it in mind.)

Chiefly, I am taking Carole Lombard and Claudette Colbert because I have spent four days cooped up on a train with each of them, and nary a dull moment. And I always say if you can stand a person for twenty-four hours crossing Kansas, then it's a pretty good sign that the person will never bore you. Both gals have a keen sense of humor and always make the best of a bad situation.

Claudette, believe it or not, is a grand cook. When she was sixteen she spent a summer in a cabin in the Adirondacks, with Madame Burani's two small sons, and her brother and his pal. The cook failed to show up, so all summer long Claudette cooked for herself and four boys and hasn't weighed so much or been so healthy since. She can cook anything, whether it comes

out of a can or not, and has that French knack with sauces. So, with Claudette as Chief Cook on our island, we'll probably all look like Kate Smith when the rescuing party arrives.

Carole's a pretty good cook too, and a perfect table setter, so she can be First Maid. Carole, according to Travis Banton, Paramount's famous designer, is the best dressed woman in Hollywood, and knows more about clothes than Webster knows about words, so it will be she who tells us just how many inches from the ground we must wear our grass skirts, and at what angle we should perch our cocoanut berets. In fact Carole will be our *dernier cri*, and best screamer.

Both Claudette and Norma are handy with needles, so, just as soon as Clark Gable can fashion up a few out of sword-fish swords, the girls can make us clothes—trousseau or trous-so-and-sos, as required.

I really think it would be a good idea to make Clark official spanker, in charge of discipline, as he seemed to have a pretty good experience spanking Claudette in "It Happened One Night" and Joan Crawford in "Forsaking All Others."

W. C. Fields I am taking because he is a juggler. You know the poem: "A juggler of wine, a loaf of bread and thou beside me singing in the wilderness," and W. C. is my favorite of all comedians. He's quiet, does most of his comedy in pantomime, and never stoops to a pun or a wisecrack. W. C. can juggle the long winter evenings away with seashells, cocoanuts, and natives. Of course he will disappear for days and nights at a time and we will naturally suspect Garbo and leave off gossiping about Jean, Carole and Bill for a time, but eventually he will always turn up with his nose more radiant and bulbous than ever and announce in the well known Fields' twang, "Ah, there, my little chickadees, with my little bowie knife I have fought my way through walls of flesh, dragging my canoe behind me just to bring you these herbs, my little petunia seeds. A bit of brewing, my little buttercups, and we'll have beer."

Well, well, it will all be a lot of fun, but doubtless we'll be glad to see Hollywood and civilization again. What? I forgot somebody? Oh, yes, Connie Bennett. Why did I take Connie Bennett? Well now, let me think. Now I remember! I am taking Connie to do the dishes. She probably never has yet, and it's time she began.



STEICHEN

Lips that Challenge Love

MUST BE SOFT AND SMOOTH LIPS

This astonishing new lipstick gives ardent color...and ends "LIPSTICK PARCHING."

The most delicate skin of your face is on your lips...Yet so many lipsticks don't seem to know that...they parch and dry lips and make them look crinkly and rough. Such lips can never look inviting—no matter how much color you pack on them.

Coty has discovered the way to give your lips exciting, truly *indelible* color...without any parching penalties. Coty's new "Sub-Deb" Lipstick is an amazing little magician. It *actually smooths and softens lips*. It gives them that warm, moist lustre that every woman envies and every man adores. That's

because Coty Lipstick contains "Essence of Theobrom"—a special softening ingredient.

Make the "Over-night" Experiment!

If you wish to prove to yourself that Coty Lipstick smooths your lips to loveliness, make this simple experiment. Put on a tiny bit of the lipstick before you go to bed. In the morning—notice how soft your lips feel... how soft they look. Could you do the same with any other lipstick?

You can now get Coty "Sub-Deb" Lipstick—for just 50¢—in five ardent, indelible colors—at drug and department stores.

NEW—Coty "Sub-Deb" Rouge, in harmonizing, indelible colors, 50 cents.

Dance to Ray Noble's music, Wednesday, 10:30 P M, EST, NBC Red Network

The Answers to the Puzzles on Page 60

1. Garbo
2. Clark Gable
3. Joan Blondell
4. Ronald Colman
5. Wallace Beery
6. Grace Moore
7. W. C. Fields
8. Jackie Cooper
9. Joe E. Brown

Coty

"SUB-DEB" LIPSTICK 50¢

REVIEWS

[Continued from page 55]



Leave it to us, Lady

**we'll tell your
MAN
about
MUM**

THAT'S too bad, now—to have *this*, of all things, come between you and that man who is "practically perfect" about everything else.

We'll tell you something. A lot of men are like that—far too many. Great fellows, most of them, but they haven't learned the facts of life about this perspiration business.

Just leave it to us. We'll fix it.

Send us his name and address on the coupon below, and we'll send him something that will make him absolutely proof against underarm odor.

We'll send him a sample of Mum, the instant cream deodorant that so many men use who have learned that their daily shower won't protect them.

We'll tell him all about Mum—how it takes no time at all to use, is harmless to clothing, soothing to skin, doesn't prevent perspiration itself—just its ugly odor. And how soothing it is to burning, perspiring feet and how it destroys every trace of odor.

Just *his* name and address on the coupon below—not *yours*.

Will he be grateful?
He'll be looking for
someone to thank!



**TAKES THE ODOR OUT
OF PERSPIRATION**

Bristol-Myers, Inc., Dept. 8-A
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Please send sample package of Mum, free, to

Name

Address

MISSISSIPPI

Rating: 77°—GIRLS, HERE'S BING—
Paramount

BOOOTH TARKINGTON'S story about the boy from Philadelphia who was considered a coward in the Old South, because he wouldn't fight a duel, and who later, by a weird fluke, acquired the reputation of being a killer, is told here with a musical setting which is quite pleasing, though a bit dull at times.

Bing Crosby, of course, is the boy who'd rather woo his women with songs than with pistols, and the inimitable W. C. Fields is the steamboat captain who exploits him as a killer. Bing sings three Rodgers and Hart's song numbers, which you'll be humming all summer, "Soon," "Easy to Remember, Hard to Forget" and "Down by the River," and the ladies will swoon with pleasure as usual.

Joan Bennett, who gets more beautiful in each picture, is the little southern heroine who tells Bing she loves him when he is thrown over by her sister, Gail Patrick, who is a pushover for duelling gentlemen. The comedy is in the capable hands of W. C. Fields, of course, and as the ever-bragging, ever-drinking steamboat captain he is superb.

There is an Indian gag and a mint julep gag that are worth the price of admission, not to mention the time Mr. Fields sits down to a little game of poker and finds five aces in his hand. It's fun for the whole family.

McFADDEN'S FLATS

Rating: 62°—CORN BEEF AND CABBAGE—
Paramount

THIS is one of those homey pictures that makes you roll with laughter, if you aren't too sophisticated. You probably saw the silent version of it, as it played around for years. This time that grand stage actor from Broadway, Walter C. Kelly, plays the lovable Irishman, McFadden. But it is really Andy Clyde who walks away with the picture. McTavish is the best rôle Andy has had yet and he gives it everything.

Jane Darwell is splendid as Mrs. McFadden, and Betty Furness, as her daughter, turns in a first rate performance. Dick Cromwell is given a "bit," which is a pity—and after that swell part he had in "Lives of a Bengal Lancer." There are plenty of laughs, and a lot of new gags, and if you're the folksy type you'll go nuts about this one.

THE DEVIL IS A WOMAN

Rating: 45°—DIETRICH ESPAGNOLE—
Paramount

THE new Dietrich picture is going to be a bit hard to take if you are over twenty-one and in your right mind. A rabid fan of the exotic Marlene's ever since "Blue Angel," I found myself squirming in my seat during the preview, and when Marlene started squirming on the screen a la Bette Davis in "Of Human Bondage" it was all too, too terrible.

Well, anyway, Dietrich is still the most beautiful woman on the screen, even when she distorts herself with a Joan Crawford mouth make-up. Shame on you Marlene.

The story smacks of the Continent and is about a beautiful soulless woman who toys heartlessly with the lives of men. The locale is Spain, and the gent who gets toyed with is Lionel Atwill, and does he suffer. His life ruined by the terrible vampire of Spain, Mr. Atwill endeavors to keep young Cesar Romero from falling under her

sway, but youth will have his way and Mr. Romero also suffers.

Like Iris March, we are never let off anything when Mr. Von Sternberg makes a picture, so we have to sit through reels and reels of carnival stuff that does not mean a thing, and we are practically worn out before Marlene starts ruining Mr. Atwill's life. However, let's not be too severe with Mr. Von Sternberg (or shall we?), his photography is breathlessly beautiful at times and the music is magnificent. Edward Everett Horton, Alison Skipworth and Don Alvarado are excellent in bits. Mr. Von Sternberg can now leave on the walking tour he has been talking about.

TRANSIENT LADY

Rating: 50°—SMALL TOWN STUFF—Universal

THOSE city gals with their slick clothes and fine manners certainly cause a lot of trouble when they visit small towns. Even when they are good and virtuous girls, like Frances Drake in this picture.

Frances and her two partners are a skating team who go around the country promoting skating casinos, and all is well until they hit a certain little southern town, down Alabama way. One of her partners shoots, in self-defense, the town's best bum, who is also the brother of the leading politician, and skips, leaving Frances and Clark Williams to take the blame. And you know those hot-headed southerners of story-book fame, they just gotta have a lynching.

Henry Hull plays the po'ful politician and looks and acts like something dug up long befo de wah. Gene Raymond plays the young lawyer, who brings law and order into southern chaos, and wins the lovely Frances, after June Clayworth, his fiancée, has done the noble thing.

It's an Octavus Roy Cohen story, and it isn't a very good story, but there are amusing interludes of colored comedy which are swell. P. S. Maybe I was a little hard on Henry Hull. I just saw Huey Long in a newsreel.

TIMES SQUARE LADY

Rating: 65°—MEET PINKIE TOMLIN—Metro

HERE'S a fair to middling racketeer yarn which serves mostly to push Robert Taylor up another notch on the ladder of fame, and to introduce to picture-goers Mr. Pinkie Tomlin, the Texas cowboy who wrote "The Object of My Affection."

Pinkie, they tell me, became such a hit with the younger set down at the Biltmore Bowl, in Los Angeles, that kind old Mr. Metro thought it would be a good idea to put him in pictures. Sophisticate that I am, I didn't fall for Pinkie in his first picture, but there were those out at the preview theatre in Westwood who were falling so hard I thought it was another earthquake, so I *could* be wrong.

Anyway, I do agree with Mr. Metro that Robert Taylor is an up and coming young man, and certainly should be a star before 1935 dies on us.

The story's about Virginia Bruce, quite, quite pretty, who inherits upon the death of her gambler father a chain of rackets which represent big dough. Of course all the racketeers are in cahoots to cheat her out of her inheritance and they sic Robert Taylor on her, as he has a way with women. But Robert falls in love with Virginia, who turns out to be a pretty smart girl and a chip off the old block, so he goes straight, and that brings on a lot of shooting and one of those thrilling chase scenes.

STUDIO NEWS

[Continued from page 31]



Anne Shirley supported by a distinguished cast, including Etienne Girardot, Elizabeth Patterson and O. P. Heggie in "Chasing Yesterday."

working on 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' today," Bernie tells me, "but we can go over anyhow if you like."

"No," I answer positively. "I want to see Cagney's 'Bottom' so we'll let that go until next month. See you in church. So long."

Shaking the dust of the Warner lot from my Ford tires, I start for—

R-K-O

THIS lot is busier this trip than I've seen it in months. First there's Anne Shirley in "Chasing Yesterday" (originally this was called "Sylvestre Bonnard"). She's the girl who wrenched your heart strings in "Anne of Green Gables." I can hardly wait to see this next picture of hers and no sooner will this one be finished than she goes to work in "Freckles."

At the moment, Anne, who is about seventeen, and Muzzy Marcelino, guitar player and soloist with Ted Fio Rita's orchestra, are all wrapped up in each other. Jackie Coogan tried to give Anne a fling but he couldn't make the grade. Muzzy is a nice boy and Anne, just now, is my favorite ingenue, so Cupid Mook is all smiles.

I don't know what period this is but Elizabeth Patterson looks quite formidable in a red polka dot dress of the mode of 1900.

And the room! At one side is a small platform with a little table on it and on the table an old, old phonograph with one of those huge horns they used to have. Opposite is a fireplace and in front of the fireplace is a huge base-burner stove with a large screen around it. In a corner is a beautiful Bohemian glass vase with some marigolds in it.

O. P. Heggie and Helen Westley were also both in "Anne of Green Gables" and I only hope this picture turns out as well.

Next on the list, is "The Informer." This, ladies and gents, is a story which has for its background the Irish revolution and which presents Victor McLaglen in the title role—"A hulk of a man of prodigious strength and little intelligence"—to quote from the scenario.

In order to secure money to spend on his sweetheart, Katie Fox (Margot Grahame) he informs the police of the whereabouts of his pal (Wally Ford). Wally is cornered and killed and Vic gets the twenty pounds reward. He promptly gets soused to the gills. Then he goes looking for Katie.

Why this?



when you can enjoy this!

Nestle Guards You Against the Dangers of Re-used Pads!

NO PERMANENT should ever ruin your hair. Yet many a woman risks having her hair practically destroyed because the same pads are used from one head to another. No wonder women dread the effects of bad permanent waving when such conditions prevail.

Yet such fear is now needless. For you can protect yourself if you go to a Licensed Nestle Shop, using fresh materials that are always Nestle—and nothing else! For then you secure a glorious wave that is also a distinct benefit to the structure of your hair.

THE NESTLE-LEMUR COMPANY
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LOOK for the Licensed Nestle Beauty Shop with this Certificate. It is your guarantee of a genuine Nestle Wave. Also insist on seeing the Nestle name on the foil cover of the felt pads.



Nestle

SCIENTIFIC PERMANENT WAVE



“I wonder!”



“I wonder if it would end all regular pain for me, and end it for all time?”

To the woman who is asking herself that question, the makers of Midol make an emphatic answer: It will *not*.

But they make another statement just as emphatic, and just as true: Midol always relieves periodic pain to some degree, and will for *you*.

Understand, this extraordinary medicine *may* bring you complete relief. It has done this for many. And some of these women had always had the severest pain. But others report only an easier time. Even so, isn't the measure of relief you are sure to receive well worth while? Midol means great comfort in any case—compared with unchecked suffering at this time of the month!

Any sufferer who experiences no relief from Midol should consult a physician.

“Yes, but won't it form some habit?” Only the habit of avoiding suffering which is needless! There is no “habit forming” drug in Midol. It is not a narcotic.

So, don't let the speed with which this remarkable medicine takes hold cause you any apprehension. Don't keep it for “emergencies” or wait for the pain to reach its height before you take it. Let it keep you comfortable throughout the period. Learn to rely on it completely. Just follow the simple directions found inside the box.

And speaking of boxes, you'll appreciate the slim aluminum case in which you get Midol. It's so thin and light—and dainty—you can give it a permanent place in your purse and always be prepared. It is a tremendous relief, mental and physical, to be able to approach this time without any misgivings, and to pass serenely through it.

Your druggist has these tablets. You'll probably see them on the counter. If not, just ask for Midol. Fifty cents is the most you'll pay—for comfort that is worth almost anything.

When it has given you back those days once given over to suffering, will you do this? If you know someone who still suffers, tell her of your discovery—that Midol does bring definite and decided relief from “regular” pain.



Katharine Hepburn's new play, in which she is supported by Charles Boyer, is called “Break of Hearts.” No one may visit the set when the clever Katie is at work.

The set is a street scene in Dublin. It rather resembles a blind alley. There is an old, old house on one side. On the other is a store with a sign, “John Murtagh & Son,” above it. The windows are brilliantly lighted. McLaglen is leaning against the window looking in and Neil Fitzgerald leans drunkenly against a lamp-post. The fog is so thick you could cut it with a knife.

Suddenly Vic lurches away from the window. “Come on, ye little scud,” he says to Neil, “I'm going to find Katie.”

“An' I'm the man can show her to ye,” Neil rejoins, grabbing Vic by the arm and starting off down the street with him.

But Terry (Vic) is in for a lot of grief that costs him his life in the long run.

Preston Foster is also in this but neither he nor Wally are working today so there's no fun here, as far as I'm concerned.

“The way they reproduce a fog always gets me,” I remark to Ruth Penny who is showing me around the lot. “I hate to leave a set like this.”

“That fog,” Ruth retorts, “has caused more trouble than anything we've had on the lot in months. It seeped through on to the next stage where Hepburn is working, and there wasn't supposed to be any fog in her picture, so it held up production for hours.”

All I catch is the word “Hepburn.” “It's all right,” Ruth laughs, noting my alarmed look. “Her set is closed as usual so you won't have to see her.”

I breathe a sigh of relief. Just as we come out of the stage I almost bump into Katie. She's dashing off to somewhere and is she a sight! Dirty slacks, no make-up, hair flying in all directions. Them as likes her can have her as far as I'm concerned. Her picture is called “Break of Hearts”—if you care.

“Star of Midnight” starring William Powell and Ginger Rogers is on location so I can't tell you about that.

They are, apparently, going in for atmosphere this month on the R-K-O lot because in the next picture, “The Village Tale,” we find a small town. The set is the interior of a village church, with the lights all festooned with ferns for a revival meeting. On the pulpit is a small pipe organ, etc. It would seem that Drury Stevenson (Robert Barrat) is jealous of Slaughter Sommerville's (Randolph Scott) position as leading citizen of the town. So he incites

his stupid brother, Elmer Stevenson (Arthur Hohl) to a rage when he tells him Elmer's wife (Kay Johnson) and Randy are carrying on an affair.

Mr. Hohl, in a fine frenzy, trudges through the rain to the church. Arriving there, we find all the religious element of the town in their pews (and other people's), while the organist wheezes out, “It's the Old Time Religion.” In the midst of the hymn, the door is flung open and Arthur staggers up the aisle.

Naturally, people turn to look as he passes. Randy happens to glance up at the minister (John Hyams) and sees a frightened look on his face. John is looking straight ahead. Randy turns and there is Elmer (or Arthur, whichever you prefer. I like “Elmer.”)

Suddenly Elmer stops short and begins shouting: “Janet! (Kay Johnson.) Janet! I want you to come down.” Janet is the organist.

“Brother Stevenson,” Rev. Hyams protests mildly, “will you please sit down?”

“No!” Elmer yells. “Think I want to stay in a place built by Sommerville money. Janet!! Come down!”

“Cut!” says the director.

As I told you—the inside of the church is the real thing but the outside—! It's nothing but unpainted beaver board and exposed studs and joists.

This set is so boxed in you can't get inside it at all, so I can't get to Randy to tell him how swell he is in “Roberta,” and Kay Johnson is even more inaccessible so we saunter on over to another stage.

And what, my little men and women, do you suppose we find here? “Strangers All,” no less, which the producers fondly hope will turn out to be another “Three Cornered Moon” and I'm hoping right along with them for *there* was a picture. You remember those merry, mad *Rimpel-gars*?

May Robson is the mother of a brood of four. The oldest, Preston Foster (ah, *there* you are, Preston!) is the main support of the family. William Bakewell wants to be an actor again, just as he was in “Three Cornered Moon.” James Bush, the youngest, has got in with a bunch of communists. And the daughter, Florinne McKinney—well, she's quite a dish. None of them wants to work because it's easier to sponge off Preston, who runs a haber-

dashery store. In fact, they keep Preston in such hot water financially that he keeps having to postpone his marriage to Susanne Kaaren (who is also quite a dish).

Billy has just wheedled his mother out of a thousand berries she's salted away when Jimmy rushes in, followed by a couple of blue-coats who arrest him for inciting a riot. They cart him off to jail. While the family is in a huddle, Master Bakewell disappears. A little later he comes in with his hat, coat, no gloves, and his bags packed. He's bound for Hollywood.

"You're not going to run away when we're in trouble," May exclaims, aghast at such perfidy.

"It's none of my doing," Billy returns, feeling very, very sorry, indeed, for himself. "Here I am, on my way to success," he goes on angrily, "and something like this has to happen! Once I get to Hollywood I won't even let on like I have a family."

Madame R begins to swell up with indignation, but while she is racking her vocabulary for words with which to castigate young Billy, Preston rushes across the room and grabs Billy by the neck. "You dirty little squirt," he says furiously. "I'll—" He draws back his hand to strike him.

"Murray!" May cries and Pres lets go. Then she turns to Billy. "After all Murray's done for us, you'd let him lose his store so you can go to Hollywood. You'd run out on him, you'd run out on Lewis (Jimmy Bush) because he's in trouble. Yes, and you'd even run out on me because you're afraid of a reputation you haven't got. I thought I was being good to you," she goes on with gathering momentum. "I let you go your own way—I even tried to believe I couldn't tell you anything because I thought you were a genius. I wanted to be the proud mother of a great actor. I wanted to be able to tell the world the famous Richard Carter was my son. Instead, I'm the mother of a nasty, selfish little coward!"

We used to kiddingly call Billy, "Wonder Eyes" because he looks perpetually amazed but he's out-doing himself now. He's never seen his mother like this. His orbs are fairly popping out of his head.

"Give me that thousand dollars," May orders.

"But, mom," he protests.

"Give me—that—thousand—dollars," she repeats in a louder voice.

Quite terrified, Billy hastily reaches for the small money bag inside his shirt. May snatches it out of his hand and turns to Preston, thrusting the money on him. "Here! This will take care of you. We'll scrape another two hundred together by tomorrow morning and pay off your note."

"But what about Lewis?" Preston protests. "You may need some money for him."

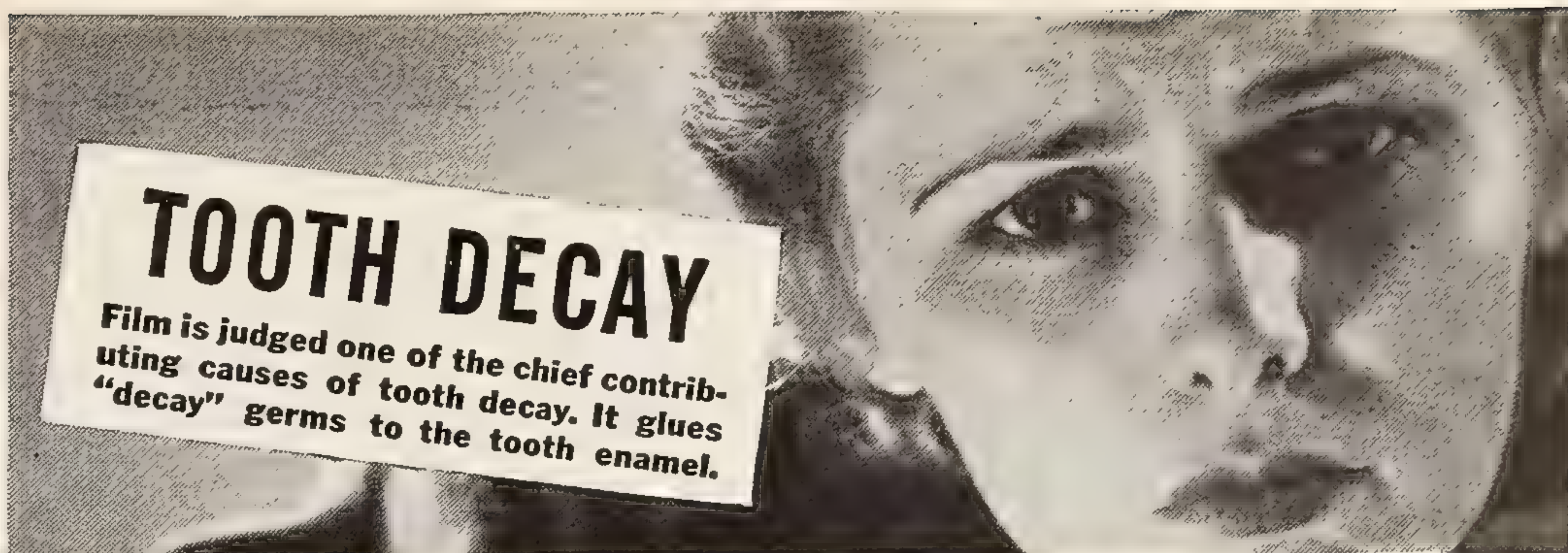
"You take care of yourself," May retorts brusquely, "and I'll take care of Lewis—somehow—some way."

I sit there for a moment or two after the scene is finished. I can't help feeling sorry for May and, at the same time, wondering how many more mothers—and fathers—there are in this country fondly kidding themselves their children are geniuses when in reality they are nothing but upstart four-flushers. And I wonder how those parents feel when they are brought face to face with reality.

Suddenly I notice Preston. There is a funny look on his face. "What's the matter?" I ask.

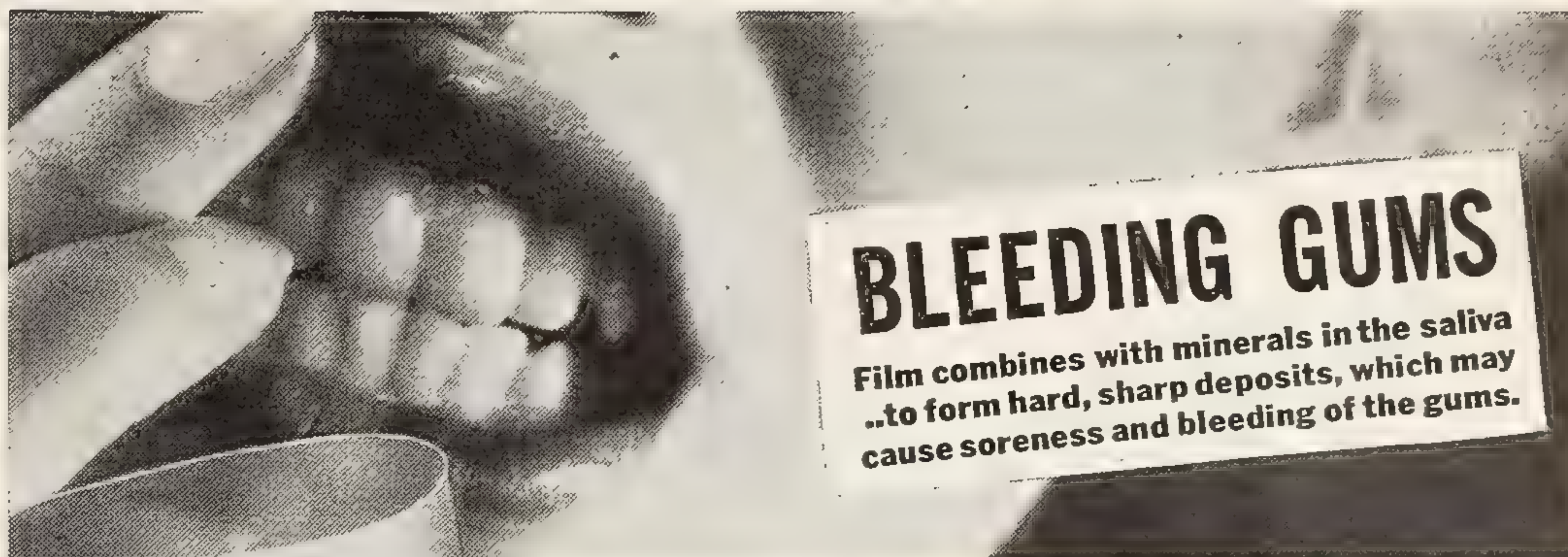
"When I grabbed Billy just now I must have thrown my thumb out of joint. It feels like a knife is sticking in it," he answers. But he went on and finished the scene just the same. They call a doctor and put the thumb back in place and poultice it to take the soreness out.

"Well, there are still three left," Preston grins, kidding in spite of his pain.



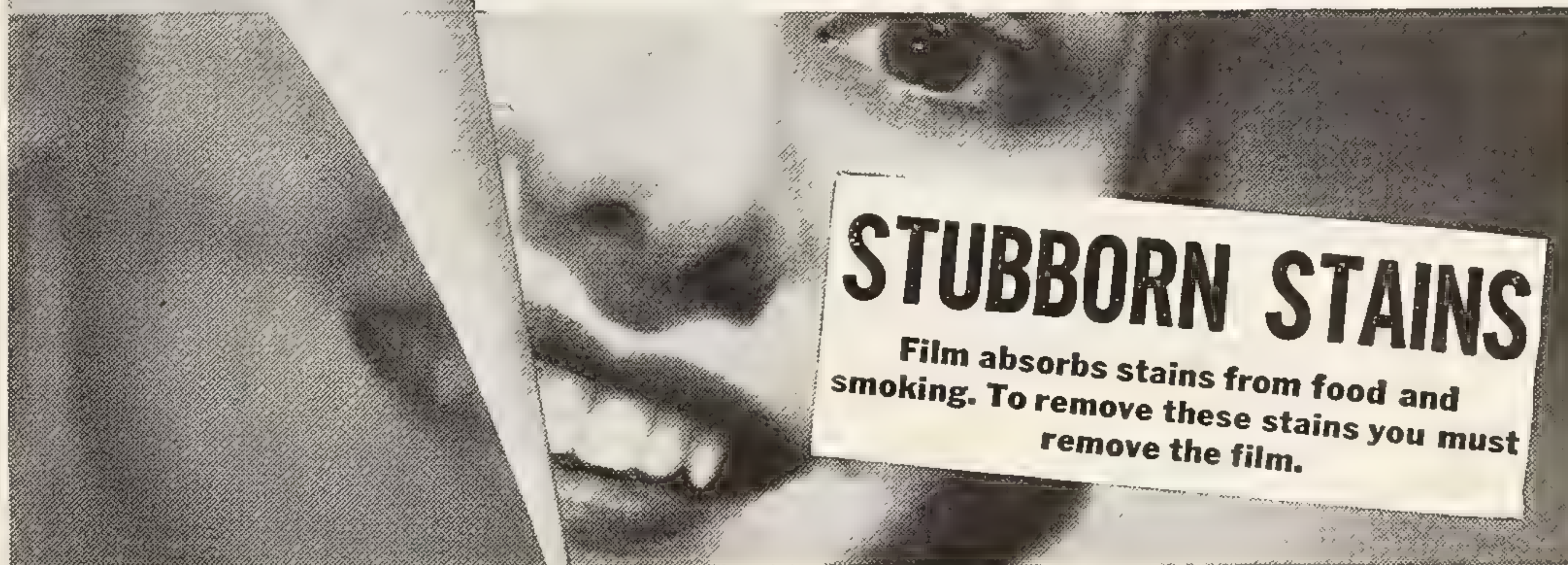
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Film combines with minerals in the saliva ..to form hard, sharp deposits, which may cause soreness and bleeding of the gums.



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I know what Preston is talking about. Once I gave him a medal for fooling Fox into giving him a contract. And when he left Fox and went to M-G-M I sent him a wire: "First Warners, then Fox and now M-G-M stop Well, there are Paramount, Universal and R-K-O left and with any luck at all they should keep you going another three years." Back came his answer: "If my agent keeps his health and you keep your mouth shut, three years will be enough."

Well, now he's at R-K-O but, in the meantime, Columbia has come up so there are still three.

Every time I see Preston and Russell Hardie—and even when I don't see them and only think about them—I see red.

Every studio in town is yapping and yowling for new faces and moaning over the shortage of leading men and right here are two of the swellest actors in town who never get a break. It makes me sick. Yeah, and there's another kid in this picture, too—Clifford Jones—who played Baby LeRoy's father in "Tillie and Gus," with W. C. Fields and Alison Skipworth, who is a darned good juvenile, and he never gets a break, either. I'm going to speak to Lloyd Pantages about it.

"Hi, Dick," Mr. Bakewell regrets.

"Hi, Billy," I rejoin morosely. "I was pleased to note in *Variety* that you're one of the forty-six actors who copped most of the parts in Hollywood last year."

"I was not only pleased but most amazed," Billy comes back. "I was just wondering how under the sun I could raise the dough to meet the interest on the mortgage."

A pall of gloom enshrouds us. I'm stifling. All I want is a large dose of California's clean, pure sunshine so, as Mr. Cagney and Damon Runyon would put it, "I give my friends a large good evening" and saunter over to—

Paramount

AS FAR as I can learn there are four pictures shooting on Mr. Zukor's property today.

The most important, of course, is "Four Hours to Kill" starring Richard Barthelmess and Joe Morrison. This is from the



Dick Barthelmess at Paramount in "Four Hours to Kill," a murder story which takes place in the theatre.

stage play "Small Miracle" by Norman Krasna, who is absolutely tops when it comes to being screwy. If Norman had just one more screw loose he'd be in Matteawan... but he writes good plays and scenarios. Four years ago he was getting sixty a week at Warner Brothers. Today he's getting fifteen hundred.

"Dick!" Mr. Barthelmess exclaims warmly when I come on the set.

"Dick!" I exclaim just as warmly.

I haven't seen Dick since we met at the Santa Anita race track when I bet on High Glee or Top Hole or something because

it was a good horse, and he bet on Rowdy Boy because he once had a dog named Rowdy and Rowdy Boy came in at something like fifty to one. As far as I know High Glee is still arguing with the starter.

"Dick," he repeats, "what do you think of this?" meaning the picture.

"I think it ought to make a fine picture," I reply. "And it certainly should give you a chance to show you can do something besides play wistful juveniles."

"Amen," says he.

The story is too complicated to give in detail. The whole action takes place in a theatre—most of it in the lounge between acts. Joe is a checkroom boy whom one of the ushers (Dorothy Tree) is trying to hold up for money. He is desperate for the money because he is really in love with another girl (Helen Mack). Dick is an escaped gangster who hides in a telephone booth, and who only wants one thing before he goes to the pen: to even scores with the man who squealed on him (Noel Madison). Noel is Dorothy Tree's husband, but Joe doesn't even know she's married.

In the end Dick kills Noel and is, himself, fatally wounded.

The cops are just dragging Dick's corpse up the steps from the lounge. Gertrude Michael and Raymond Milland are following. And, as the officers trudge up the steps with their ghastly burden between them, Charles Wilson talks with Joe.

"Hi, stranger," says Joe. "I haven't seen you since night before last. Where you been keeping yourself?"

"Oh, around and about," I answer casually.

"Boots was asking for you," Joe vouchsafes. "Better come up and see her." Boots is his police dog.

"How's your part in this?" I go on.

"I think it's going to be all right," Joe answers. "I only sing one song and it'll give me a chance to see how I'd do as a straight actor. I carry the sympathy, I hope, but Dick's got the fat part. He's so swell, though, I don't mind. He sure is giving a performance in this, too."

"Boy," Ray Milland interjects, "I'm finally getting the breaks. I had that nice part with Claudette Colbert in 'The Gilded Lily' and now I've got another good one in this. As soon as this is finished I start in 'The Glass Key.' Remember a few years ago when I first came out here and you were the only one in town ever thought I'd get anywhere?"

"Well, gee, Ray," I answer, "it didn't take a fortune teller to know you'd be good. It was only a question of getting the breaks."

"All the same," says Ray, "I appreciate what you've done for me."

"Hold 'Em, Yale," featuring Andy Devine, William Frawley, Warren Hymer, George E. Stone, Patricia Ellis and Cesar Romero is just leaving the studio to go on location to the football field.

"When you coming up to see my baby?" Andy demands.

"I been putting it off as long as possible," I retort. "I'm afraid he'll look like you and I couldn't stand that."

"Dick," Andy informs me, "you can say some of the nastiest things. It's a wonder you have any friends at all."

"I was just kidding," I assure him hastily.

"Well, don't kid parents about their children," is Andy's admonition. Yes, sir, Mr. Divine, I won't.

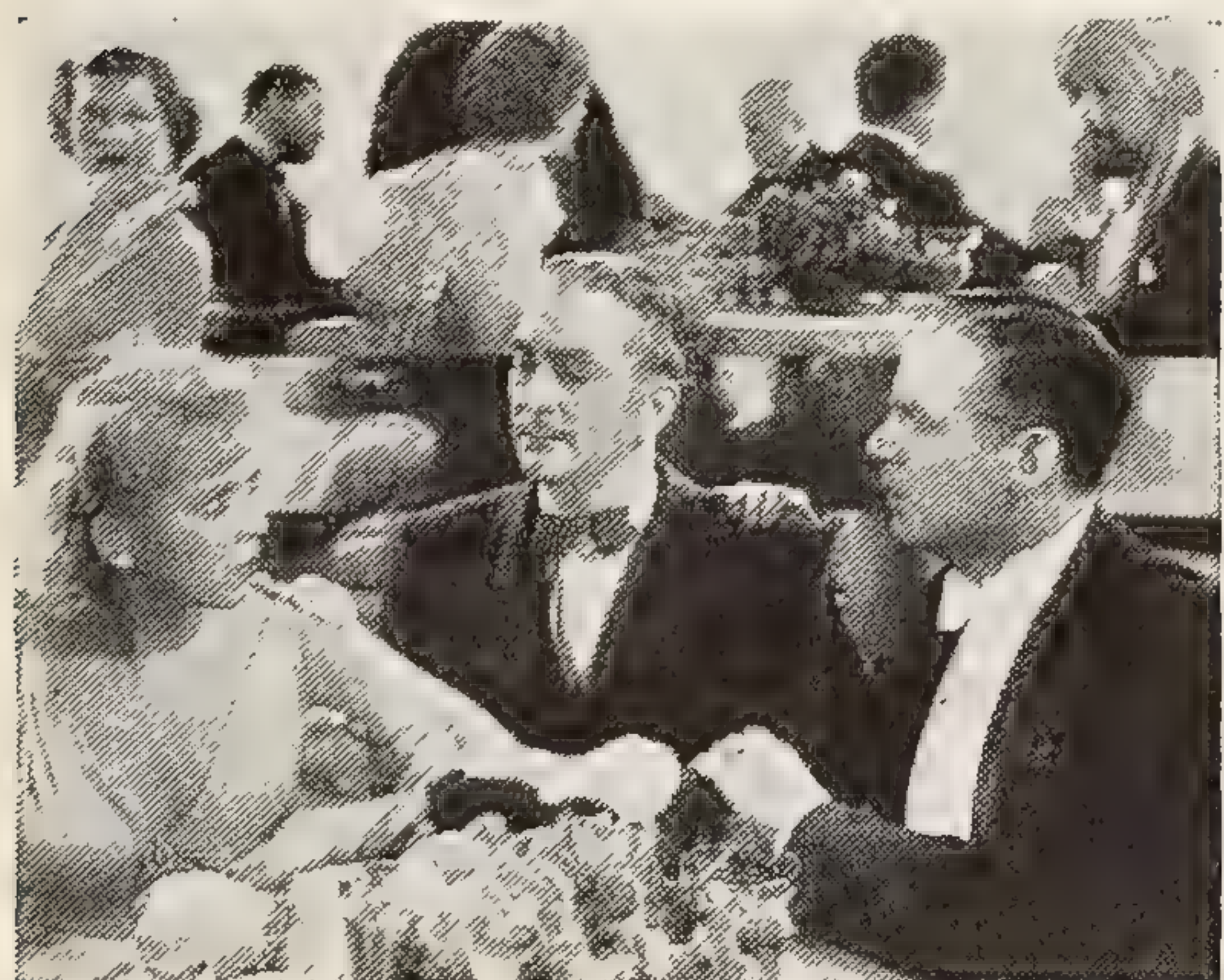
And now we come to "Stolen Harmony," which stars George Raft and Ben Bernie. Raft is in prison for some minor offence. He is a saxophonist in the prison band. Bernie, on a visit to the pen, hears him play and when Raft is released Bernie gives him a job. Grace Bradley is a dancer with the band. One night her partner turns up

drunk, so she gets Bernie to let George dance with her and, of course, he is a hit. So from here on he is a dancer. They travel across the country in a de luxe bus. They are just piling into the bus, so there isn't any dialogue and not much action in this scene.

While they're setting up the lights and camera George voices his opinion as to why his latest picture, "Rumba," which was previewed last night, didn't go over so well. "I think they should have given Iris Adrian and Margot more to do," he announces.

I suppose George knows more about pictures than I, but my own private opinion is that the picture should never have been made. It was a trite story to begin with and I, as a Carole Lombard fan, resented seeing her play stooge for Raft, regardless of how good he was in the film.

There's no use standing here all day, though, theorizing over a picture that is



Ida Lupino, Lynne Overman and Tullio Carminatti in "Paris in Spring." Mary Ellis is the star and sings.

finished, so I meander over to the set of "Paris in Spring," which features Mary Ellis, Tullio Carminatti, Lynne Overman and the people's choice—Ida Lupino.

Mary is a singer in love with Carminatti. Carminatti is in love with Mary, but Mary is trying to make him jealous, so, to get even with her, he takes Lupino out. Lupy is a kid who has run away from school and threatens to commit suicide. They go to the cafe where Mary works, and quite a ducky spot, it is, too.

There is a long oval bar at one side of the room, trimmed in copper and opaque glass. The modernistic tables are arranged in a circle about the room. In the center of this circle is a hydraulic platform that comes up out of the floor. Mary sings from this.

Carminatti and Lupy are seated at one of the tables when in walks the Commissioner of Police, none other than M'sieu Overman, all done up with a mustache and a new hair-comb. He seats himself at the table, glances at Lupy and then at a picture he carries.

"Remarkable! Extraordinary," he ventures and turns to Carminatti, "Don't you think so?"

"Waiter!" Mr. C. calls.

"I'm the police," Lynne ventures plaintively. "I wouldn't do that if I were you."

"The police!" Miss Lupino gasps.

"The police?" Mr. Carminatti repeats.

"The police," says Mr. Overman positively. "Have you seen this picture before?" he demands, showing him the photograph.

"It's my picture!" Lupy all but shouts.

"It's her picture," the dazed Tullio agrees.

"It's my evidence," Lynne announces and turns to Ida: "You must come with me."

"No, no!" Tullio protests. "You can't drag her away like this."

"If you insist upon getting mixed up in this," Lynne advises him, "I'll have to take



"Who wouldn't prefer a cigarette that's easier on the throat?" *SAYS Joan Blondell*

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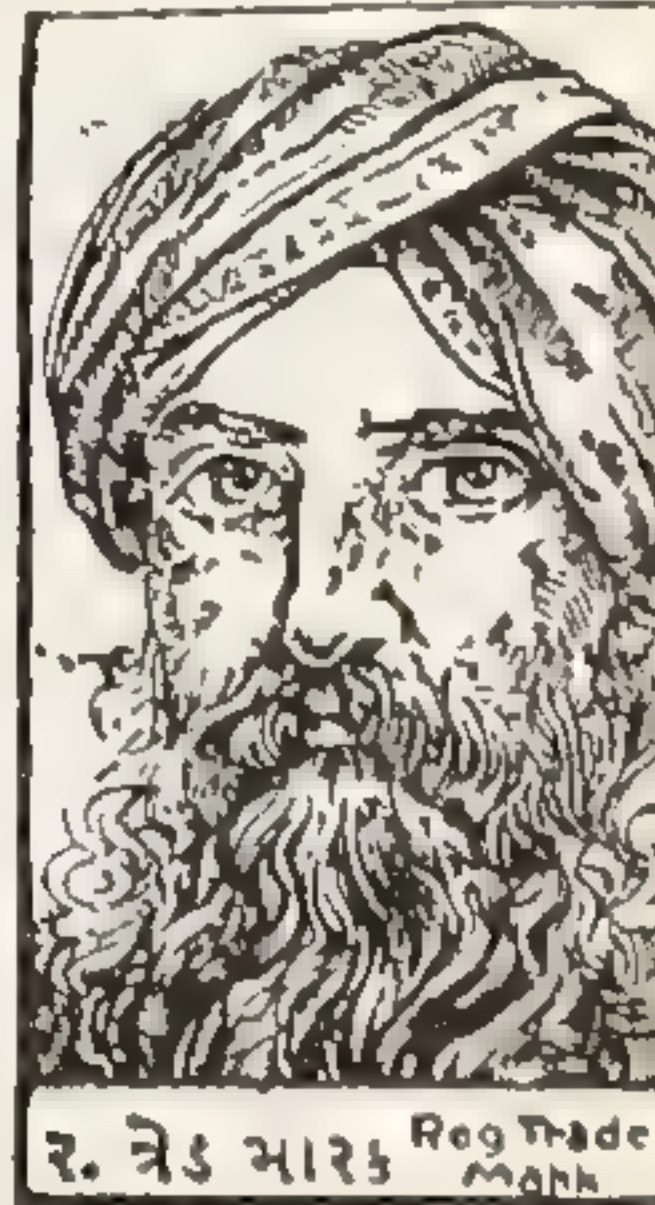
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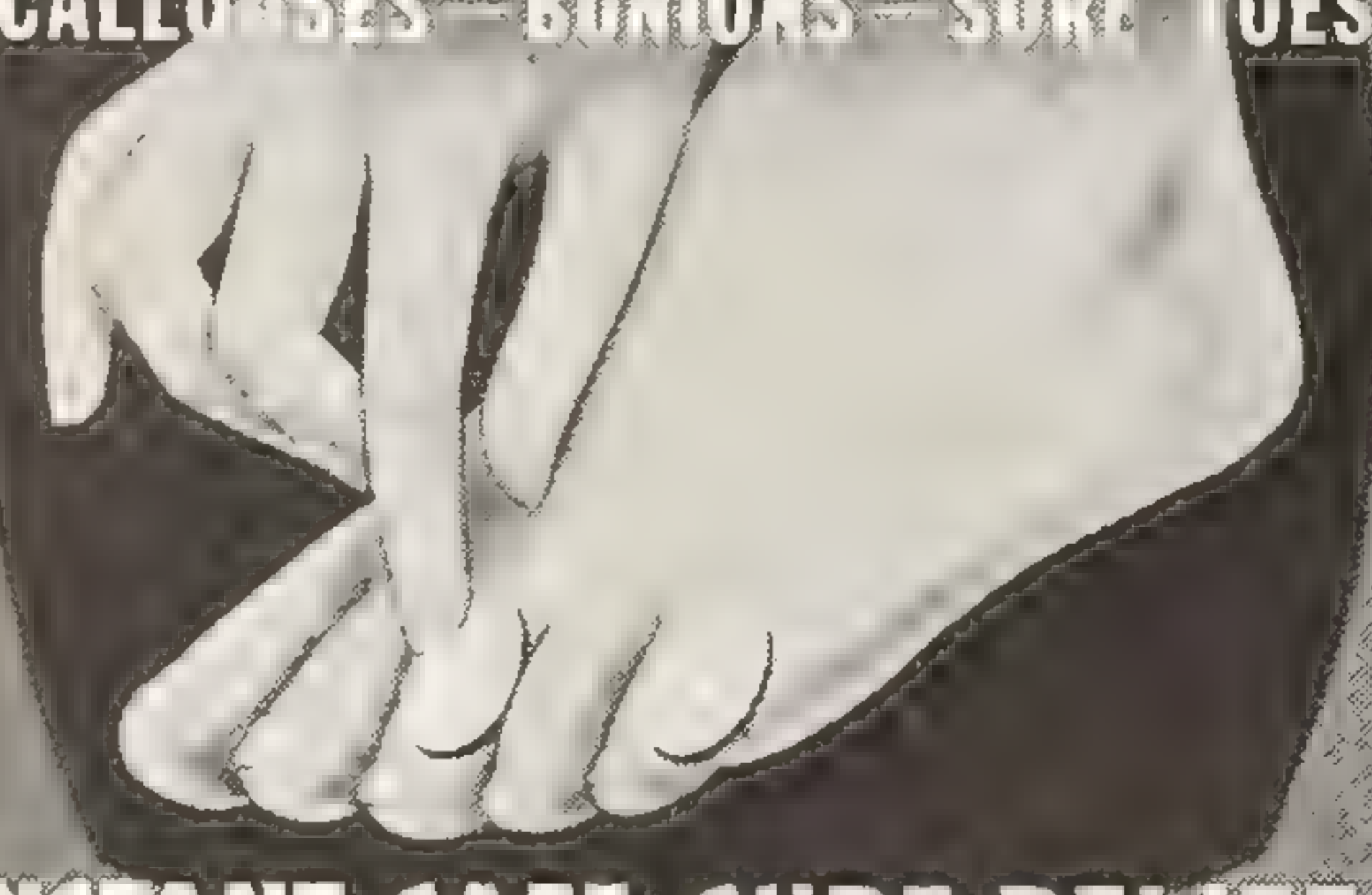


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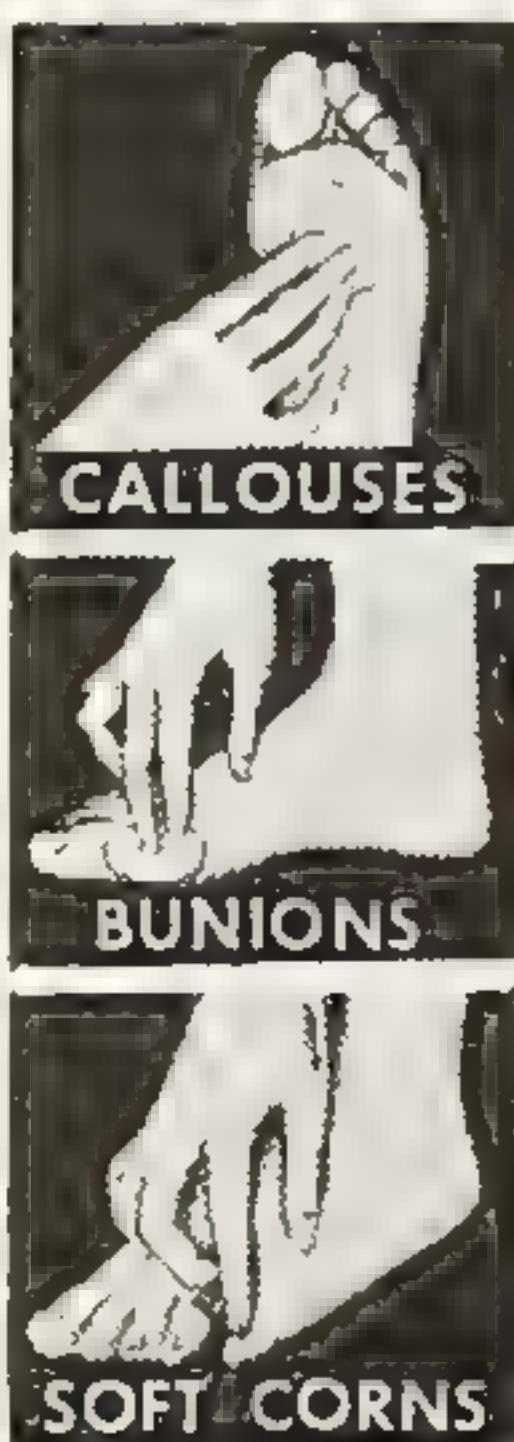
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you along—but I wouldn't advise it." "But I haven't done anything," Mr. C. ventures in protest again.

"Reported missing, crowd swallowed her up," Lynne goes on ignoring him. "Later, reported abducted. Complaint of Albert de Charelle—sort of a cousin."

"Oh!" Ida storms. "That meddlesome pup! How dared he?"

"Must mademoiselle be humiliated because Mr. de Charelle lost her?" Tullio wants to know.

"Lost, strayed or stolen, it's all one to the law as long as she is under age," Lynne advises them. "Come along."

This scene doesn't sound like much in the telling but, as it's played, it's one of the funniest in the picture.

Still leffink, I jog on up to—

Columbia

IMAGINE my joy to find only one picture in production there, ("Eight Bells" with Ralph Bellamy and Ann Sothorn) and that one on location. Quite merrily I tell them I'll see them next month and on I go to—

Twentieth Century

FIRST, there is "Cardinal Richelieu" starring George Arliss.

The story of the wary Cardinal who really ruled France during the reign of Louis XIII is too well known to need retelling. The troublous times through which he brings France make a gripping picture.



George Arliss as *Cardinal Richelieu* and Maureen O'Sullivan give a pleasant lesson in French history.

Woven into the political machinations is a little love story of the Cardinal's ward (Maureen O'Sullivan) and the young Andre de Pons (Cesar Romero). Just now the Cardinal is in his sitting room (all done in white—for purity, probably), sitting in a large green velvet chair. Mr. Arliss, himself, is all done up in a red moire dressing gown. There is a large fireplace, but no fire burns there. He has a book in his hand, which he is studying when the door opens and Maureen O'Sullivan comes tripping in.

She puts her arms around his neck and gives him a couple of kisses, then Arliss gently pulls her around to his side. But somehow he doesn't like the way the scene goes. He turns to the director. "Now, let's see," he muses. "She comes in, puts her arms around my neck and smack, smack, and then I say, 'Well, my child, what have you been doing.' Isn't that right?"

The director nods but I am speechless. I didn't think anyone would ever get old enough to rehearse a scene that called for a kiss from Maureen by merely saying "smack, smack" instead of actually going through that part. Mr. Arliss, however, is apparently perfectly satisfied, and they go into a take.

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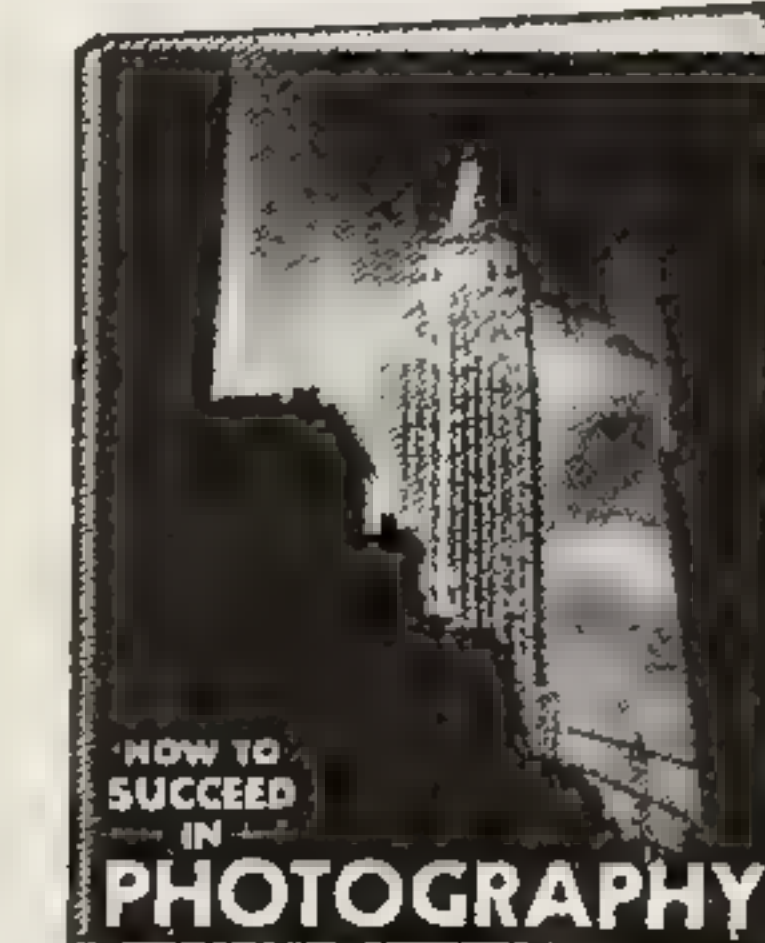


Photo of myself after losing 28 lbs. and reducing 4½ inches.

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"Well, my child," he says, the smack, smack attended to, "what have you been doing?"

"What have you been doing?" she counters as he leads her from behind his chair and seats her gently on a stool at his side.

"Mine is a life of contradictions," he tells her gently. "I flatter kings, amass worldly wealth and tax the poor—and pray God to be merciful. And I make men hate me."

"My father loved you," she rejoins gently. "And you were smiling when I came in. What were you reading?"

For answer he smiles and looks at the book in his hand. "When I was young I wrote down words of guidance for my own account."

"Let me see," she demands playfully.

"I do not recommend them for you—or others," he replies. "When I first came to court I wrote this"—opening the book—"when I was twenty-one: 'Burn all incriminating letters. Do not appear distracted when others are speaking. Withdraw adroitly, without lying, when the truth is dangerous. The King loves to be praised. Remember that to lose the favor of the King is to lose all. If you have purpose, pursue it—if you believe deeply, act boldly.' Ah, well—twenty-one."

"If you believe deeply, act boldly," she repeats pensively, absently.

"What would you write for yourself?" he inquires gently.

"Questions, perhaps," she whispers gazing off into the distance. "Questions—without answers."

Gosh, Maureen looks lovely in her pale taffeta with lace covering the skirt. I'd like to tell her so but a half dozen takes are just a good start for Mr. Arliss and it's getting on in the day. So I leave without even an "Hello" to Maureen.

On the back lot is an alley of brick walls. Above the one doorway is a sign, "Mlle. Simon. Toilette de Flore." A large coach lantern hangs above it. The walls are all smoke grimed and unrelieved by windows.



One of the final scenes in "Les Misérables." Charles Laughton as the detective is co-starred with Fred March as Jean Valjean.

A huge manhole cover has been removed and a man lies prostrate beside it. This is the set of "Les Misérables" starring Fredric March and Charles Laughton.

Suddenly M. Laughton dashes in, looks around, curls his lips and snarls. Then he nastily begins the descent into the sewer. He pauses, part way down, as he sees a pistol in the dead man's hand. He snatches it out, cocks it to see that it's loaded and disappears. In the distance, the shouts of the crowd sound. And they are beating on everything with their sticks and guns.

John "Little Minister" Beal and Rochelle Hudson supply the young love. Freddie is Jean Valjean and Laughton is Javert.

Outside the set I run into Beal. The make-up man has drawn a couple of bloody cuts on his face so realistically that even close-up they look genuine. "My bride,"

he grins proudly, "tells me you got a new car."

"Yeah, she went along to help me pick it out," I answer.

"Now, that she didn't tell me," says Mr. Beal.

Just then Freddie comes by. Hello, Dick. How've you been? Florence (his wife) is going to the hospital in a few days for an operation on her nose. Go over and see her while she's laid up, will you? And Freddie is gone. Then I look around and John's gone, too. So I go—to—

Walter Wanger's Studio

"PRIVATE WORLDS" is Mr. Wanger's offering this month for R-K-O release. And he has certainly assembled a cast for it—Claudette Colbert, Joan Bennett, Joel McCrea, Charles Boyer, and Helen Vinson. I haven't read the book but I understand it is all about a woman doctor in a psychopathic hospital.

Claudette is the only one of the principals working this afternoon. She looks gorgeous in a very severely tailored terra cotta crepe dress. She is in the sitting room of



Claudette Colbert as the doctor in "Private Worlds," the Phyllis Bottem story.

her cottage at the sanitarium. Also with her are a nurse, the matron and one of the patients—Jean Rouveral.

It is a pleasant enough room—a small desk with a white leather chair behind it, a few chairs scattered about, upholstered in cheery chintz, a coffee table with tea things on it and shelves all around the room filled with impressive looking tomes.

Just now, Jean is slumped on the floor by one of the larger chairs.

"She refuses to go to bed," the matron explains, "and she struck at nurse—several times."

"Oh, Carrie," Claudette murmurs in distress.

"They locked me in the closet at Christmas," Jean whimpers. "They said they'd give me lovely presents. They lied!"

"Carrie," Claudette whispers sincerely, kneeling beside her, "we know your sisters were unkind to you but we want to help you. Just because some people were cruel to you doesn't mean that everyone will be. We love you."

She goes on talking to the girl in this strain until Jean begins to sob. She is very contrite. Then the nurses take her away and Claudette is left staring speculatively after her.

"I'm a little worried about this," Claudette confesses when the scene is finished. "The theme is so unpleasant."

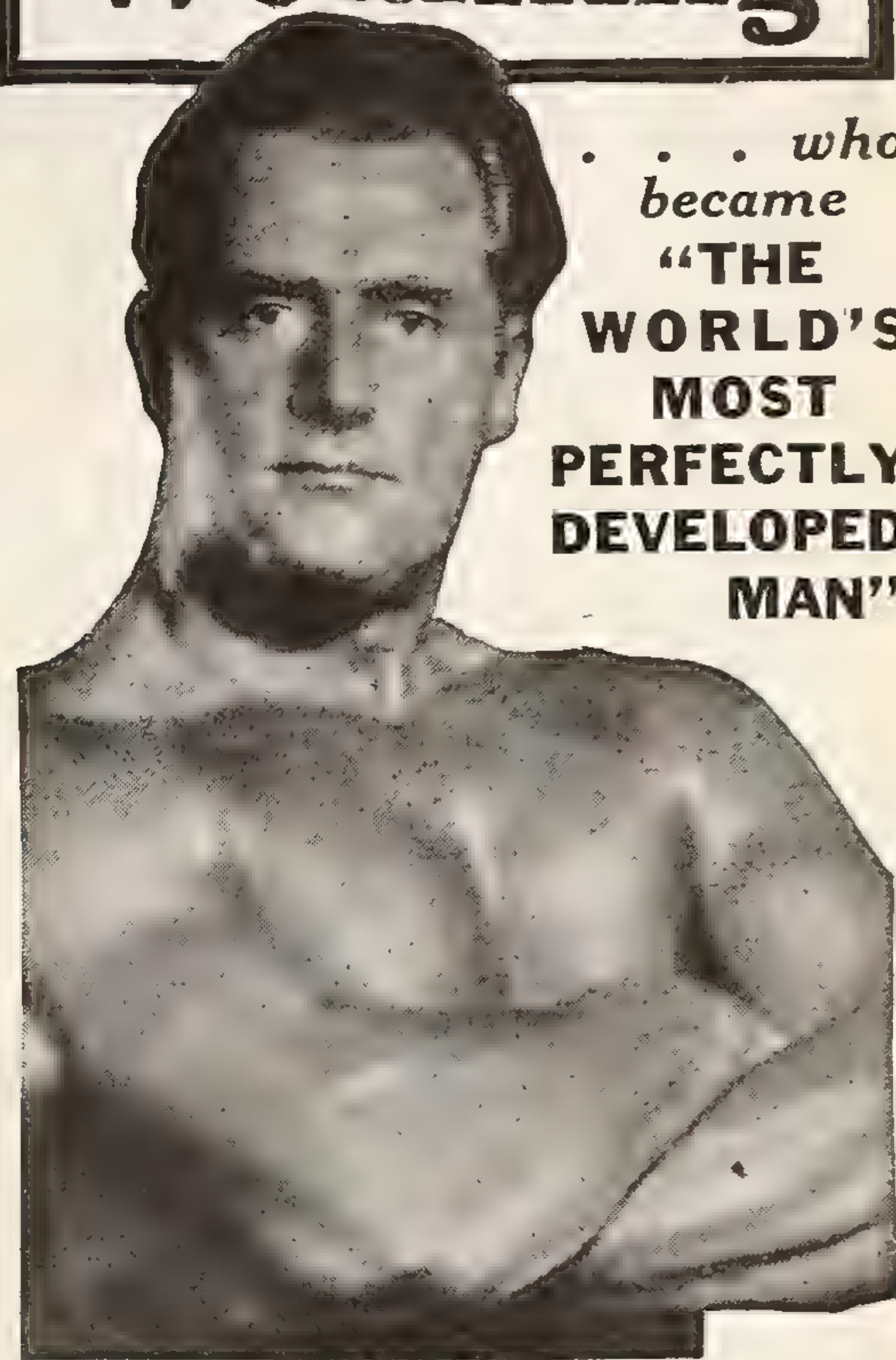
"I'm sure no one will notice the theme at all," I respond, "if you look as lovely all through the picture as you do today."

From here to—

M-G-M

is a long ride but the sun is shining, the birds are singing—somewhere—and I finally reach my destination still in good spirits.

The 97-lb. Weakling



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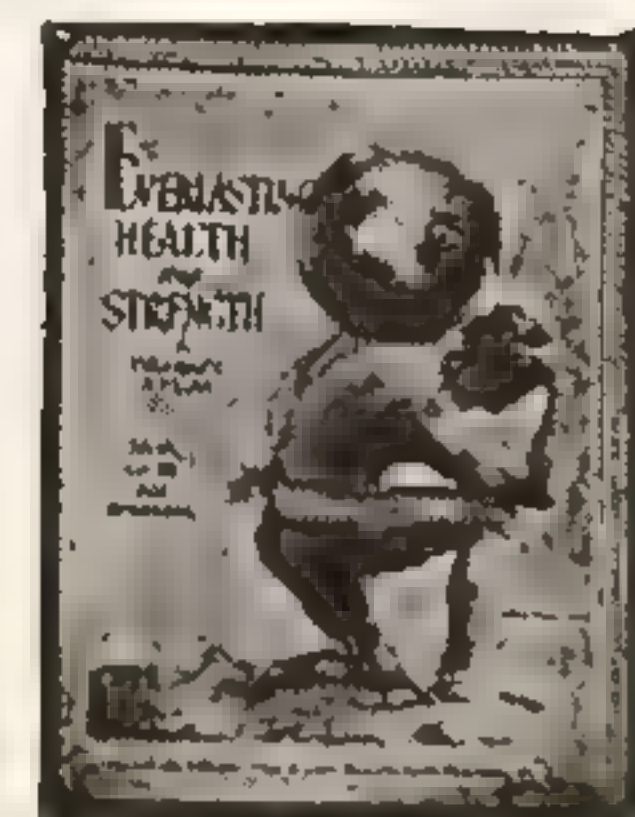
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My spirits are not dampened a whit, either, when I find only one picture going at the Culver City plant. It is called "The Vampires of Prague." Tod Browning, who always directs mystery thrillers, is in charge of this and he won't tell me anything about the plot, other than that there have been mysterious deaths. The inspector of police (Lionel Atwill) has just summoned Lionel Barrymore (a professor of the occult) to help him.

"Why were you instrumental in bringing me here?" Lionel demands.

"Because I thought you would help me uncover the truth," Atwill explains.

"We have the truth," Barrymore bursts out petulantly, "but you won't believe me." He turns to the Baron (Jean Hersholt). "That's the way with you unbelievers—they have eyes, yet they will not—"

"Ridiculous!" Atwill breaks in. "Impossible!"

"Incredible to you," Barrymore wheels on him, "but not to me. The facts speak for themselves. Three attacks have been made. Sir Karell is dead—Miss Borotyn and her fiance lie within the shadow of death." He turns from one to the other in his earnestness and excitement. "Baron—Inspector—believe in me—help me! They must be protected. The vampire is a pestilence that grows. Each victim that it kills, becomes a vampire. A corpse by day, at night it leaves its coffin—to sustain its unnatural life on the blood of the living!"

"Cheerful little bit of fluff," says a familiar voice at my elbow. I look around and there is none other than Miss Leila Bennett.

Well, I'm supposed to be reporting pictures and not personal reunions so I won't dwell on Leila beyond saying "Vampires" will be a better picture because she's in it and that as soon as she finishes this one she starts in another called "Order, Please."

At Fox

IT IS getting on in the day as I cross Overland Avenue towards the Fox Studio. The birds are getting drowsy and the sun has changed the sky from a cobalt blue to a flaming red but there's no let-up for Mook.

Will Rogers has started work on "Doubting Thomas" with Billie Burke, Alison Skipworth, Frank Albertson, Gail Patrick,



Will Rogers is making a new picture, "Doubting Thomas," with a wonderful cast.

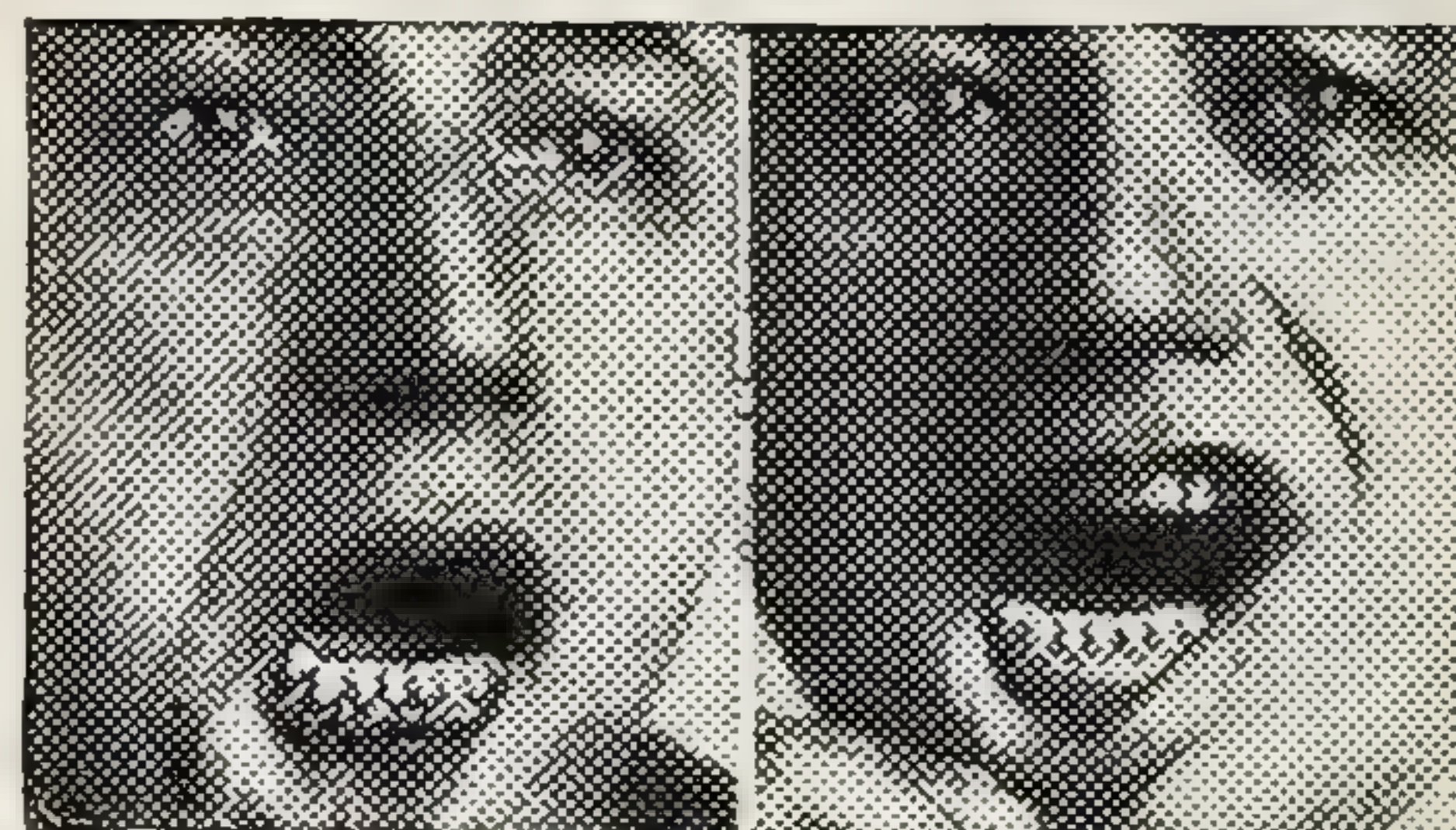
Sterling Holloway and a host of others in support. This was originally called "The Torchbearers."

"It's all about a socially ambitious wife (Billie Burke)," Frank, who isn't working, explains to me. "She's married to a plain, matter-of-fact guy—Rogers. Well, anyhow, they're having a rehearsal of the play. Watch."

I've never seen *Skippy* look so impressive as she does in her white crepe evening dress with a band of brilliants around the neckline. Gail Patrick, who is one of the screen's real beauties, also looks radiant in white.

"You're a single girl, Florence," *Skippy* observes to Gail, "and it is difficult for

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you to realize how extremely annoyed with our husbands we married women become." She gives a deprecatory laugh and promptly backs into a coffee table, knocking it over. On the table is a little bronze statue, a couple of fountain pens in a holder, etc. There is a general scramble to right things. Before they make another take, Skippy turns indignantly to the prop man. "Why," she demands, "do you leave that beautiful little statue on that table when you *know* I have to back into it and knock it over and you *know* it's going to be broken?"

They must make a dozen takes of that scene before they get one that suits the director. I've watched Skippy in a dozen pictures and she goes through the same routine in every one of them: "I can't do it—I can't do it. I wish they'd let me out of my contract so I could go back to the stage where I know what I'm doing!" You'd think she had never played a scene before in her life to hear her carry on—that she had no knowledge of acting and no technique at all. And yet, despite her lack of confidence in herself, she comes pretty close to stealing any picture she's in.



Spencer Tracy and a new star, Wendy Barrie from England.

Billie Burke looks not a day over twenty-five. There is *one* woman who has really stopped the clock as far as age goes.

Will Rogers is over in the corner busily engaged in rewriting the script.

"Come on," Frank whispers. "It's getting late. I'll take you over to the other two sets."

Presently we reach another stage where "It's a Small World" is shooting. Spencer Tracy is starred in this and Wendy Barrie has the feminine lead. She's Mr. Sheehan's latest English importation. And quite an eyeful, too.

"Spence is taking her duck-shooting," Frank explains. "But she doesn't like the discomfort of this and he knows she will run away if he leaves her alone. So he takes her purse and gloves and threatens

to take her clothes off her if she doesn't go into the room and throw them out to him."

Wendy promptly retires and the clothes come sailing through a crack in the door. Spence catches them adroitly. "Now will you go!" she snaps through the crack in the door.

"Um-hum," Spence grins and starts towards his own door. He pauses at the entrance and looks back: "Sweet dreams. You've only got 'til quarter of three sweet-heart."

Wendy's door bangs and that's that.

Spence wants to talk about his reconciliation with his wife but we've already gone over that so, pleased as I am about it, I've got to leave him and beat it over to the set of "Spring Tonic."

"This," Frank explains, "is the story of a very prissy young man—meaning Mr. Lew Ayres—who thinks he's what the doctor ordered for any and every occasion. He's



Lew Ayres and Claire Trevor in "Man Eating Tiger." Now called "Spring Tonic."

engaged to Claire Trevor, but when they're having a rehearsal for the wedding she gets sick of the whole thing, the constant rehearsing and all, and dashes upstairs.

Presently—and pleasantly—Lew takes his place on the stairs, facing the crowd below him.

"Elizabeth," he announces in his best nothing-at-all-has-happened manner, "is a little upset. Under the circumstances it is quite understandable and—er—" with terrific condescension, "I may even say—permissible."

"I can't imagine what has come over Betty," Theresa Maxwell Conover, who plays her mother, explodes. "Her stomach has never been strong," she adds to Laura Treadwell, who plays Lew's mother.

"I always say that weddings are so difficult on the stomach," the harassed Miss Treadwell agrees, eagerly grasping at a solution to their mutual problem.

"Edward," Miss Conover goes on, turning to Henry Kolker, who plays her husband, "you are her father and I think you ought to go upstairs and give her a good talking to."

"No, no—please," Efficiency Lew interposes, blocking the stairs. "Let's give her a few moments to collect herself. Then I shall go up and reason with her."

"But can't we do something?" Miss Conover wonders.

"Don't worry, dear lady," Lew soothes her. "Tomorrow at precisely twelve thirty you shall have a son-in-law."

It's that "dear lady" that gets me down. Lew, himself, is in stitches from laughing at the script. "Dick," he asks between gasps, "have you ever in your life heard such dialogue? The only thing any of us can do with it is kid it and hope the audience will laugh along with us."

What a swell day this has been! Not a scrap all day, I didn't have to see Hepburn—and a laugh to finish it off.

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A MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

The Final Thing



Marion Talley

WHEN a picture pleases the great fan audience, the simple effect is for each fan to wish for another picture like it. The successful film has created a market for another similar picture and the fan does not care which of the producers supplies it. So, as soon as an outstanding success comes along, every producer makes another picture designed to satisfy the aroused appetite. Thus are "trends" started and picture cycles launched.

There have been so many successful pictures with music that a story with singing and dancing will always be with us, but even here a specialist like Fred Astaire gives accent to the dancing, and then Bill Robinson appears. Grace Moore introduces opera numbers and starts the latest craze—opera singing. Marion Talley has now been signed for a picture. Lily Pons, Lawrence Tibbett, Tullio Carminatti and others will contribute their art to this trend.

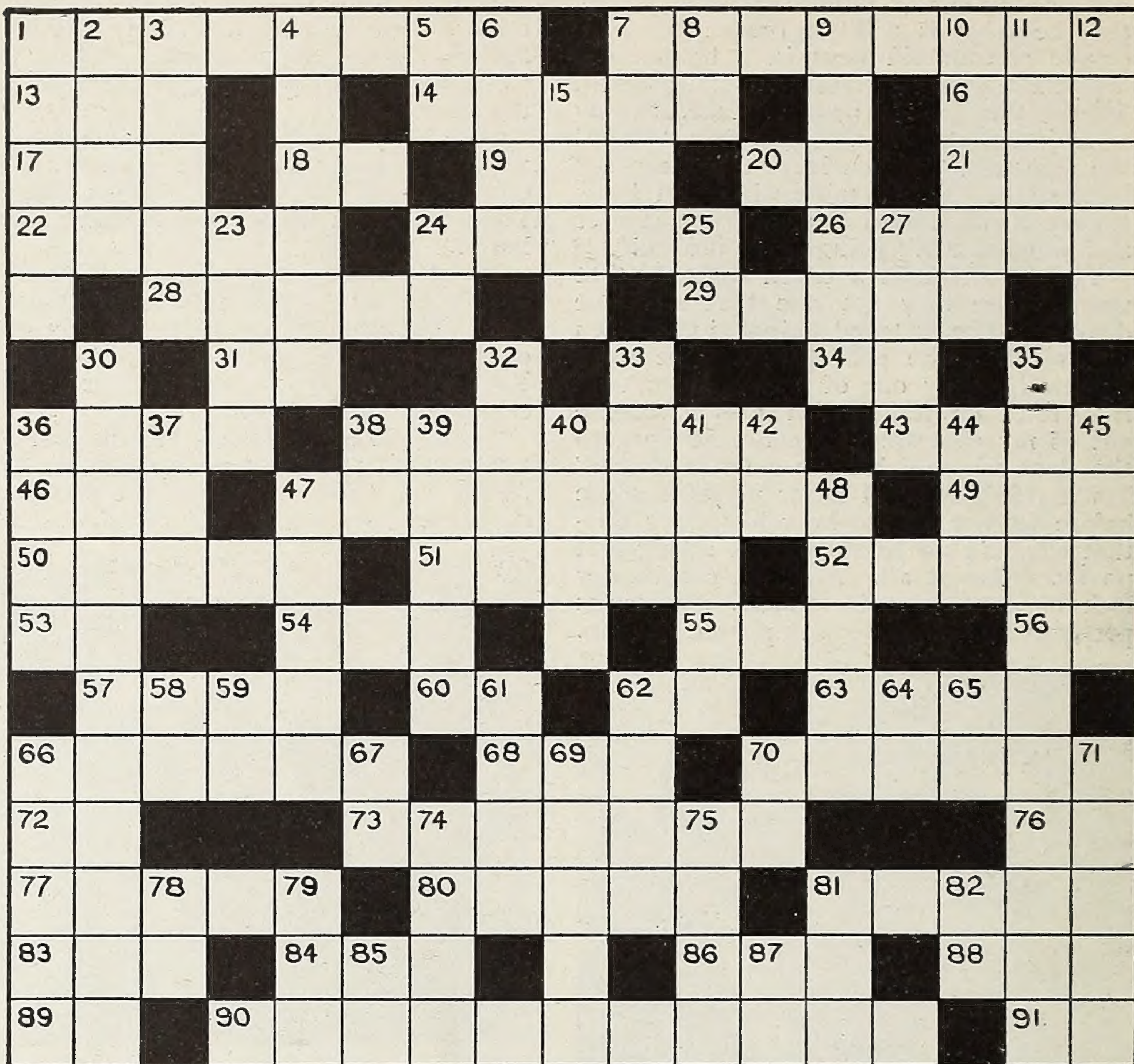
Years ago, the Victor records of Caruso's songs really introduced grand opera to people who did not go to the Metropolitan Opera House. Then the radio brought the great musicians to everyone. Will the movies go a step further, now that the trend is begun, and really put on operas? Certainly the costumes of the celebrated operas would be no objection now that the public has supported the present costume cycle.

Of course, the adapters would have to introduce action, but they always do have to meet the screen's demands.

Will the Valkyries' ride stir the pulses of the fans? Will "Tristan and Isolde" and "Aida" take the place of gangster films?

When Thomas Edison made his first experiments in talking films, he said his aim was to give the multitude the operas which they would enjoy. Is one more of the visions of the Great Edison now to materialize?

The Editor



ACROSS

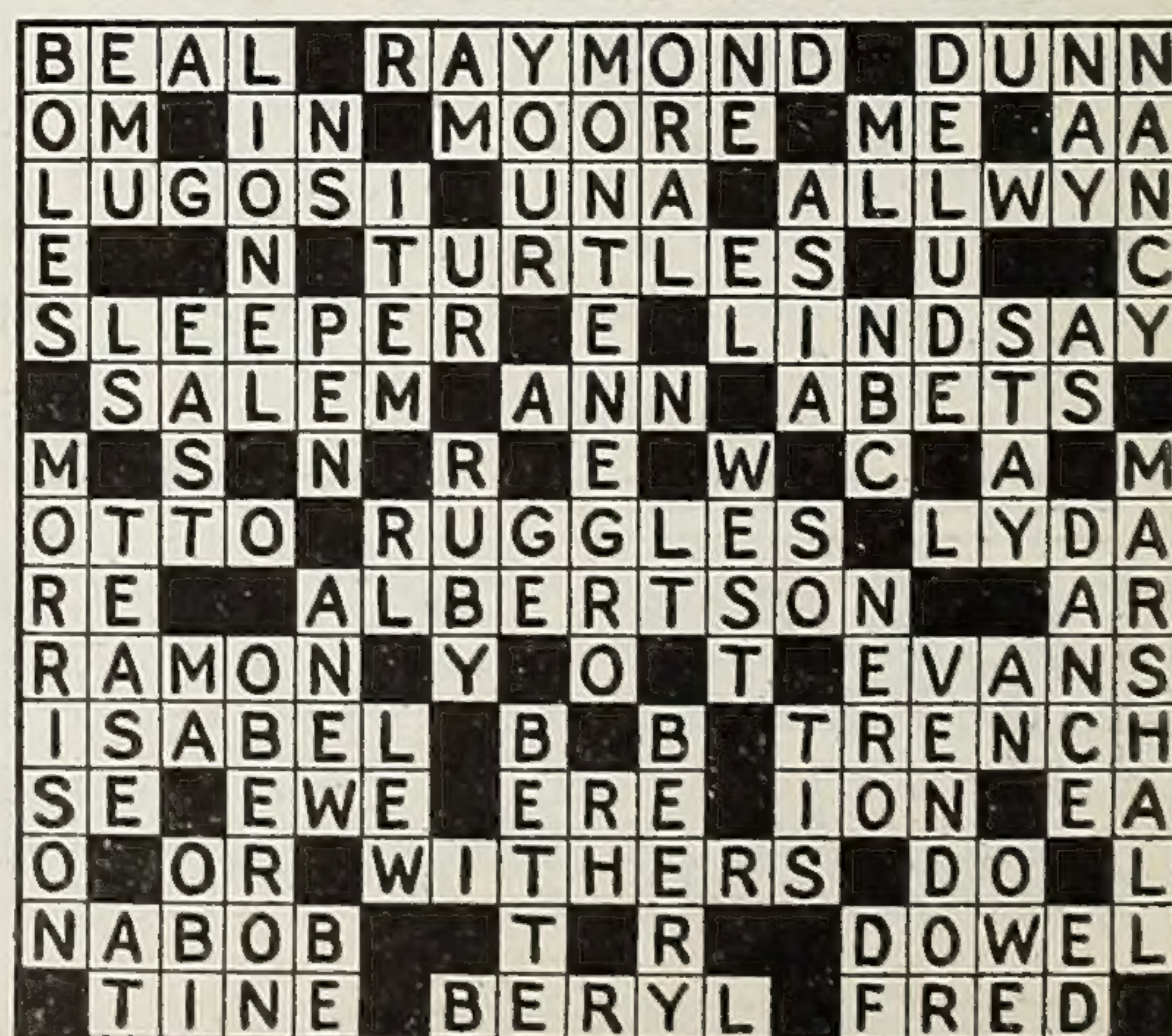
- 1-7 Star of "The Good Fairy"
- 13 Part of the verb "to be"
- 14 Sheds feathers
- 16 A beverage
- 17 A long narrow inlet
- 18 Negative
- 19 By birth
- 20 Toward a higher place
- 21 A legislative enactment
- 22 She is now making "Anna Karenina"
- 24 A successful radio comedian
- 26 The star of "Sweet Adeline"
- 28 With Lee Tracy in "Carnival"
- 29 "The Count of Monte Cristo"
- 31 Editor (abbr.)
- 34 A preposition
- 36 Trudy Talbot in "Gentlemen Are Born"
- 38 He loved "The Merry Widow"
- 43 Neither city nor village
- 46 The atmosphere
- 47 The reporter in "The Gilded Lily"
- 49 Honey bearing insect
- 50 Treacherous
- 51 The twenty-sixth President of the United States
- 52 Afflictions
- 53 Thoroughfare (abbr.)
- 54 A female deer
- 55 An intimate friend
- 56 A New England State (abbr.)
- 57 On
- 60 Period of time (abbr.)
- 62 Lofty elevation of earth and rock (abbr.)
- 63 The charming actress in "The Night Is Young"
- 66 A kind of staircase
- 68 Members of Indo-China Race
- 70 Available property
- 72 Ruby Keeler's husband
- 73 The football coach in "The Band Plays On"
- 76 Sun god
- 77 Diminutive of Elizabeth
- 80 A musical composition for eight voices
- 81 Her new picture is "Vanessa: Her Love Story"
- 83 Letter in Greek alphabet
- 84 The eye
- 86 A light afternoon meal
- 88 To spread for drying
- 89 Hero of many western films (initials)
- 90 Clark Gable's pal in "Forsaking All Others"
- 91 A direction

DOWN

- 1 She was excellent in "Crime Without Passion"
- 2 A melody
- 3 Educates
- 4 The father of "Wednesday's Child"
- 5 Type measure
- 6 Shares honors in "Lives of a Bengal Lancer"
- 7 The star of "The Wedding Night"
- 8 A pronoun
- 9 With Richard Arlen in "Ready for Love"
- 10 Servant to a gentleman
- 11 The drunkard in "The Little Minister"
- 12 Pillar in winding staircase
- 15 The season of penitence

- 23 The heavyweight champion
- 24 Near
- 25 The standard Eng. measure of length (abbr.)
- 27 Dances again in "Rumba"
- 30 The world famous babies
- 32 An English actress
- 33 Our feathered friend
- 35 She was born in Brooklyn, N. Y.
- 36 Assemble
- 37 A masculine name
- 38 Parent
- 39 Performed
- 40 Star of "Sweet Music"
- 41 A subterranean vault
- 42 Mother of David Copperfield (initials)
- 44 A Japanese sash
- 45 A cosy place of abode
- 47 She has titian hair and green eyes
- 48 Sharp loud cries
- 58 Jumbled type
- 59 Either
- 61 Man's name
- 62 A very small particle
- 64 Because
- 65 Pronoun used in Old English
- 66 A cavalry sword
- 67 A radio orchestra leader (initials)
- 69 With Ricardo Cortez in "I Am A Thief"
- 70 Indefinite article
- 71 A very famous jockey
- 74 He was born in Beacon, N. Y. (abbr.)
- 75 An M-G-M player
- 78 Tantalum (abbr.)
- 79 Yourself
- 81 Headgear
- 82 An army officer (abbr.)
- 85 Correct (abbr.)
- 87 Speech of hesitancy

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle



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**BARBARA
STANWYCK**

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